*June 22, 1957

THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents

So good to come home to
BELLOWS
PARTNERS CHOICE
BELLOWS
PARTNERS CHOICE
WHISKEY-A BLEND
BELLOWS & COMPANY

WHETHER your day has been filled with work or fun, how you look forward to quiet relaxation at home.

And how much more pleasant it is with a smooth drink made with Bellows Partners Choice.

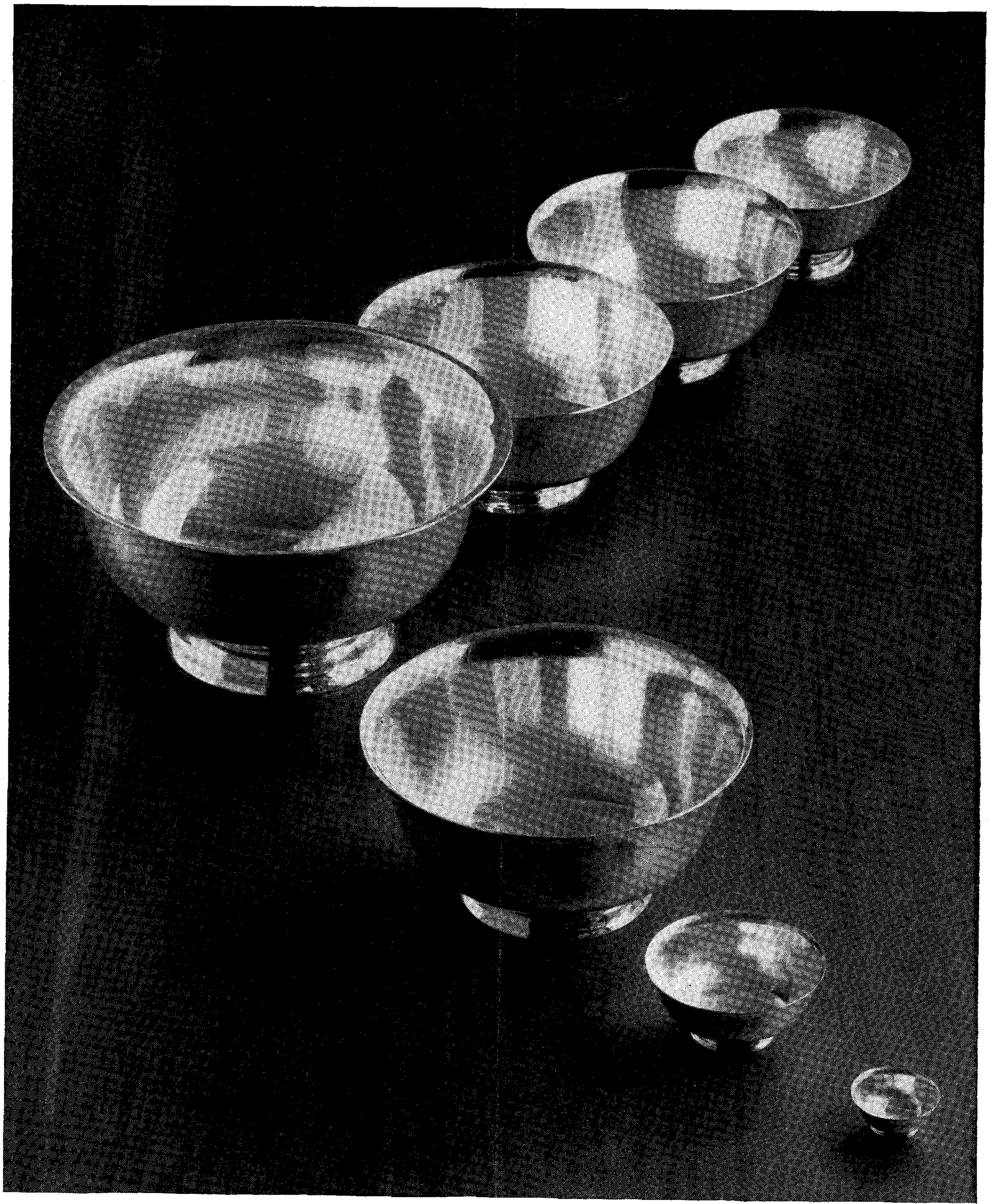
Here is a whiskey gentle and mild, light in body, yet with a generous and satisfying flavor. Because Bellows Partners Choice contains more aged-base whiskies than any other nationally sold blended whiskey at its price.

Try it—and serve it. It marks you as a host of good taste, and your home as a place of warm welcome.

Bellows Partners Choice

Only the best is labeled Bellows

BELLOWS & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTRIBUTED BY: NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY
PARTNERS CHOICE, WHISKEY—A BLEND • 40% STRAIGHT WHISKIES, 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD—60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF



PRICES INCLUDE 10 PER CENT FEDERAL TAX

7 PAUL REVERE BOWLS IN STERLING SILVER. 9 SIZES AVAILABLE.
2¼ INCHES to 16 INCHES IN DIAMETER, $5.00 to $475.00. AT FINER SILVERWARE STORES.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

PALISADES
B Meadows

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Auntie Mame—Anyone who delights in comedies about bizarre relatives will probably like this adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. For those who may conceivably find themselves dismayed by so much cuteness, there is always Rosalind Russell, who is enchanting in the title role. The cast includes Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 29, for five weeks.)

The Happiest Millionaire—Kyle Crichton's adaptation of the biography of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle that he wrote in collaboration with Cordelia Drexel Biddle. Dealing with the eccentric head of an eccentric household, the play isn't as rewarding as "Life with Father" by a long shot, but it has its amusing moments. Walter Pidgeon plays Mr. Biddle and has the support of Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Hole in the Head—Paul Douglas is cast as a remarkably engaging bum in Arnold Schulman's not very credible comedy about the twin problems of operating a bankrupt hotel and bringing up a little boy. David Burns, Kay Medford, Joyce Van Patten, Lee Grant, and Tommy White also appear in it. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hotel Paradiso—Bert Lahr is superb in this frantic and generally uproarious farce that Peter Glenville has adapted from Georges Feydeau's and Maurice Desvallieres's French original. The excellent supporting cast includes Angela Lansbury, John Emery, and Douglas Byng, and Osbert Lancaster designed the highly ingenious sets. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Brilliantly directed by José Quintero and beautifully acted by Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., this posthumous work by Eugene O'Neill, which explores the tragedies of his youth, is as impressive a play as we're likely to see for some time. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Closes Saturday, June 29, for seven weeks.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—In this play about a hopeless drunkard and the farm girl who tries to comfort him, O'Neill carries on the story of the doomed Tyrones from about where "Long Day's Journey Into Night" left off, but it is a considerably less effective work. Franchot Tone, Wendy Hiller, and Cyril Cusack do all they can with the leading roles. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15.)

Separate Tables—Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are extremely efficient in both the plays that make up this Terence Rattigan double bill. The plays themselves vary in quality, the first being just about acceptable and the second very good indeed. The cast includes Beryl Measor, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and Donald Harron. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Tunnel of Love—A bunch of Westport cutups carrying on about adultery. Joseph Fields and Peter De Vries wrote the script, after the novel by Mr. De Vries, and the cast, which includes Tom Ewell, is estimable. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—Cyril Ritchard is a miracle of style as a caller from outer space, and he is nobly abetted by Eddie Mayehoff, as an overstuffed Pentagon general, in Gore Vidal's excellent fantastic comedy. Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, and Sibyl Bowan also appear in the cast, which Mr. Ritchard directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**the diary of anne frank:** A Dutch girl's chronicle of the two years she and her family spent hiding from the Nazis. With Joseph Schildkraut and Maria Palmer. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 22.) . . . **inherit the wind:** An account of the Scopes trial, in Dayton, Tennessee, with Ed Begley and Leon Stevens as the two famous orators involved. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 22.) . . . **no time for sergeants:** All about how a hillbilly amiably disrupts a good part of our military establishment. Right now, Charles Hohman is the hero, and Rex Everhart and Arte Johnson are a couple of his Air Force colleagues. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Page
BOOKS 93
THE CURRENT CINEMA 68
LETTER FROM LONDON 89
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
THIS AND THAT 72
THE RACE TRACK 86
TEE AND GREEN 70

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday does practically everything but play a musical saw in a comedy about a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. The book, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, is a bit cluttered, but their lyrics are good, and so is the score by Jule Styne. Besides Miss Holliday, the cast includes Sydney Chaplin, Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Happy Hunting—Ethel Merman's return to Broadway after a four-and-a-half-year absence is a fine thing for the local scene, even if her vehicle, something about love in Philadelphia and Monaco, doesn't amount to much. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse wrote the book; Matt Dubey and Harold Karr did the songs; and the supporting cast, directed by Abe Burrows, includes Fernando Lamas, Virginia Gibson, and Gordon Polk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

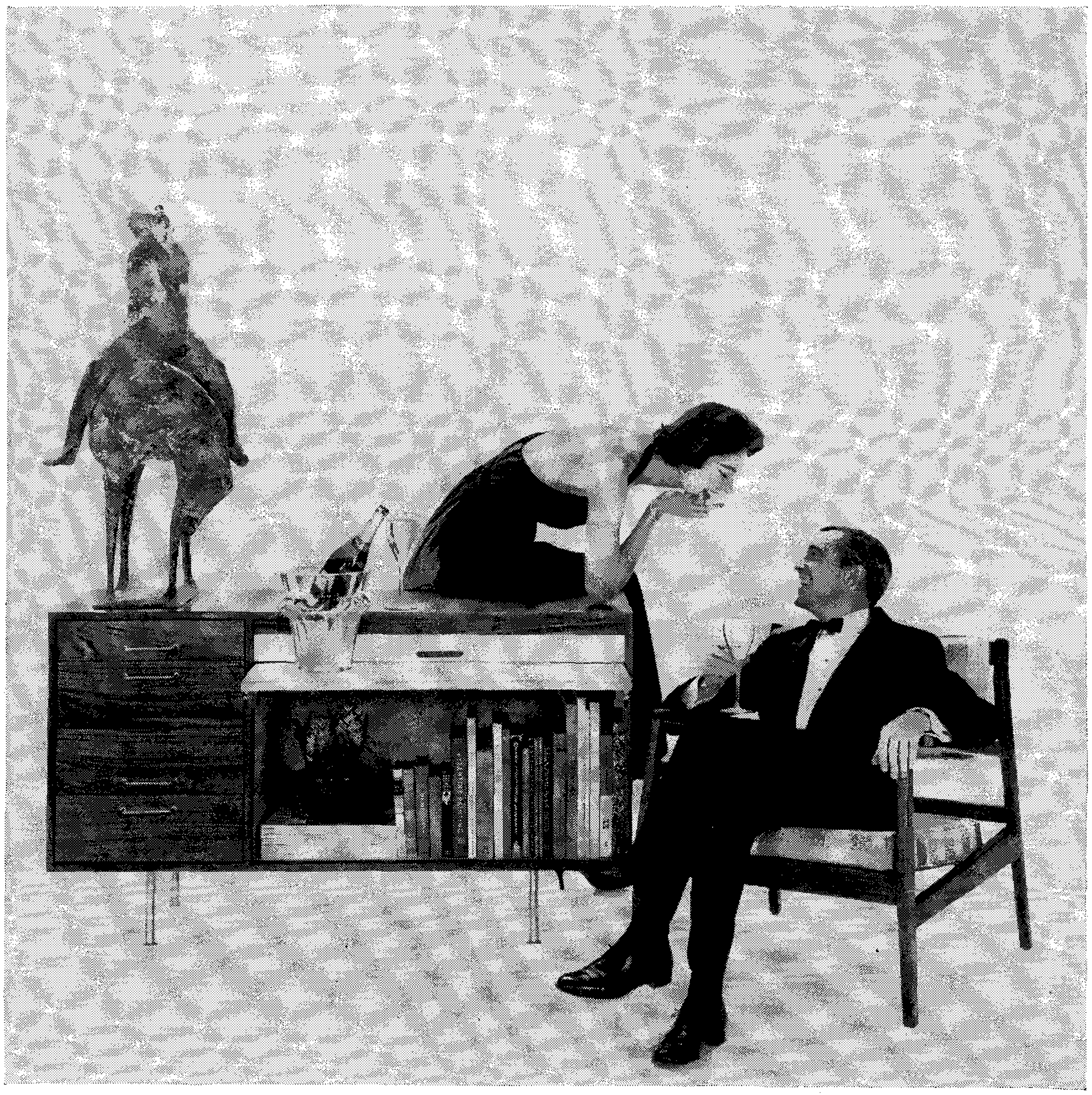
Li'l Abner—The dim-witted clodhoppers who populate Al Capp's cartoon strip are well and truly represented here, but the musical can't be recommended to anyone who isn't an authority on the doings in Dogpatch. Written by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, the comedy has lyrics by Johnny Mercer and music by Gene de Paul, and was directed by Michael Kidd, who has done nicely with several dance interludes. Peter Palmer and Edith Adams portray Li'l Abner and his pursuer. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Girl in Town—Thelma Ritter is enormously funny and Gwen Verdon is remarkably agile and lyrical in this musical version of O'Neill's "Anna Christie," put together by George Abbott. The songs, most of which are admirable, are the work of Bob Merrill; the dances were staged by Bob Fosse; and the sets and costumes were designed by Rouben Ter-Arutunian. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**damn yankees:** About a baseball fan who signs a contract with the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. Now with Devra Korwin, Stephen Douglass, and Howard Caine. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the most happy fella:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics and adapted the book for this version of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Carolyn Maye,

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIII, No. 18, June 22, 1957. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1957, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

the
answer
is
Risom



FOR THE CONTEMPORARY FURNITURE OF LASTING BEAUTY...
AVAILABLE THROUGH LEADING DEALERS AND DECORATORS.
SEND FOR BOOKLET 25¢ OR... HARD COVER 84 PAGE CATALOG $3.
JENS RISOM DESIGN INC., DEPT. N19, 49 EAST 53rd STREET, N. Y. 22
CHICAGO • DALLAS • ATLANTA • LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Rex Harrison plays Professor Higgins (except on Saturdays, when Edward Mulhare takes over the role) and Julie Andrews is Eliza Doolittle. The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"Aïda." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Humphrey Davis and Roger Boxill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—The first New York showing of George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Eighty-fifth Street Playhouse—"Simply Heavenly," a Negro folk comedy by Langston Hughes, based on his novel "Simple Takes a Wife" and with music by David Martin. Melvin Stewart and Ethel Ayler head the cast. (Eighty-fifth Street Playhouse, 150 W. 85th St. SU 7-9532. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3:45 and 8.)

Seventh Avenue South—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Seventh Avenue South, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9205. Moves on Tuesday, June 25, to the Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq., OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Gerald Price, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Theatre Under the Stars—Through Sunday, June 23: Maria Tallchief, André Eglevsky, and their ballet group; Geoffrey Holder's company, including Carmen de Lavallade; and Carmen Amaya and her dance company. . . . ¶ Starting Monday, June 24: The Gershwin musical "Rosalie," with Henny Youngman. (Wollman Memorial Theatre, Central Park. LE 5-7373. Nightly at 8:45.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

José Greco and His Company of Spanish Dancers—A ten-day return visit, starting Friday, June 21, and running through Sunday, June 30. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

"Romeo and Juliet"—Free performances of Shakespeare's tragedy, presented on a trailer truck converted into an Elizabethan stage. Bryarly Lee, Stephen Joyce, and Jack Cannon head the cast. (Belvedere Tower, Central Park at about 81st St. Thursday through Sunday, June 27-30, at 8:30.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—Guy Lombardo's water-borne revival of "Show Boat," with Andy Devine, Helena Bliss, David Atkinson, and the Lombardo orchestra. Opens Thursday, June 27. (Nightly at 8:40. For tickets, call CI 7-7992.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Beverly—Monday through Saturday, June 24-29: "The Boy Friend." (North Shore Music Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5:30 and 9.)

Clinton—Starting Saturday, June 29: "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Saturday, June 22, through Saturday, June 29: "Can-Can." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—Wednesday through Monday, June 26-July 1: "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (Cragsmoor Playhouse, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:15. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

East Hampton—Starting Saturday, June 29: "The Boy Friend." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Falmouth—Monday through Saturday, June 24-29: Nancy Walker in "The Desk Set." (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Tuesday through Sunday, June 25-30: "Dear Barbarians." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Kennebunkport—Wednesday through Saturday, June 26-29: "The Secret of Susanne" and "Il Tabarro," both in English. (Arundel Opera Theatre, Kennebunkport, Maine. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, June 30: "The Pajama Game." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Mahopac—Starting Saturday, June 29: "Can-Can." (Putnam Musical Theatre, Mahopac, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 8.)

Matunuck—Starting Saturday, June 29: Diana Barrymore in "Glad Tidings." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Millburn—Through Sunday, June 23: "South Pacific." Starting Tuesday, June 25: "The Pajama Game." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, June 22: Francis Lederer and Joan McCracken in "The Sleeping Prince." Monday through Saturday, June 24-29: Basil Rathbone in "Witness for the Prosecution." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, June 29: Anna Russell and Jack Cassidy in "Half in Earnest," a new musical based on Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ogunquit—Monday through Saturday, June 24-29: Joan Bennett and Donald Cook in "Janus." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)

Rye—Through Sunday, June 23: "The King and I." Tuesday through Sunday, June 25-30: "Plain and Fancy." (Music Theatre, Rye, N.Y. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5:30 and 9:15.)

Saratoga Springs—Monday through Saturday, June 24-29: Imogene Coca and Jules Munshin in "Janus." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, June 22: "Brigadoon." Monday through Saturday, June 24-29: "Accent on Youth." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Monday through Saturday, June 24-29: Carol Stone in "Janus." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stratford—Starting Saturday evening, June 22, with previews Thursday and Friday, June 20-21: Alfred Drake, Earle Hyman, and Jacqueline Brookes in "Othello." (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3. For tickets, call CI 7-3975.)

Wallingford—Through Saturday, June 22: "The Pajama Game." Starting Monday, June 24: "Oklahoma!" (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9:30.)

Westbury—Through Sunday, June 30: "The Pajama Game." (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9:30.)

Westport—Through Saturday, June 29 (no performance Wednesday, June 26): Faye Emerson in "Witness for the Prosecution." Wednesday, June 26: Nina Novak and a group of dancers from the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays, and Sunday, June 23, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Thursdays at 2:40. For tickets, call CO 5-6179.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a landscape of almost awesome splendor, has dinner music until ten, at which time Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band come aboard. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A movie studio specializing in the comedy of manners, which has undergone surprising changes in this generation. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba group provide dance music, which, in the circumstances, is probably supererogatory.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, an orchestra headed by Joseph Sudy chortles away with grace and agility whenever Alan Logan's rumba group takes a breather. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper. Renato Rossini, who stays away Sundays, operates a guitar that conjures up heat waves in the tropics and castles in Spain.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's string group, which hums during the cocktail hour in the Palm Court, closes up shop on Friday, June 21. No dancing. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group, which is also in action in the Edwardian Room at the dinner hour, bows out on Sunday, June 23. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's summer-weight dance band is spinning summer-weight dance music in the big old Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—High as the Alps in quality, partly because it's an alp itself, and glass-enclosed. Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's small ensembles play, play, play for dancing. All quiet Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has squatters' rights on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—People who like to be babes in the woods can play at it, on dry nights only, by sitting on the rim of the open-air terrace, which has dance music after eight weekdays and after seven Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The welkin of the Starlight Roof rings with unaccustomed fervor when Sarah Vaughan, one of the founding females of present-day jazz singing, and Joe Williams, the cataclysmic blues man, start riding on the wings of Count Basie and his crew, who have few equals in the field of rhythmic noise. The band plays for dancing, too, and so does a gypsy orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Weekdays, in a secluded nook of Peacock Alley, the Alt Wien group led by Jozsi Ribari and the trio belonging to Bernie Leighton concoct sitting-down music from cocktails to eight-thirty, and then dance music until one; the gypsy band of the Starlight Roof takes care of the eight-to-twelve Sunday dancing party.

Note—The not too dizzying height known as the Rainbow Room serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and swatches of non-dance music, you can look down, if you have a window table, on everyone else. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A stylized Forest of Arden, evergreen and comfortable as can be, where Addison Bailey's sedate piano is audible at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Paul Morse subs for him Sundays. . . . **Little Club**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Well known for its displays of Johnny-jump-ups and lilies of the field. Kurt Maier does a dinner-and-supper piano obbligato. Closed Mondays. . . . **Goldie's New York**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins, host, pianist, and news vender, performs in the midst of the Southern-style country fair that occupies his neat restaurant. Wayne Sanders is his alter ego at the instrument during the week; Fridays and Saturdays, Bill Taylor sits in for him. The music starts early and lasts late. Closed Sundays. . . . **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Almost like being in Rome and dining as the Romans do. The strolling gypsies (Teo Fanidi is their ringleader) on the premises are a tidy lot, wholeheartedly devoted to the art of the violin rather than to fortune-telling. The music begins at seven and goes on until one, or even later. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): The city's tiniest music room, which soothes urbane as well as savage breasts from cocktail time until cockcrow time. Sam Hamilton, of the *boîte* circuit, is the first pianist to report; Don Evans, of the show-business circuit, is the second. Sunday nights, their holidays, Don Feldman sits in at the keyboard. . . . **Gatsby's**, 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Three million dollars' worth of décor, in the middle of which Maxine Thomas, a circumspect newcomer, plays calm piano and sings calm songs. She does the dinner and supper stint every night but Sunday, which is curfew. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle, now converted (with very little change) into a restaurant, is the home of Norbert Faconi and his violin, which operate in the best tableside manner after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **Weylin**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): The older inhabitants of this bar-and-grill all smile (in anticipation) when Cy Walter sits down at the piano, which he does from cocktails through dinner, and again from ten till one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **Left Bank**, 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): A segment of life upon the not so very wicked stage. Events here, which are on the posh side, begin at dinner; after ten, Hubbell Pierce joins in with polite words and music from behind his Mason & Hamlin, and the Lee Evans trio fills in his idle moments. Closed Sundays. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The permanent picnic (Latin-American style) includes a good deal of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **Casanova**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Just the sort of place its namesake might have used for his more romantic wining-and-dining tête-à-têtes. The accent, from the kitchen to the strolling music and the songs of Hélène Darcel, is French and environs. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chardas**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): "Blossom Time" all over again, but a much more soothing blend of violin, voice, and zimbalon than the Messrs. Shubert ever served up. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **Waverly Lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the extremely matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic repertory. He gets going at eight. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **Champagne Gallery**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Armchairs and chaise longues, arranged in a manner conducive to conversation instead of mass participation. Someone or other is always at the piano.

BIG AND BRASSY

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): It's cold turkey Monday, turkey soup Tuesday, and turkey hash the rest of the time, but hardy wayfarers should find the going better while Ella Fitzgerald, who knew bop when it was only a boy, is doing the words and music. She departs on Wednesday, June 26.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Blue Angel, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Spivy, who addresses her modern-dress Rabelaisian ballads in the manner of Captain Bligh dealing with the mutiny on the Bounty, is back in the United States and in top form. The sardonicism is provided by the admirable Will Holt, a folk singer with humor, and Carol Burnett, who has been through television and lived to tell the tale, which is profusely illustrated. The exoticism is provided by Chavala, a Mexican miss with a soprano voice. The eloquent background musings of Jimmy Lyons' restrained jazz trio and the piano of Bart Howard make everything sound its best. . . . ¶ In the front room, except Sundays, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time; except Saturdays and Mondays, there's also a session, from 2 to 4 A.M., by the Lyonses. . . . **Upstairs at the Downstairs**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Three ladies of odd but beguiling quality in the shade of an astonishing new banana tree. They are Stella Brooks, conjurer of words and treader on clay feet; Blossom Dearie, home at last from Paris, with her artfully artless way of singing jazz; and Nancy Noland, house mother and lullaby crooner to an earlier but still active generation of night larks. The *padrone* is Julius Monk, a noted collector of such bric-a-brac. Closed Sundays. . . . **Bon Soir**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Sylvia Syms, a one-of-a-kind stylist of blues and ballads, is breaking up the local housekeeping. She's kept company by the manic singing of Tiger Haynes, the Three Flames, and Jimmie Daniels, not to mention the free-associational remarks of Jimmie Komack, a bundle of very nervous energy. It's best to go late and be prepared to stay late. Closed Mondays. . . . **Red Carpet**, 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): Felicia Sanders, for all her gone-with-the-wind dynamics, is a singer to be studied with care and respect. She's under way about ten; a trio reports for duty earlier. The locale is hustle-bustle. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **One Fifth Avenue**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Familiar faces on the barroom floor. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville never stray far from their twin pianos, which are in action while the songbird and jokesmith are having their coffee break. Right now, the songbird is Rosemary O'Reilly, who does all right for herself; the jokesmith is Joey Carter, who once in a while mistakes quantity for quality. Sundays, when Mr. Carter is away, there are silent movies; Monday nights, Miss O'Reilly is away.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

Eddie Condon's, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Hot news from the Sunny South, presented in the customary rough-and-ready fashion. Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon are involved. In between times, the venerable Cliff Jackson is the professor. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest. Closed Sundays. . . . **Village Vanguard**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A valuable addition to the roster of music rooms. Irwin Corey, whose speech pattern is almost entirely a sort of progressive jazz, and the

Cruise
north...
south...
or around
the World
in the fully air-conditioned
Caronia

Largest liner ever built
especially for cruising

A short cruise, a long cruise . . . *whichever* you choose you will have the best vacation *ever* on this splendid 34,000-ton ship . . . fully air conditioned . . . all rooms with private bath or shower. Relax in a luxurious world of delightful shipboard companionship, sparkling entertainment, parties, wonderful food and superlative service. Large deck areas for sports, swimming. Expertly planned shore excursions at fascinating foreign ports.

1958 GREAT WORLD CRUISE
JANUARY 21
108 Days—17 Countries—$3200 up, visiting 23 of the world's most colorful ports in Trinidad, Brazil, Tristan da Cunha, South and East Africa, Seychelles Islands, India, Ceylon, Malaya, Thailand, Indonesia, Philippines, Hong-Kong, Japan, Hawaii, California, Mexico, Panama.

CRUISES THIS SUMMER
2 SEPTEMBER VACATION CRUISES
to the West Indies & South America
SEPT. 6, 13 Days, 6 Ports, $345 up
SEPT. 21, 15 Days, 7 Ports, $375 up
Summer NORTH CAPE CRUISE
JULY 2, 39 Days, 18 Ports

*

See your local travel agent or
Cunard, 25 Broadway or
441 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.

CUNARD
"NO GREATER NAME IN CRUISING"

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Stan Getz quartet, whose cool breeze hasn't blown our way for a couple of years, are now on the podium. On Sunday, June 23, at 4:30 P.M., the first of a series of jazz concerts presided over by Jean Shepard, pastor of the night people, and by the Getz group. Closed Mondays. . . . **LOWER BASIN STREET,** 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. (WA 4-6000): One more new foothold for the new jazz, opening on Wednesday, June 26, with the quartet of Dave Brubeck, the Pacific Coast legend, at the helm. Mondays will be guest nights. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Listening to music occasionally becomes secondary to the downing of spareribs in this chophouse. The Jonah Jones quartet, old hands at spareribs music, and the Eugene Smith trio, newcomers to this specialized occupation, arrive around nine. There's also cocktail and dinner solo piano every evening. Sundays, extra hands occupy the podium. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A few durable friends of the Chattanooga Choo-Choo assemble, under the jurisdiction of Billy Maxted, to talk over the good old days. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sturdy old troupers, such as Sidney de Paris, Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Benny Moten, who believe that the jazz that Grandpa used to make was the best in the land. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Mondays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Never mind the rumbling bar out front; the back room is the better sound box. There, after nine, the trios of Marian McPartland and George Wallington, pianists regarded as latter-day saints by a considerable constituency, cut some fairly *sharp capers. The first group is off Mondays,* the second Sundays. Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude*, is at the piano from six to about nine most evenings, and all night Sundays and Mondays. Saturday is his day of rest. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): A case of split personality that belongs in the psychiatric journals—Woody Herman and his Fourth Herd, offhand, hearty, sometimes even thunderous, and the Mitchell-Ruff duo, whose lyric soliloquies are decorated by one of the deftest French horns extant. The regulars are around except Mondays, when guest artists assemble to make jam. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar is a trio led by Billy Taylor, whose piano is a perpetual fountainhead of extrovert ideas. The first chord is struck at ten. No action Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Dixie, even in its most unreconstructed form, could never have been quite so unruly as this. Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, and Claude Hopkins are the prime movers in the barrage, which is just about continuous from 3:30 P.M. to 3 A.M. weekdays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon hold an open forum with Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, Roy Eldridge, Zutty Singleton, Charlie Shavers, and Russell Moore. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A weekend contact with early times. Among the Old Guardsmen due on Friday and Saturday, June 21-22, are Charlie Shavers, Roy Eldridge, Tony Parenti, the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Willie the Lion Smith, Dick Wellstood, Art Trappier, and Panama Francis. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM,** 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): This fraction of the Henry Hudson Hotel is dedicated, between nine and one, to Early Americana. The satisfying racket is the work of Bobby Hackett, that silver-tongued orator, and his five-man posse. (Dick Cary and Ernie Caceres are among the deputy sheriffs.) The intermission pianist is Teddy Roy. They work, and hard, every night but Sunday. The room will close for the summer on Thursday, June 27. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The experiments, all futuristic, conducted here sometimes go off with a bang, sometimes fizzle; the performers sometimes go off, too, without notice. However, it's no worse than even money that the revered Miles Davis and his sextet are in residence now, as well as the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet. Closed Tuesdays.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (WElls 1-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Spring 5-9125). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays. . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** André (HUnter 2-7717); piano on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Victor 7-4558). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-7644); dancing; closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); piano; closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Idlewood 8-2628); piano every evening except Monday. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Hamilton 3-9859); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (WAlnut 1-4000); closed Mondays. . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (MEdford 1-3030); organ (unfortunately) every evening except Monday; dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (EDgewood 3-2184); piano every evening except Sunday. . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ANTOINE BOURDELLE—Bronze sculptures, water colors, and ink drawings; through Friday, June 28. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JIMMY ERNST—New abstractions, more philosophic in manner than heretofore; through Saturday, June 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Saturdays.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY—Landscapes and still-lifes, none of them recently exhibited; through Friday, June 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

MIRKO—New sculptures in bronze, imposingly totemic in feeling; through Friday, June 28.

(Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS—Paintings, sculptures, and graphic arts by newly elected members of the Institute and by winners of Academy and Institute awards, including Raphael Soyer, Morris Graves, and Polygnotos Vagis, plus a group of Childe Hassam Fund purchases (paintings and woodcuts); through Sunday, June 23. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: William Brice, Jonah Kinigstein, George L. K. Morris, Oliver Andrews, and other painters and sculptors; through Friday, June 28. . . . ARTISTS', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and mosaics by, among others, Frank Roth and David Sauer; through Monday, June 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Doris Lee, Ruth Vodicka, Sigmund Menkes, and others; through Friday, June 28. . . . BABCOCK, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Such nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists as Albert P. Ryder, George Luks, Gladys Rockmore Davis, and Sol Wilson; through Aug. 30. . . . BARONE, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An outdoor show of sculptures by American moderns, including Martin Craig and Herbert Kallem; through July 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6.) . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings and sculptures by Stephen Csoka, Martha Visser't Hooft, Joseph Konzal, and others; through July 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10.) . . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: The regular artists here—Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, John Marin, and so on; through Friday, June 28. . . . FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Arbit Blatas, Walter Barker, Henry Botkin, Hans Moller, and Manfred Schwartz; through Friday, June 28. . . . GREENWICH, 71 Washington Pl.: The gallery's opening exhibition, consisting of fifty paintings and sculptures by as many living artists, ranging from Milton Avery to William Zorach; through Saturday, June 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.) . . . HEWITT, 29 E. 65th St.: Oils by (for instance) Colleen Browning, Robert Bliss, and Rex Clawson; through Saturday, June 29. (Open Saturdays.) . . . KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings by contemporary Americans, including William Kienbusch, Karl Schrag, and Joe Lasker; through July 31. . . . MIDTOWN, 17 E. 57th St.: Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and Arline Wingate are three of the artists who have paintings and sculptures in a season's retrospective show; through Saturday, June 29. . . . MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Leon Kroll, Stephen Etnier, Ogden Pleissner, and other painters; through July 26. . . . POINDEXTER, 21 W. 56th St.: New York work of the thirties, including items by Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, and Arshile Gorky; through Saturday, June 29. (Open Saturdays.) . . . REHN, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Paintings and drawing by Reginald Marsh, Edward Hopper, Charles Burchfield, and others; through Friday, June 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . ST. ETIENNE, 46 W. 57th St.: A hundred pictures selected from sixteen thousand submitted in the Second National Exhibition of American Child Art; through Saturday, June 29. (Open Saturdays.) . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Cameron Booth, Balcomb Greene, and Manolo Pascual are among the painters and sculptors represented in this year's "Fact and Fantasy" presentation; through Aug. 23. . . . STABLE, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: Painters and sculptors on the roster of the gallery's sixth New York artists' exhibition include Robert Motherwell, Franz Kline, Louise Nevelson, and William King; through Friday, June 21. . . . VILLAGE ART CENTER, 39 Grove St.: The annual exhibition of works in various mediums by artists (among them E. B. Savage, Elizabeth Erlanger, and Hy Mandel) who have won prizes at the Center during the past five years; through Friday, June 28. (Daily, 1 to 6, and Monday evenings until 9.) . . . ZABRISKIE, 32 E. 65th St.: An exhibition entitled "The City, 1900-30," comprising works by George Bellows, John Sloan, and others; through July 31. (Open Saturdays.)

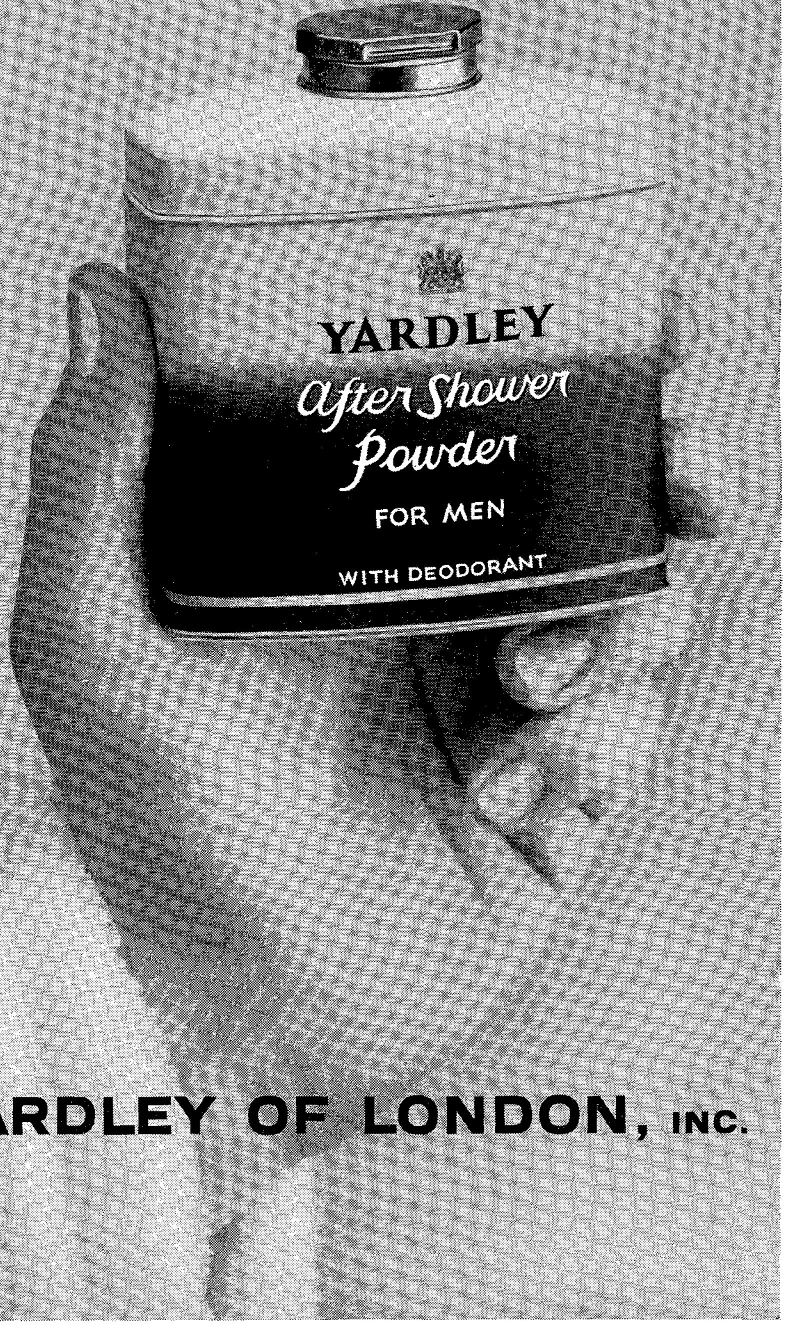
AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the

By appointment purveyors of soap to the late King George VI, Yardley & Co., Ltd., London

TAKES OVER AFTER THE TOWEL AND KEEPS YOU FRESH ALL DAY!

Blots away after-bath stickiness for day-long comfort.

Contains an effective deodorant for men. $1.25 plus tax



YARDLEY OF LONDON, INC.

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

LANVIN

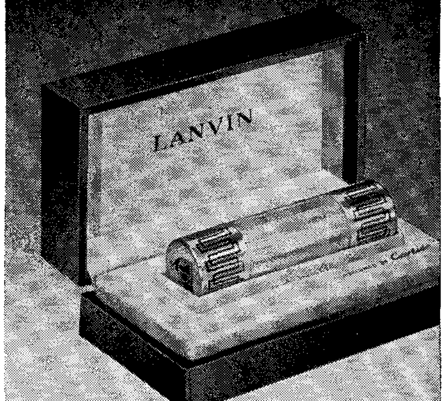
presents

ARPEGE

in the new purse size

designed by

Cartier



4.00 plus tax

LANVIN

the best perfume Paris has to offer

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

CONTEMPORARIES, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Graphics by Gabor Peterdi, William Scott, Marino Marini, and others; through July 31. (Open Saturdays.)... **FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Albert Gleizes, Oskar Kokoschka, Vaclav Vytlacil, and other painters; through July 20. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)... **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Drawings in various mediums by twentieth-century artists, including John Marin and Paul Klee; through Friday, June 28.... **KOOTZ**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, David Hare, and other American and French painters and sculptors; through Friday, June 21.... **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by American and French artists, including Karl Knaths, Fernand Léger, and Oronzio Maldarelli; through Aug. 30.... **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: Audrey Skaling, Raoul Dufy, Howard Gibbs, and others in a showing of prints, drawings, and sculptures; through Friday, June 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5:30.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HERVÉ**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Canvases by Vlaminck, Utrillo, Lorjou, and others; through Aug. 31. (Open Saturdays.)... **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.: An exhibit arranged as a tribute to the art historian and dealer Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, with paintings by Picasso, Braque, Gris, and others; through Saturday, June 29. (Open Saturdays.)

PRE-COLUMBIAN ART—At the **EMMERICH**, 18 E. 77th St.: Pre-Columbian sculptures, along with modern paintings, by, among others, Picasso and Jawlensky; through Friday, June 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6.)... **WIDDIFIELD**, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: A show entitled "Pre-Columbian Abstractionists;" through Aug. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

SCULPTURES—Work by Milton Hebald, Barbara Lekberg, Henry DiSpirito, and others; through Saturday, June 29. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through June 30.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Auguste Rodin and a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, plus works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others.... ¶ "Faces in American Art," an exhibit made up of more than a hundred photographs of artists, art critics, and collectors, including pictures by Edward Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, and Berenice Abbott; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition in honor of Picasso's seventy-fifth birthday, containing more than three hundred of his oils, sculptures, collages, water colors, pastels, and drawings; through Sept. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Saturdays, 11 to 7; and Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Modern European drawings and prints by van Gogh, Matisse, Miró, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—Recent acquisitions and works on loan, including paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Brancusi, José Guerrero, Alberto Burri, and others; through Aug. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A two-part exhibition celebrating the Museum's tenth anniversary at its present address. One part consists of paintings and sculptures from a number of private collections, ranging from a Rembrandt self-portrait to modern works by Chagall, Gauguin, Weber, and Lehmbruck (to name a few); through June 30. The other part is the Strauss-Rothschild collection of Jewish ceremonial objects from the Cluny Museum, in Paris; through Oct. 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A second selection of more than sixty pieces from the Museum's collection, including sculptured figures and objects from various places, in wood, clay, ivory, gold, and turtle shell; through Aug. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Eighty-eight twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by Charles Burchfield, Adolph Gottlieb, Louise Nevelson, and others) acquired during the past two years; through Sunday, June 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra in the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 3—Monday, June 24: Igor Markevitch conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Alexander Brailowsky, piano.... ¶ Tuesday, June 25: Igor Markevitch conducting; no soloists.... ¶ Wednesday, June 26: Igor Markevitch conducting, with Bernardo Segáll, piano.... ¶ Thursday, June 27: Julius Rudel conducting, with Renata Tebaldi, soprano.... ¶ Saturday, June 29: Julius Rudel conducting a program of Viennese music, with Jan Kiepura, tenor, and Marta Eggerth, soprano. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Hall box office, 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Richard Franko Goldman conducting this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Central Park Mall. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 16.)

IN THE COUNTRY

CASTLE HILL CONCERTS— A jazz program by Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson's trio. (Ipswich, Mass. Friday and Saturday, June 28-29, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Detroit, Thursday, June 20, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, June 21, at 8:15; Saturday, June 22, at 2; and Sunday, June 23, at 2 (doubleheader).... ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, June 25, at 8:15, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 26-27, at 2. ... ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, June 28, at 8:15, and Saturday, June 29, at 2.

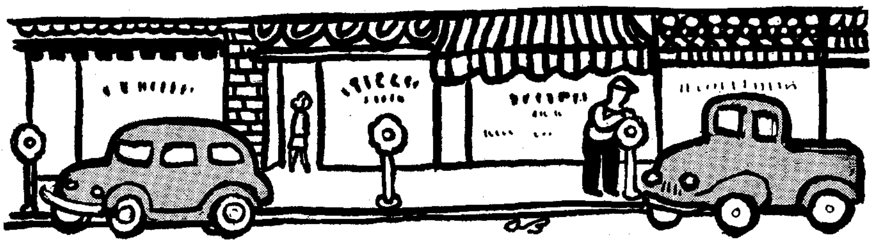
CREW—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Saturday, June 22.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Saturday, June 27-29.)

HORSE SHOWS—Fairfield County Hunt Club Horse Show. (Westport, Conn. Thursday through Sunday, June 20-23.)... ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Syosset, L. I. Saturday, June 29.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Jericho.... **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase.

RACING—At **BELMONT PARK**: Weekdays at 1:15;



AVISCO
RAYON FIBERS

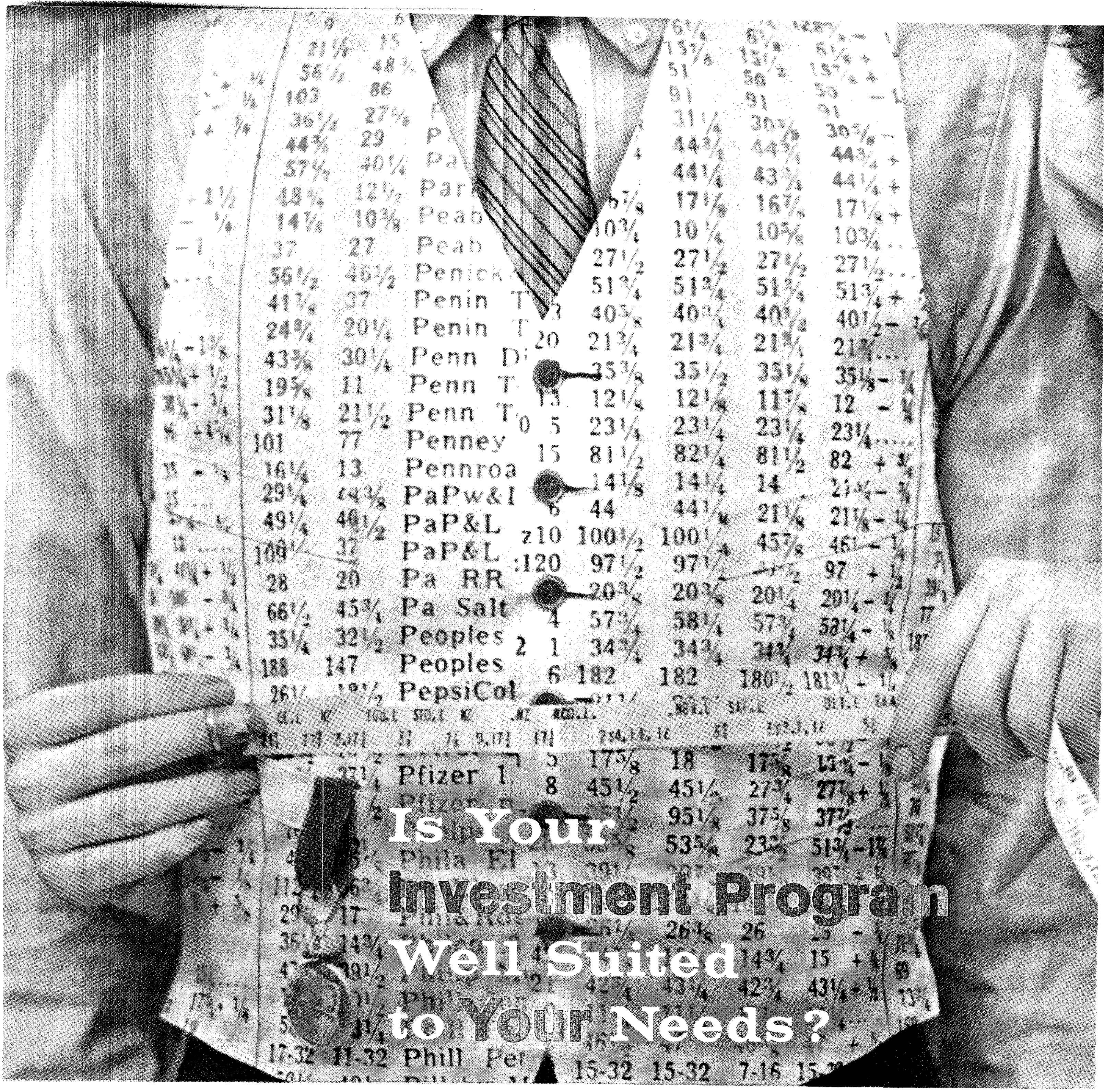
NITE LURE CHIFFON BY ALLURE; LINEN-BODICED DRESS BY SAM FRIEDLANDER. WHITE WITH BLUE, WHITE WITH PINK SATIN TRIM. SIZES 8-16. ABOUT $80.

Enchanting chiffon—woven of modern Avisco® rayon—belies its fragile look. It resists soiling to begin with, dry-cleans with its original beauty left intact. This tag tells you so!

New York, Bonwit Teller • Florida, all Burdine's stores • All Montaldo's stores • Los Angeles, J. W. Robinson • Detroit, B. Siegal

A quality fabric containing Avisco fibers
AVISCO
INTEGRITY
TAG

AMERICAN
VISCOSE
CORPORATION,
NEW YORK 1, N.Y.



The Investment Services offered by The Bank of New York are tailor made to fit each client's particular and unique requirements.

One measure of the degree to which personal investment objectives are accomplished under the Bank's supervision is the number of multi-million dollar portfolios which have been under the Bank's administration for years.

The same skill and continuing vigilance with which the Bank's investment specialists manage very large funds are also available for investment accounts of $100,000 upwards.

A booklet, "If You Own Securities", describes the Bank's Investment Services in more detail. A copy is yours for the asking.

THE BANK OF NEW YORK

New York's First Bank • Founded 1784

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Main Office: 48 WALL ST. ☆ *Uptown Offices:* 530 FIFTH AVE. ☆ MADISON AVE. AT 63rd ☆ MADISON AVE. AT 73rd

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 22; the Withers, Monday, June 24; the National Stallion (for colts), Wednesday, June 26; and the Roseben Handicap, Saturday, June 29. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 7. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Saturday, June 29, at 1, and Sunday, June 30, at 2.

Tennis—Eastern Father and Son Grass Court Championships. (Rockaway Hunting Club, Cedarhurst, L.I. Friday through Sunday, June 21-23.) . . . ¶ New York State Women's Championships. (Beach Point Club, Mamaroneck. Monday through Saturday, June 24-29.) . . . ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside, L. I. Monday through Sunday, June 24-30.) . . . ¶ Eastern Father and Son Clay Court Championships. (Elizabeth Town and Country Club, Elizabeth, N.J. Friday through Sunday, June 28-30.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station; special train from Grand Central at 7.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 24.

Yachting—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 22.

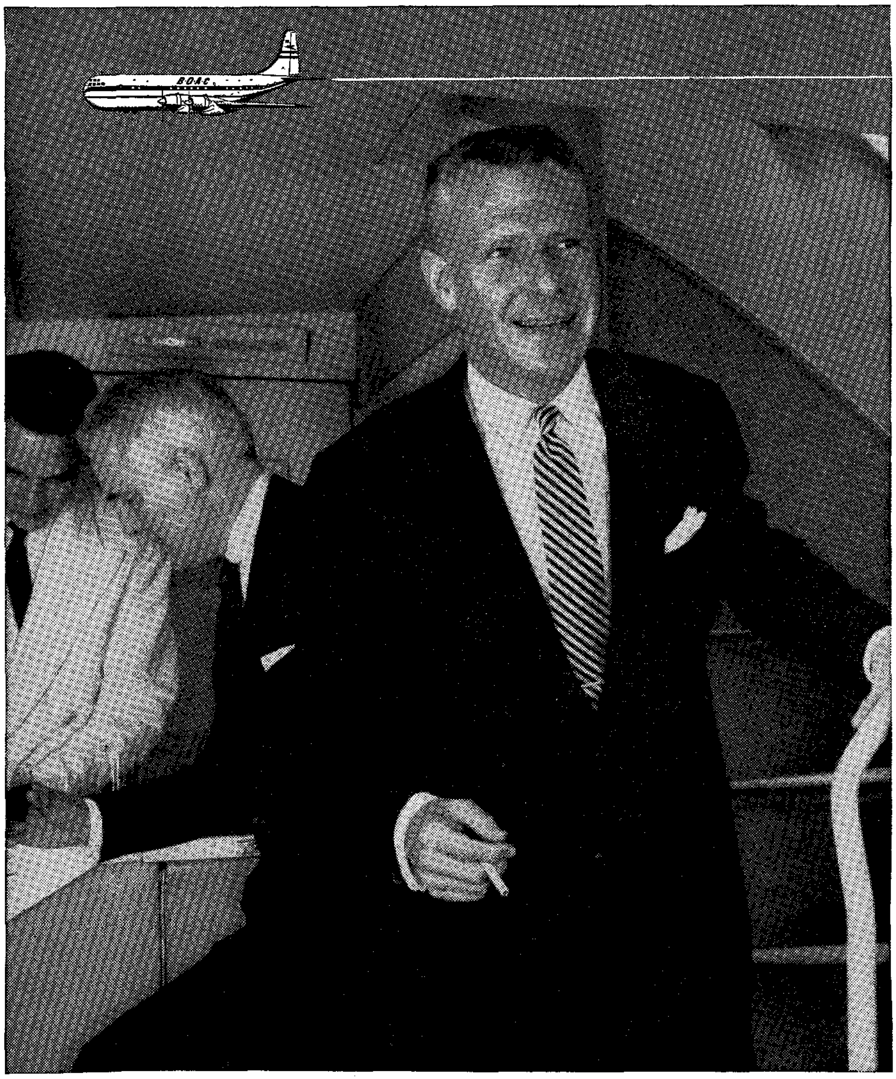
OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

Manuscripts and Books—At the AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.: Original manuscripts, first editions, and musical scores by newly elected members of, and winners of awards from, the American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters. Some of the authors represented are Conrad Aiken, John Dos Passos, John Cheever, and Igor Stravinsky. Through Sunday, June 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.) . . . NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.: A display of recent additions to the Berg Collection, consisting of manuscripts, letters, and first editions by such literary figures as Coleridge, Thomas Hardy, Mark Twain, and Charlotte Brontë; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 1.)

Aquarium, Surf Ave. and W. 8th St., Coney Island—The New York Zoological Society and the City of New York have opened a new home for marine life, which harbors several thousand specimens, among them tropical fish, penguins, a walrus, electric eels, and turtles. (Daily, 10 to 10.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "The Sun in Action," deals with the power and influence of our nearest star; through July 1. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.



Enjoy a stroll in the air

You don't have to stay put in one spot when you fly on the *Monarch* — those big, double-deck Stratocruisers are *roomy*. You can go places.

For instance: the cocktail lounge a deck below is a just-right stroll when you feel you're getting a bit too soft lounging around in that big foam-cushioned Slumberette seat.

And if you're a 6-plus footer you don't have to make apologies every time you cross or uncross your legs—you've almost *five feet* of leg room from your seat to the next—plenty for stretch-out sleeping. Or, for a slight additional charge you can luxuriate in a 6 foot, 6 inch berth.

Stroll-around roominess is one good reason to fly BOAC's *Monarch* —the only daily all-de-luxe, overnight, non-stop service New York to London.

World Leader in Air Travel

B·O·A·C

takes good care of you

Reservations: from your travel agent or British Overseas Airways Corporation, 342 Madison Avenue, New York...also offices in Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver and Winnipeg.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe, with Michael Todd as cruise director. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Face in the Crowd—Budd Schulberg, who wrote this work, and Elia Kazan, who directed it, never get far below the surface of the infamous television character they've put under scrutiny, but the film does have its occasional melodramatic moments. Andy Griffith is splendid as the guitar-playing TV terror. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

Funny Face—An amiable excursion into the world of fashion, which presents Fred Astaire as a photographer and Audrey Hepburn as a girl who serves as his model, even though she wants to be an intellectual above the modish battle. Kay Thompson, as the editor of a high-toned dress magazine, is helpful, and there are many captivating views of Paris. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through June 25, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting June 26.)

The Green Man—Alastair Sim having a high old time in an English film whose hero is a whimsical bomber crazy about blowing up people who get on his nerves. Between explosions, there are neat satiric expositions of some of the stranger English customs, and there is also plenty of boisterous slapstick comedy. George Cole, John Chandos, Jill Adams, Raymond Huntley, and Terry-Thomas are included in the expert cast. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Rack—A courtroom drama that probes into the motivations of an American Army captain who has collaborated with the enemy during the Korean War. The film is honest and, for the most part, effective, and Paul Newman, in the role of the captain, is very good indeed. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting June 26.)

The Silent World—Life underwater, including everything from ravenous sharks to giant rays, filmed by the cameras of Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau in the course of his submarine peregrinations. A French film, with an English narration. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; June 23-25.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac—Judy Holliday at her funny best in an adaptation of the George Kaufman-Howard Teichmann play about a lady who, although she owns only a few shares in a business enterprise, manages to take charge of it by getting the other stockholders to rally around her. With Paul Douglas, Hiram Sherman, Fred Clark, and John Williams. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; June 23-25.)

The Spirit of St. Louis—An overly roguish but frequently stimulating description of how Charles A. Lindbergh accomplished the most celebrated aerial feat of our times. James Stewart, whose feathers are getting a trifle gray, is cast as the Lone Eagle. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 23-25.)

La Strada—An Italian film, directed by Federico Fellini, that tells the strange tale of a carnival strong man, a girl whom he has purchased from her mother to serve as his slavey, and a philosophic clown. Overlong but piquant. Anthony Quinn plays the strong man, Giulietta Masina the girl, and Richard Basehart the clown. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

The Ten Commandments—This spectacular account of the life and times of Moses, as cooked up by Cecil B. deMille, makes the Biblical story look pretty stark. Wandering among the assorted cooch dancers, Pharaohs, prophets, et al., we have Charlton Heston, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Yul Brynner, and Anne Baxter. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Third Key—Jack Hawkins as a Scotland Yard gumshoe plodding along after a murderous safe-cracker. An English film not long on excitement but pretty interesting as it goes about explaining the methods policemen have at their command. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Torero!—Probably the best movie about bullfighting ever made, with Luis Procuna, the celebrated matador, reënacting some of the high spots in his engrossing career. A Mexican film, with an English commentary. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

12 Angry Men—A rewarding exposition of the workings of the jury system, in the course of which the impanelled veniremen generate quite a head of steam while determining the fate of an eighteen-year-old youth accused of patricide. Among the jurors are Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden, good actors one and all. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through June 26.)

REVIVALS

Harvest (1939)—A French pastoral piece, with Fernandel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through June 23.)

Knock on Wood (1954)—Danny Kaye as a mixed-up ventriloquist taking on some international spies. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 26.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1935)—Villainy at sea. Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 23.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 24.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through June 22.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, and revolution in Mexico. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting June 26.)

The Walls of Malapaga (1950)—An aging fugitive, Jean Gabin, having a final romantic fling in Genoa. A French-Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 24.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series entitled "Sixty Years of French Films." Through June 22: "The Little Match Girl" (1927), directed by Jean Renoir; "The Return to Reason" (1923), by Man Ray; "Ménilmontant" (1925); and "Entr'acte" (1923-24), directed by René Clair. . . . ¶ June 23-26: "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927), with Albert Préjean. (Showings every afternoon at 3 and 5:30, and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through June 25: "Something of Value," Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter.
From June 26, at 8:30: "Beau James," Bob Hope, Vera Miles. (Opening night will be a benefit for Mayor Wagner's Committee on Scholastic Achievement. For information about tickets, call PL 3-2750.)

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through June 25: "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral," Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas.
June 26: Theatre closed.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
A FACE IN THE CROWD.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Scandal in Sorrento," Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Prince and the Showgirl," Marilyn Monroe, Laurence Olivier.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The D.I.," Jack Webb.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Island in the Sun," James Mason, Joan Fontaine.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through June 26: "Monkey on My Back," Cameron Mitchell, Dianne Foster.

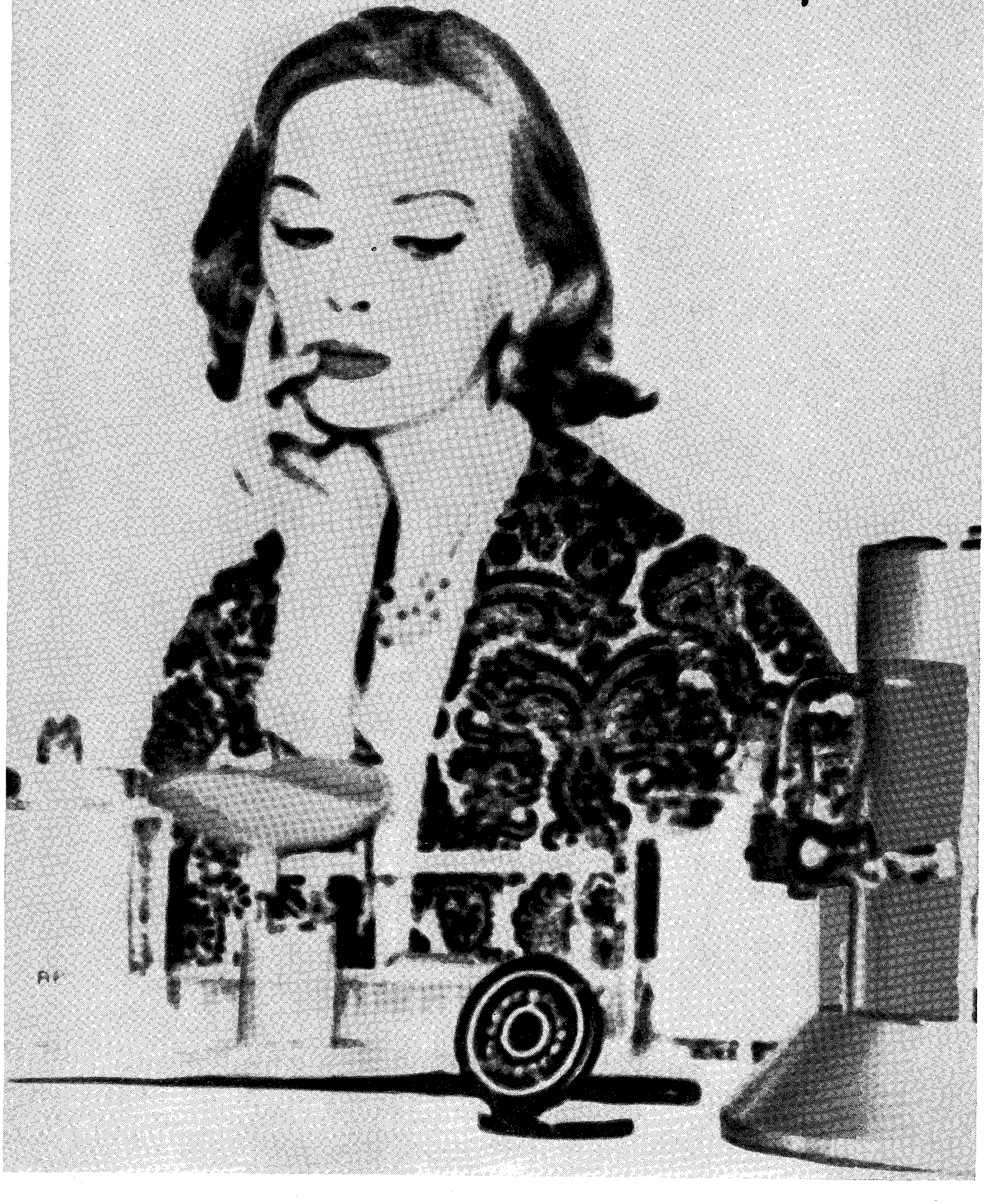
Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through June 25: "The Wayward Bus," Dan Dailey, Jayne Mansfield.
From June 26: "Saint Joan," Jean Seberg, Richard Widmark.

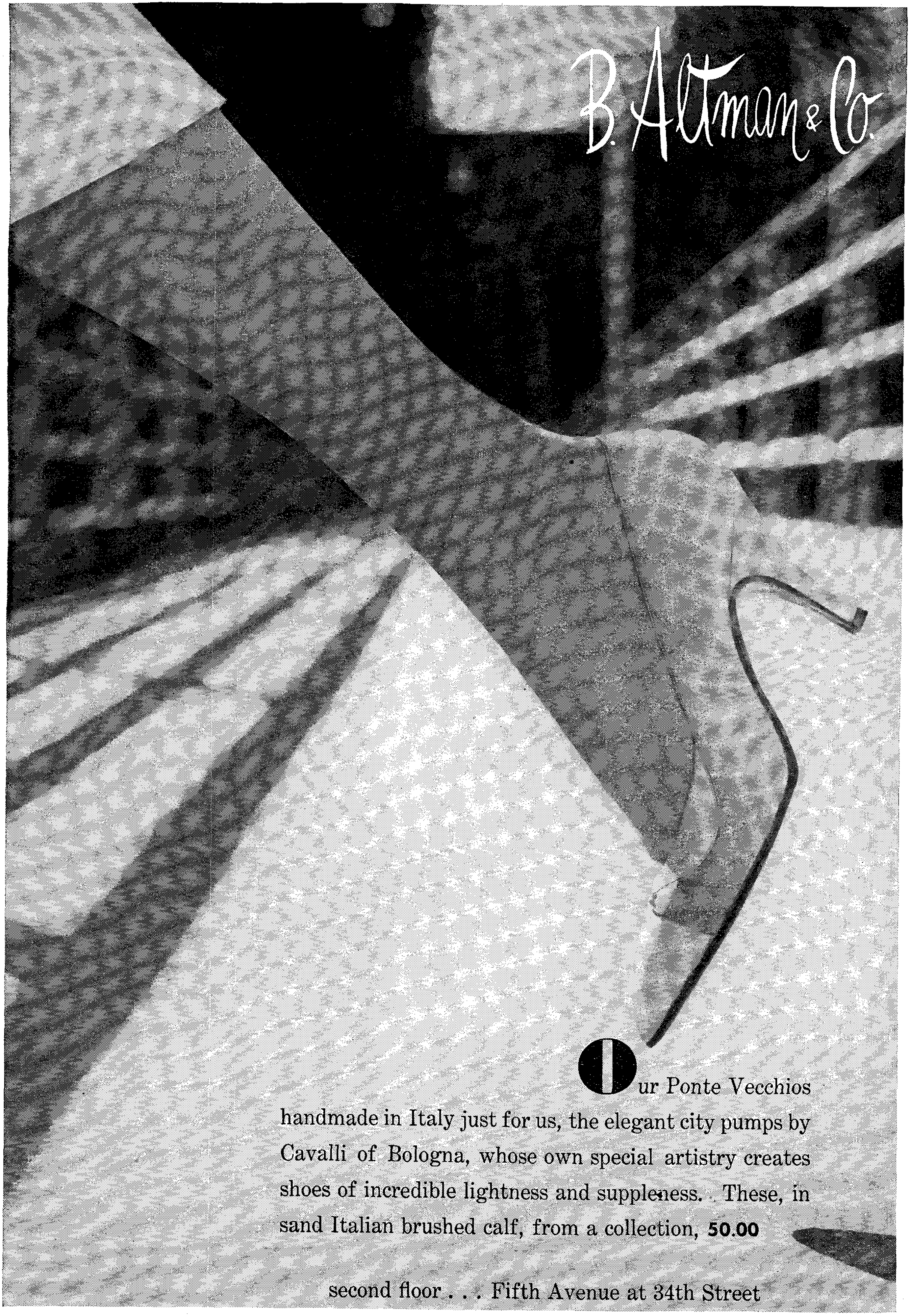
Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays at 8:40; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Stella" (in Greek), Melina Mercouri.

Only the natural extension of your own coloring can enhance the beauty of your complexion. And only Charles of the Ritz pressed powder achieves this ultimate flattery... because it is made to order while you watch. $2 plus tax. At favored department and specialty stores.

Charles of the Ritz





Our Ponte Vecchios handmade in Italy just for us, the elegant city pumps by Cavalli of Bologna, whose own special artistry creates shoes of incredible lightness and suppleness. These, in sand Italian brushed calf, from a collection, **50.00**

second floor . . . Fifth Avenue at 34th Street

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

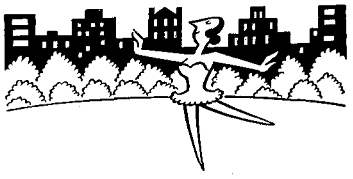
Notes and Comment

IN this department a few weeks ago, the English architect Sir Hugh Casson complimented New York on its new-found cleanliness. We agree with Sir Hugh, and would like to add to his compliment by noting that our city is not only getting cleaner, it's getting greener. Walking about the streets these fine summer days and nights, we're delighted by the host of new trees we see leaping up, as if with so many cheerful hellos, from our great gray wastes of pavement; we've worked it out as a rule of thumb that one small, rustling tree lends charm to one hundred linear feet of sullen concrete. Moreover, the rate of tree-planting here is growing along with the trees. A grateful bird has told us that in Manhattan in 1951 two hundred and sixteen privately sponsored shade trees were set out; last year the number was five hundred and sixteen. The grand total for the past seven years comes to over two thousand, most of them London planes, Norway maples, or Chinese ginkgoes.

On Fifth Avenue alone, there are now seven hundred and seventy-two trees. The final two in that sum stands for a couple of whopping plane trees recently tucked into pockets of good earth at the northeast corner of Fifty-seventh Street. The planter was the Manufacturers Trust Company, which has it in mind to plant trees in front of as many of its hundred and twelve branches as possible. The branch at Forty-third and Fifth, not content with three sizable trees on the sidewalk, has a grove of smaller ones on its roof. We can see them from our office windows, and very inspiring they are, springing heavenward out of all that money. If the other banks in our neighborhood follow the lead of the Manufacturers Trust—and we think they should—this part of town will wind up looking as bosky as a national park. We'll let you know when the first "Deer Crossing" sign is posted.

ONE of the pleasant aspects of our work is how often it isn't. Isn't work, we mean. Envious friends occasionally try to draw a line between our laboring and our loafing, but it can't be done. Faced with a blank sheet of paper, we find that a nap is sometimes the shortest distance between two points (dozing is to the seeker of words what dowsing is to the seeker of water); faced with some minor and perhaps tedious-sounding reportorial task, we find again and again that it dissolves into mere pleasure—that though we diligently send ourself to school, we nearly always end up playing hooky. Late the other afternoon, for example, we set out to inspect those trees on Fifty-seventh Street. We had every intention of returning to the office within a few minutes; instead, at nine that evening we were deep in the warm, moonlit darkness of Central Park with Maria Tallchief. What had led us there? Why, the inexorable tug of agreeable events, each acting on the next. For, once we'd inspected the trees, it seemed only sensible to proceed a block or so farther north and take a look at the Pulitzer Fountain, which some of our readers had written in to say was frequently dry, despite all the to-do of its restoration last year. Still more or less in the line of duty, then, we strolled over to the fountain, and were pleased to discover it splashing away in the best of health.

We sat for a while with other thinkers on the brim of the lowest basin, cooling our fingers and admiring the splendid scene—General Sherman among the begonias, the big, many-colored beetles of cars sliding past, the pretty girls and their young men mounting the steps of the Plaza—and soon it seemed imperative that we, too, mount the steps. For all we knew, radical alterations might be taking place inside the precious old monument; we hadn't a moment to lose if we wanted to record them. We made a thorough examination of the lobby, bar, and Oak Room; nothing appeared to have been tampered with of late. In the Oak Room, we ran across a couple we know. They were planning to attend a performance at the newly opened Theatre Under the Stars and had an extra ticket. Would we join them for dinner and the show? We would indeed, and an hour later the three of us marched through the failing twilight into the Park. The Theatre Under the Stars, set on the concrete floor of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, is a cunningly contrived platter of steel pipes and wooden planks, garnished with blue and white awnings. The stage has no proscenium arch and no curtain; its backdrop is the bristling skyline of Central Park South and its flies are the sky. We sat on metal bridge chairs fastened to the sloping floor and watched the brighter stars wink on one by one over the city. On our right flickered the false dawn of Columbus Circle; on our left a tawny full moon swung itself slowly up out of Queens. The orchestra played the opening bars of Delibes's "Sylvia," and Maria Tallchief floated out onto the stage. She was smiling, and the audience smiled back. We felt ourself a long way from the two trees on Fifty-seventh Street. If our life had depended on it, we couldn't have



told you whether we were at work or at play.

Quieteers

NEW YORK deserves high marks for cleanness and greenness, but what is its record in respect to cutting down on noise? Alas, only so-so. The Committee for a Quiet City, whose evangelical origins we described last year, feels that while considerable progress has been made in getting transgressors back on the straight and comparatively silent path, they don't stay there, that backsliding into needless clamor is constant, and that we must all pitch in and softly *fight*. A new campaign was launched this week, and Robert Watt, executive director of the Committee, hopes to make New Yorkers supremely noise-conscious during the summer months, when, thanks to open windows and doors, the problem becomes most acute. “Things are bad, yes, but by no means as bad as they were,” Mr. Watt said when we tiptoed into the Committee's office. “Remember what it was like a couple of years back, with fifteen or twenty cars tied up in traffic and all honking at once? You rarely hear that kind of racket any more. Or take garbage-collecting. In a poll we conducted with the *World-Telegram* last summer, the rattling of garbage cans in the early morning was voted the Number One noise menace. Now the metal edges of the hoppers on all Department of Sanitation garbage trucks have been lined with rubber, so when the cans are banged against them in the course of being emptied, the noise is diminished, if not eliminated. I'm glad to say that a much more revolutionary approach to the problem has been made by the plastics industry. There's a new plastic garbage can on the market that the manufacturer claims can be kicked from here to Tophet and never wake a soul.”

We asked what, if anything, was being done about one of our least favorite noisemakers—pneumatic drills. “Engineers are still working on them,” Mr. Watt replied. “They tried attaching mufflers to the drills, but the mufflers cut down so on the power that it required three drills to do the work of one. Three times as expensive, of course, and anyhow it turned out that three drills with mufflers made more noise than one without. My hope is that the construction people will take a tip from dentistry. You've heard about the supersonic drills that dentists are using these days? I see no reason the same principle shouldn't be applied to breaking up concrete. What's good enough for our teeth is good enough for our streets.” As for the racket made by riveters, Watt felt that the worst was over. “Many modern buildings are being bolted together instead of riveted,” he said. “The new Seagram Building is bolted. Didn't give the neighbors a bit of trouble going up and won't give them a bit of trouble coming down.”

The impression is growing that noise is bad for one's health, but Mr. Watt said that surprisingly little scientific work has been done on the subject. “It's one of the things our research council is looking into,” he said. “Some people claim that noise shortens the life span. If so, it's high time we dug up the facts. We keep getting all sorts of ingenious suggestions about how to curb or mask noise. One man wrote that since we can't possibly get rid of most of the noise this city generates, we should prepare a tape recording of a single, general, over-all noise, which could be broadcast incessantly through huge loudspeakers and thus cancel out all other noises. Someone else has suggested that people all wear earphones and tune in on recordings of whatever sounds they happen to like best—birds singing, wind whistling through pine trees, and so on. Meanwhile, we go on fighting noise in more practical ways. Our new campaign features what we call Quieteers—people who will carry warning tickets about with them and hand them to any noisemakers they run across. The tickets are diplomatically worded requests for coöperation in cutting down noise, but they point out that violations of our local anti-noise statutes are punishable by fines of from two to fifty dollars, or by a jail term of from one to ten days. If you're a Quieteer, and you're riding in a taxi and the driver cuts loose with an unwarranted blast of his horn, you simply lean over and hand him one of these tickets.”

Watt asked us if we'd like to become a Quieteer, and we replied, after some hesitation, that we guessed we would but that we doubted if we'd ever get around to handing a ticket to an irritated hackie. “Then hand one to a neighbor who plays his TV set too loud,” Watt said. “You'll find dozens of uses for them.”

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A couple of courageous starlings have taken up residence in one of the exhaust tubes of a Wac Corporal rocket now on display at Fort Myer, Virginia.

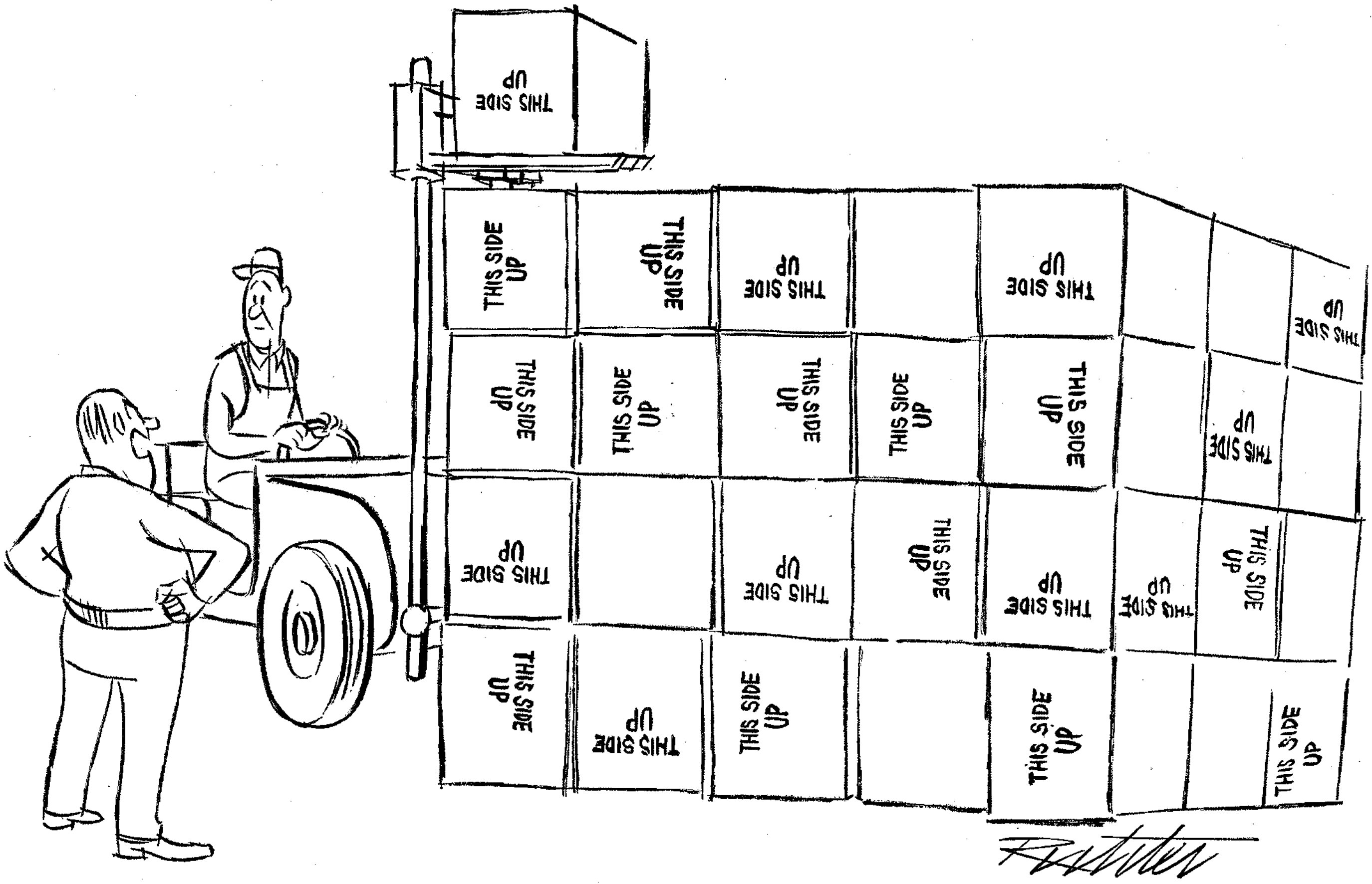
Tea with Mrs. Hendrick

THE other day, with a changing city on our mind, we phoned Mrs. Josephine Pomeroy Hendrick and asked her for an interview. “Come up for tea and a drink,” she said, and we soon found ourself in a large, light, book-lined, tapestry-hung living room in the East Seventies, facing our hostess, a tall, erect, strikingly handsome woman in a green silk tea gown, across a tea table.

“I'm ninety-four,” she said, pouring us some tea and plying us with buttered toasted rolls, marmalade, and little frosted cakes. “My parents came from Connecticut, but I was born in New York, at 124 East Thirty-fourth Street (I believe the house is still standing; I must drive down and look at it someday), and the most vivid early memory I have is of being taken by one of my two brothers over to Park Avenue and then getting into a very smart goat wagon, drawn by two lively goats. We went at a swift gallop up and down Park Avenue, then a rather heavy, somewhat stony road. I was the youngest of four children. My brothers, Henry and Arthur, became partners in Pomeroy Brothers, in Wall Street, which was started by my father, Daniel Pomeroy, and my Uncle Hamilton, his brother. Henry was at one time president of the Stock Exchange. There's a portrait of him down there.”

We besought Mrs. Hendrick to reminisce further for our benefit.

“My father died when I was four,” she said. “The only thing I remember about him is that he had an English lark, in a cage, and would bring it turf to stand on. Father died in the summer, in a place we had at Litchfield, and my sister and I opened the cage and let the lark fly away. After my father's death, Mother moved from New York to Stamford. I remember being taken one evening to a very big hall in Stamford, where Charles Dickens had his audience rocking with mirth over the adventures of Mr. Pickwick and grieving over the death of Little Nell. Mother always took me with her on her trips to the big city. We made an early start on the train, arriving in a large, gloomy shed, at Forty-second Street, where the engines were shunted off and where horses were ready to haul the trains through the tunnel as far as Thirty-third Street. Once there, we would walk down Fourth Avenue—such a pretty street then, with three-



"You're fired!"

story brick houses that had white marble steps, a marked contrast to the dingy high-stooped brownstones on Madison and Fifth Avenues—and then on to Madison Square, considered very far uptown. We shopped at a nice little lace store, at McCutcheon's, and at Lord & Taylor's, on Twentieth Street. Tugging at my mother's skirts, I was taken to Purcell's, where we had the most delicious cakes and goodies of all kinds. Then down to Union Square—very handsome in those days. On Fourth Avenue at Sixteenth Street was Herter Brothers' furniture store, where one could purchase beautifully upholstered furniture, guaranteed to last a lifetime. Finally, the theatre, on Thirteenth Street. My mother's choice of plays still seems quaint for so young a child—Charlotte Cushman in a blood-and-thunder tragedy in which scantily clad ladies in black tights were suspended from the ceiling."

We asked Mrs. Hendrick where she went to school, and she said that when she was seven or eight her mother decided to live in Europe and have her children educated there. "My sister and I went, as boarders, to a school in Fontainebleau called Les Ruches," she said. "The headmistress's father, M. Paul-Armand Silvestre, a well-known French writer, was a friend of George Eliot's, and she visited the school. Walking along one of the corridors, she saw me, paused, spoke to me, and kissed me. 'Remember always, my child,' the headmistress said to me, 'that you have been embraced by George Eliot, one of England's greatest novelists.' I recall a tall, very sad, plain-looking woman with a big nose and heavy black ringlets. We returned to New York when I was sixteen, and lived in an apartment house on Fortieth Street—at 101 Park Avenue, now the site of the Architects Building. Fortieth Street was full of trees and private houses. From our west windows, we could see the Reservoir, now the site of the Public Library. We had two spacious living rooms on Park Avenue, but our three maids had unheated rooms in the garret and had to walk down six flights to the bathroom. I remember hearing Matthew Arnold and Oscar Wilde read their poems at Chickering Hall. Arnold looked the epitome of an English gentleman. Wilde had rather long golden curly hair, a white silk shirt open at the neck, black knee breeches, white stockings, and pumps with a sunflower on each, and he carried a sunflower in his hand. The Fifth Avenue Hotel, which had been built by Amos Eno, was called Eno's Folly, because it was thought so disadvantageously far uptown. I remember Vantine's store, the first to bring the Orient to New York. I went to the theatre, concerts, and the opera a great deal—Ellen Terry and Henry Irving, Sothern and Marlowe, Paderewski and Hans von Bülow, Emma Eames, the de Reszkes, the Kneisel and Flonzaley quartets, Ada Rehan and John Drew, Theodore Thomas's orchestra in Steinway Hall, and Leopold Damrosch's concerts under a great tent at Coney Island, where you had the choice of looping the loop or listening to good music. Steinway Hall was on Union Square. I took piano lessons there, and would go into the balcony to hear Thomas rehearse. No doubt the amount of profanity he used produced wonderful concerts."

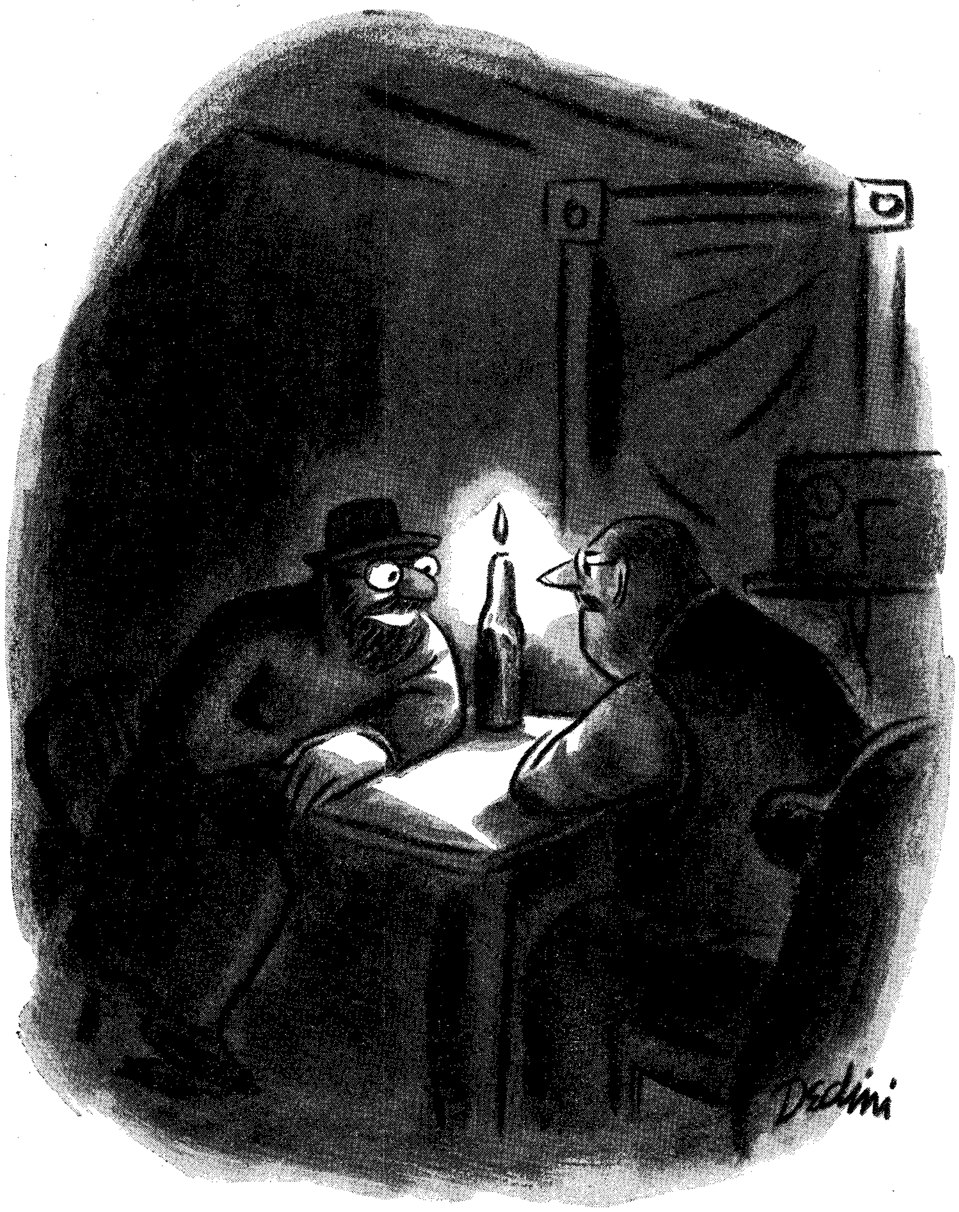
Mrs. Hendrick told us that despite her youthful distractions, she found time for social work. "Julia Isham, later Mrs. Henry Osborn Taylor, was a great friend of mine," she said. "Her parents' summer home overlooked the Hudson River at Two Hundred and Eleventh Street, and I'd go to open-house buffet suppers there on Saturdays. Guests came by carriage, streetcar, and bicycle, and on horseback. There were few organized charities then, but Mrs. Isham ran something called Charity

Visitors, and I became one. My first assignment was to visit a tenement near Second Avenue. As I climbed four flights of stairs, I heard yelling and screaming. Pushing my way in, I met a large Irishwoman, who said, 'Do you know how to bring a child into the world?' I said I didn't. 'Then get out!' she said. So I did. My second assignment was to call on a woman whose daughter worked for Bloomingdale's and had got into trouble. 'If you had a daughter seduced by a millionaire, what would you do?' she asked. I said I didn't know. 'Then get out!' she said. So I did. This ended my charity visits."

Mrs. Hendrick poured us a second cup of tea and revealed herself as one of the founders of the Cosmopolitan Club. "I was married in 1897 to Ellwood Hendrick, a chemist and author, and we had two children," she said. "My daughter, Grace, is married to Rear Admiral Neill Phillips, in Washington, and my son, James Pomeroy Hendrick, is an assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury. My husband died in 1930. When our children were small, four married friends and I resolved to improve the lot of our governesses. In those days, governesses had no sitting rooms—or, as a rule, even bedrooms—of their own; they slept in the same room as the children. We decided to form a club for them, where they could meet their friends, and got an apartment at Thirty-third Street and Lexington Avenue. There, joined by a number of other women with children, we arranged candy pulls, lantern slides, and concerts for them. One day, one of them came to us and said, 'What we want is not entertainment but husbands.' So we gave up on the governesses, and decided to have a club of our own, instead. In 1911, seven of us—Mrs. V. Everett Macy, Mrs. John Sherman Hoyt, Mrs. Albert Herter, Mrs. William Adams Brown, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Mrs. E. R. Hewitt, and I—incorporated the Women's Cosmopolitan Club, now the Cosmopolitan. I am the only survivor."

Mrs. Hendrick poured us a glass of Lillet, an apéritif to which she is devoted. "I remember, during the suffragette days," she said, "when the Cosmopolitan Club staged a grand parade down Fifth Avenue, with everyone carrying banners reading 'Votes for Women,' Michel Tonetti, the painter, said to his wife, 'Mary, if you walk in that parade, I'll turn the hose on you.' Well, she didn't, but I was detailed to take my car, park it on the corner of Seventy-third Street, and try to arouse enthusiasm for the cause. I'm not a very good speaker. A man came up to me while I was holding forth and said, 'Say, lady, if you don't know your lesson any better than that, you better go home.' So I did."

So did we.



"I've nothing to report but a lousy feeling of good will everywhere."

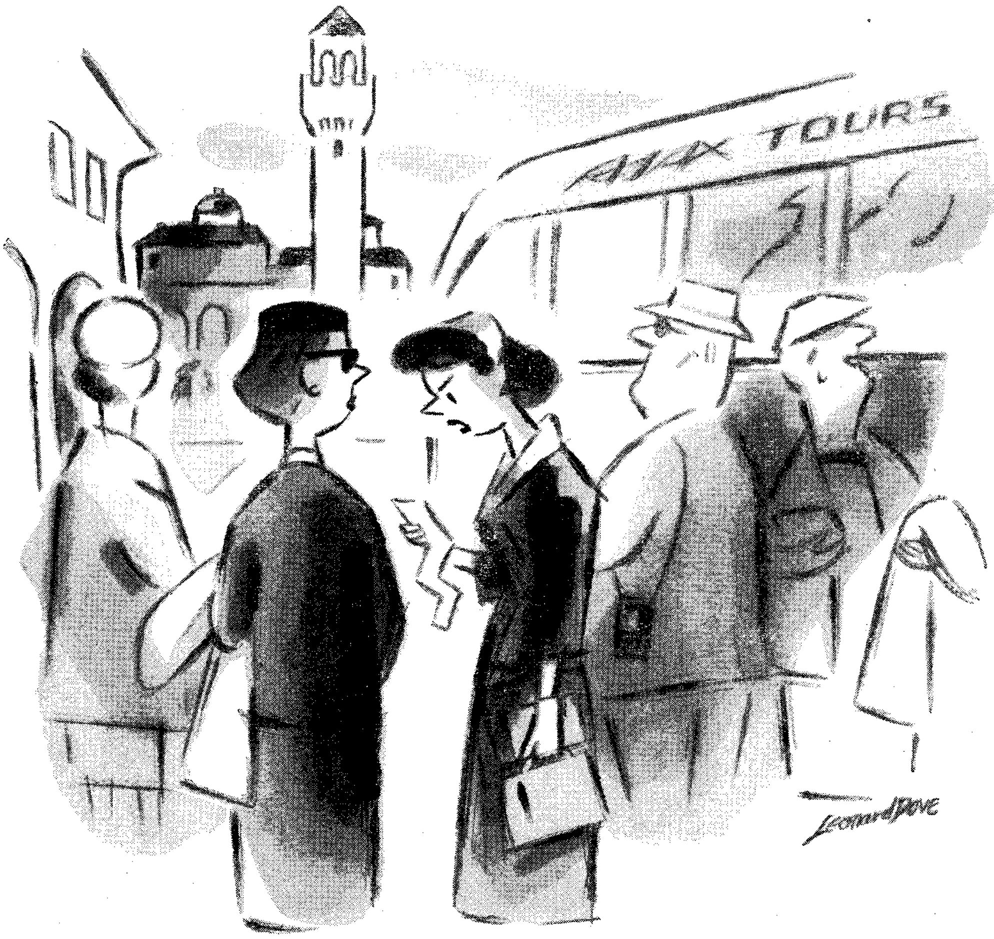
Obliging

ONE afternoon last week, we were peering at a knobbly-kneed and whiskery satyr chasing a rather buck-toothed dryad around a tree in an oil on exhibition at the outdoor art show down in Washington Square when the creator of the work, who was sitting on a folding chair nearby, addressed us confidentially. "If that's too representational for you," he said, "I can do an abstraction on the theme on the other side of the canvas."

A.M.A.

WE hadn't really intended to take in the recent American Medical Association's giant show at the Coliseum—too technical for us, we'd feared—but a doctor friend asked us to meet him there one afternoon, and before we knew it, we were skittering up and down the by now familiar building like a mouse in a pharmacopoeia. Our impressions of the scene are blurred, much as if we'd just come out of anesthesia, but we recall how flattered we were when the exhibitor of a machine that resuscitates infants tapped our arm and asked deferentially, "Would you like some literature on this, Doctor?"

What a flock of physicians! The pay phone booths were jammed, and so were two non-pay phone booths, in which, courtesy of the A. H. Robins Company, of Richmond, Virginia, manufacturers of a drug called Donnatal, the visiting doctors could make a free call to any place in the United States. We were



"But if it's Tuesday, it has to be Siena."

• •

tempted to call the Robins home office and say a word of commendation, but there was a long line waiting; the booths were occupied by a voluble Navy lieutenant and an equally voluble young woman (a lady doctor?), each party's eyes blissfully closed. Maybe they were talking to each other. We pushed on. At a supports-and-appliances display, a motherly-looking woman was cheerfully discussing broken backs. At the Manhattan Uniform Company's stand, three men examining a rack of hygienic smocks whirled around in unison to ogle a strikingly smockless girl who was parading by in tight-fitting shorts. A doctor escorting his wife noticed the girl, too, and muttered, "Bad for her circulation. Perhaps I ought to tell her." His wife grabbed his arm with the grip of a tourniquet.

There were other girls—and, indeed, what would a show at the Coliseum be without them? A Simmons mattress exhibit featured a blonde in a pink nightie, lying on a bed, with wires attached to her head and arms to measure the physiological variables of sleep, if we can believe our notes. Her variables were inscribed in red ink on a strip of paper that spewed out of an adjacent machine. She had a telephone on her bed, and when she raised herself up and talked into it, her variables exploded like a skyrocket. Maybe she was talking to the Navy. Raytheon had a blonde on hand taking, or pretending to take, an electrocardiogram, and Tru-Eze a brunette who was in a bathing suit and was also in traction. Small healed scar next to right knee. Purplish bruise above left knee, with marks of stripped-off adhesive visible at its edges. We put her on the serious-but-not-critical list.

On all sides, samples of medications were available for the taking. Miltown was giving out just one pill to a customer. "It's a happy medium between a cup of coffee and the infirmary," the spieler for another tranquillizer was telling an interne. Our doctor doesn't approve of our fooling around indiscriminately with drugs, so we pocketed a souvenir bar of Ivory Soap instead. We nibbled a Nucoa-margarine cookie and a salt-free potato chip, and sipped a cup of Bib's orange juice, made with Acerola. "Very delicious!" a guzzling doctor at our side exclaimed. "That's the Acerola," said a Bib's man.

We strolled past brilliant-hued plaster casts, a solid-gold wheelchair, a color movie of a surgeon's hand massaging a human heart, and a dazzling design of tubular lights identified as a graphic representation of an epileptic fit. We paused briefly to pick up one of half a dozen telephones perched next to a scale model of a Lederle laboratory. A voice crooned in our ear, ". . . used to serve as a home for hundreds of Canadian mallard ducks . . ." We rested our legs by taking a four-minute spin on a moving belt of chairs provided by the Pfizer & Roerig drug people, which took us past an array of placards extolling Matromycin, Moderil, Seraject, and Combistrep. It was like driving along a highway with no scenery except billboards. At the end of our trip, a Japanese girl handed us a Chinese fan. Japanese-influenced design was to be seen all over the Coliseum. In medical circles, we gathered, the Japanese are closely associated with serenity, and we half expected to be offered a taste of a new tranquillizer called Kamikaze.

There were many fringe exhibitors, including Merrill Lynch. The book publishers were out in full cry. On the ground floor, a man and a woman representing the Encyclopedia Americana ("Made in America, by Americans, for Americans—Think American") were staring moodily at a neighboring booth, occupied by the Oxford University Press. One floor up, at an exhibit sponsored by the American Physicians Art Association, we came upon a perplexed doctor examining a Daliesque still-life consisting of two skulls, a stethoscope, a scalpel, a hypodermic needle, and a single red, red rose. When we saw a sign that at first reading seemed to say, "Columag for your gravidas," and at second reading proved to say precisely that, we decided we were hypertensed, sought out our doctor friend, and found him at a display called "Fractures Encountered by the Front Seat Passenger in an Automobile Crash." He prescribed a quick departure for us both.

Talking It Up

A WASHINGTON friend of ours reports that on a door in one of the government buildings there he read the following:

4156
General Services Administration
Region 3
Public Buildings Service
Buildings Management Division
Utility Room
Custodial

When he asked an attendant what all this meant, he was briskly told, "Broom closet."

THE ROSE, THE MAUVE, THE WHITE

IN the morning, Charles Pollard went down the garden to practice calling for three cheers. When he came to the place farthest of all from the house and near to the lake, he paused, among clumps of rhubarb and mounds of lawn clippings, and glanced about him. His voice had broken years before but was still uncertain in volume; sometimes it wavered and lost its way, and he could never predict whether it would follow his intention or not. If his voice were to come out in a great bellow or perhaps frenziedly high-pitched, people would turn toward him in surprise, even astonishment, but how, if it sank too low, would he claim anyone's attention after the boisterous confusions of "Auld Lang Syne"? He could hardly be held responsible for what his voice did, he felt, and he had often wished that he might climb to the top of a mountain and there, alone, make its acquaintance and come to terms with it. As he could not, this morning in the garden at home he put on what he hoped was an expression of exultant gaiety, snatched off his spectacles, and, waving them in the air, cried out, "And now three cheers for Mrs. Frensham-Bowater!" He was about to begin "Hip, hip, hooray" when a bush nearby was filled with laughter; all the branches were disturbed with mirth. Then there were two splashes as his little sisters leaped into the lake for safety. "And now three cheers for Charles!" they called, as they swam as fast as they could away from the bank.

If he went after them, he could only stand at the edge of the water and shake his fist or make some other ineffectual protest, so he put his spectacles on again and walked slowly back to the house. It was a setback to the day, with Natalie arriving that afternoon and likely to hear at once from the twins how foolishly he had behaved.

"Mother, could you make them be quiet?" he asked desperately, finding her at work in the rose garden.

When he told her the story, she threw back her head and laughed for what seemed to him to be about five minutes. "Oh, poor old Charles. I wish I'd been in hiding, too." He had known he would have to bear this, or something like it, but was obliged to pay the price; and at last she said, "I will see to it that their lips are sealed, their cunning chops shut up."

"But are you sure you can?"

"I think I know how to manage my own children. See how obedient you yourself have grown. I cross my heart they shall not breathe a word of it in front of Natalie."

He thanked her coldly and walked away. In spite of his gratitude, he thought, She is so dreadfully chummy and slangy. I wish she wouldn't be. And why say just Natalie when there are two girls coming? I think she tries to be knowing as well, he decided.

Two girls were coming. His sister Katie was picking sweet peas for the room these school friends were to share with her.

"You are supposed to cut those with scissors," Charles said. The ones she couldn't strip off she was breaking with her teeth. "What time are they coming?"

"In the station taxi at half past three."

"Shall I come with you to meet them?"

"No, of course not. Why should you?"

Katie was sixteen and a year younger than Charles. It is a very feminine age, and she wanted her friends to herself. At school, they slept in the same bedroom, as they would here. They were used to closing the door upon a bower of secrets and intrigue and diary-writing; knew how to keep their jokes to themselves and their conversations as incomprehensible as possible to other people. When Charles's friends came to stay, Katie did not encroach on them, and now she had no intention of letting him spoil that delightful drive back from the station; she could not imagine what her friends would think of her if she did.

So after luncheon she went down alone in the big, musty-smelling taxi. The platform of the country station was quite deserted. A porter was whistling in the office, keeping out of the hot sun. She walked up and down, reading the notices of estate agents posted along the fence, and all the advertisements of auction sales. She imagined the train coming nearer to her with every passing second; yet it seemed unbelievable that it would really soon materialize out of the distance, bringing Frances and Natalie.

They would have the compartment to themselves at this time of the day on the branch line, and she felt a little wistful thinking that they were together and having fun and she was all alone, waiting for them. They would be trying out dance steps, swaying and staggering as the train rocked; dropping at last, weak with laughter, full-length on their seats. Then (having been here to stay with Katie on other occasions) as they came to the end of their journey, they would begin to point out landmarks and haul down their luggage from the rack—carefully, because in the suitcases were the dresses for this evening's dance.

The signal fell with a sharp clatter, making Katie jump. Now, where shall I be standing when the train stops, she wondered, feeling self-conscious suddenly and full of responsibility. Not here, right on top of the Gents' lavatory, of all places. Perhaps by the entrance . . . Nonchalantly, she strolled away.

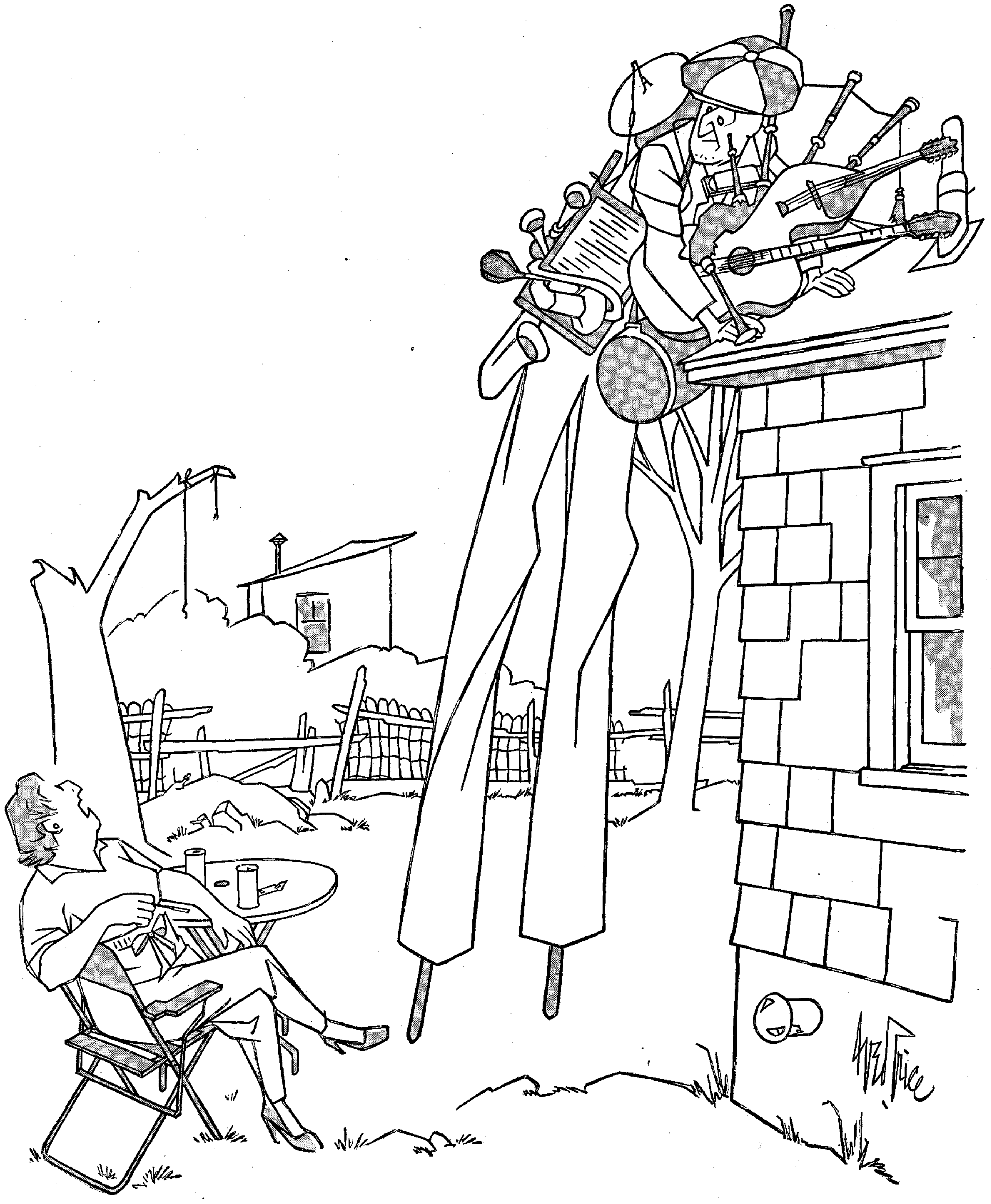
The porter came out of the office, still whistling, and stared up the line. Smoke, bowing and nodding like a plume on a horse's head, came round a bend in the distance, and Katie, watching it, felt sick and anxious. They won't enjoy themselves at all, she thought. I wish I hadn't asked them. They will find it dreadfully dull at home, and the dance is bound to be a failure. It will be babyish, with awful things like "The Dashing White Sergeant" and "The Gay Gordons." They will think Charles is a bore and the twins a bloody nuisance.

But the moment they stepped out of the train all her constraint vanished. They caught her up into the midst of their laughter. "You can't think what happened," they said. "You'll never believe what happened at Paddington." The ridiculous story never did quite come clear, they were so incoherent with giggling. Katie smiled in a grown-up way. She was just out of it for the moment, but would soon be in the swim again.

As they drove up the station slope toward the village, they were full of anticipation and excitement. "And where is Charles?" asked Natalie, smoothing her dark hair.

TEA was such great fun, Myra Pollard told herself; though one moment she felt rejuvenated, the next minute as old as the world. She had a habit of talking to herself as to another person who was deeply interested in all her reactions, and the gist of these conversations was often apparent on her face.

They keep one young, oneself—all these young people, she thought as she was pouring out the tea. Yet the next



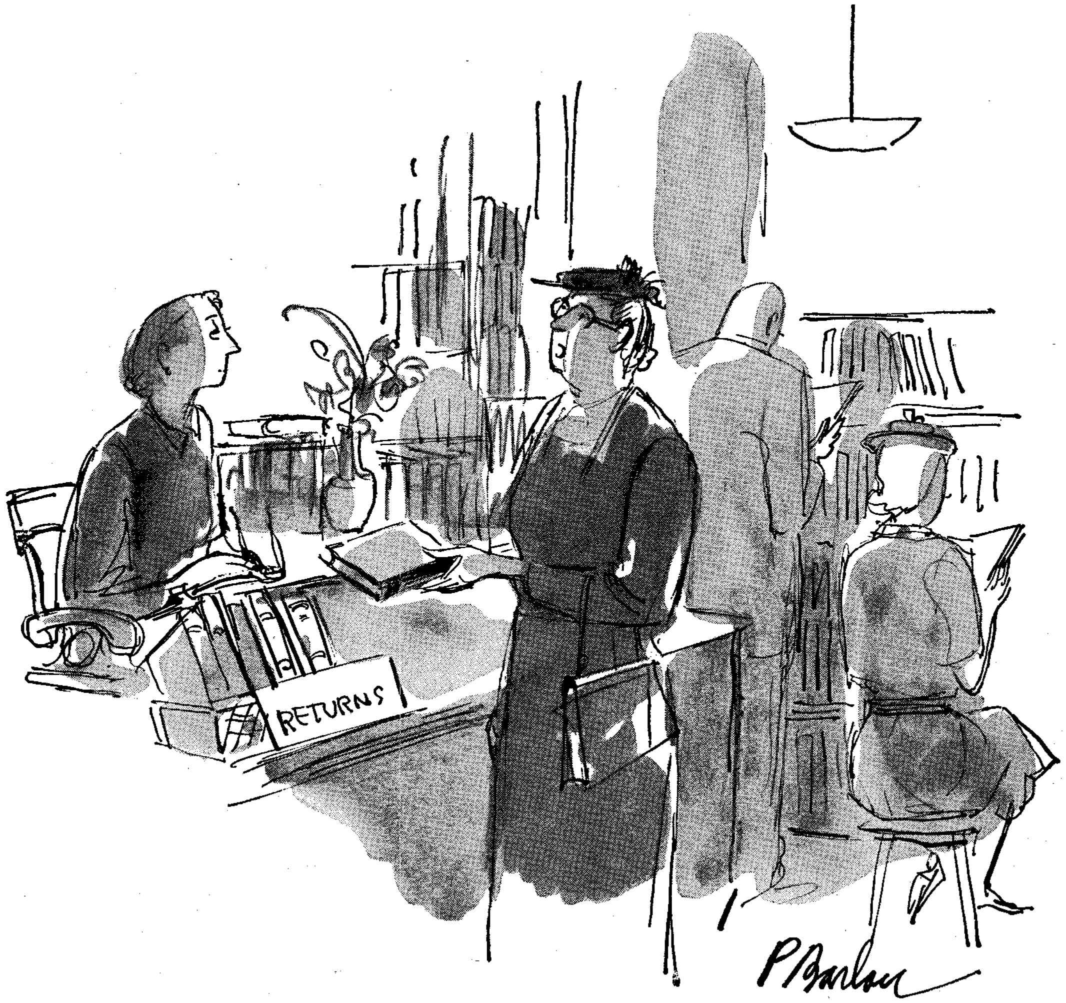
"But after Ed Sullivan, then what?"

• •

second, her cheek resting on her hand as she watched them putting away great swags and wedges and gobbets of starch, she sighed; for she had not felt as they all felt, eager and full of nonsense, for years and years. To them, though they were polite, she was of no account, the tea pourer-out, the starch provider, simply. It was people of her own generation who said that Charles and she were like brother and sister—not those of Charles's generation, to whom the idea would have seemed absurd.

Frances and Natalie were as considerate as could be and even strove to be a little woman-to-womanly with her.

"Did you ever find your bracelet, Mrs. Pollard? Do you remember you'd lost it when we were here last time? At a— dance, wasn't it?" Natalie faltered. Of course, Katie's mother went to dances, too. Indeed, why not? Grotesque though they must be. She was glad that her own parents were more



"I don't know what can be the matter with me. Even after Norman Vincent Peale I still feel down in the dumps."

• •

sedate and did not try to ape the young.

"I wish *we* could go to a ball," said Lucy, one of the twins.

"Your time will come," their mother said. She laid her hand to the side of the silver teapot as if to warm and comfort herself.

"Oh, do you remember that boy, Sandy, in the elimination dance?" Katie suddenly exploded.

Frances, who was all beaky and spectacly, Mrs. Pollard thought, exploded with her.

"The one who was wearing a kilt?" Natalie asked, with more composure. She wondered if Charles was thinking that she must be older than the other girls—and indeed she was, by two and a half months.

"Will Mrs. Frensham-Bowater be there?" Lucy asked.

Her sly glance, with eyelids half lowered, was for Caroline's—her twin's—benefit.

"Of course. Mrs. Frensham-Bowater always organizes the dance," their mother said briskly, and changed the subject.

Charles was grateful to her for keeping her promise; but all the same he had had an irritating afternoon. The twins, balked in one direction, found other ways of exasperating him. When he came out of the house with his gun under his arm, they clapped their hands over their ears and fled shrieking to the house. "Charles is pointing his gun at us!" they shouted. "Don't be bloody silly!" he shouted back. "Charles swore!" they cried.

What an unholy gap between Katie and me and those little perishers, he thought. What ever did Mother and Father imagine they were up to? What can the neighbors have thought of them—at their time of life? . . . He shied away from the idea of sexual love between the middle-aged; ludicrous though it was, evidence of it was constantly to be seen.

"Did you shoot anything?" his mother asked him.

"There wasn't anything to shoot." He had known there wouldn't be and had only walked about in the woods with his gun for something to do until the taxi came.

"And the girl next door?" Frances asked. "I have forgotten her name. Will she be going to the dance tonight?"

"Oh, Deirdre," said Caroline to Lucy.

"Yes, Deirdre," Lucy said, staring across the table at Charles.

"No, she has gone to school in Switzerland," said Katie.

"Poor Charles!" the twins said softly.

"Why not try to be your age?" he asked them in a voice which would, he hoped, sound intimidating to them but nonchalant to everybody else.

"Have you had nice holidays?" Mrs. Pollard asked, looking from Frances to Natalie. Then, thinking that she was being far too hostessy and middle-aged, she said without waiting for their answer, "I do adore your sweater, Natalie."

"Jesus bids us shine, with a pure, clear light," Caroline began to sing, as she spread honey on her bread.

"Not at the table," said their mother.

"WHAT shall we do now?" Katie asked after tea. She was beginning to feel her responsibility again. There was no doubt that everything was very different from school; Frances and Natalie seemed drawn very close together from sharing the same situation, and she was apart, in the predicament of hostess. She began to see her home through their eyes: the purple brick house looked heavy and ugly now that the sun had gone behind a cloud; the south wall was covered by a magnolia tree; there were one or two big cream flowers among the dark leaves; doves were walking about on the slate roof; some of the windows reflected the blue sky and moving clouds. To Katie, it was like being shown a photograph which she did not immediately recognize—unevocative, as were the photographs of their mothers in the dormitory at school; they seldom glanced at them from the beginning of term to the end.

They sat down on the grass at the edge of the orchard and began to search for four-leaf clovers. Their conversation consisted mostly of derogatory remarks about themselves. They were hopeless at dancing, each one said; could never think what to say to their partners; and they had all washed their hair that morning and now could do simply nothing with it.

"So lucky having red hair, Katie. How I envy you," Natalie said.

"But it's horrible. I hate it."

"It's so striking. Isn't it, Frances?"

"Well, yours is, too, in a different way," Frances said. "It's this awful mousiness of mine I can't abide."

"You can't call it mousy, it's chestnut," Katie said.

It was just a game they played, and when they had finished with their hair they began on the shape of their hands. There was never any unkindness in anything they said. They were exploring themselves more than each other.

The twins wandered about the garden, shaking milk in jars to make butter. Every few minutes they stopped to compare the curd they had collected. They had been doing this tirelessly for days but were near the time when that game would seem dull and done with and they would never play it again. They roamed about the lawn, chanting a meaningless song.

The older girls were discussing whether they would rather be deaf or blind. Frances lay on her stomach watching the children and wondering if they were not lucky to be so free of care and without the great ordeal of the dance ahead of them.

"Deaf any day," said Katie.

"Oh, no!" said Natalie. "Only think how cut off you'd be from other people—and no one is ever as nice to the deaf or has much patience with them. Everyone is kinder to the blind."

"But imagine never seeing any of this ever again," said Frances. Tears came up painfully in Katie's eyes. "This garden, that lovely magnolia tree, sunsets," Frances said. "Never to be able to read 'Jane Eyre' again."

"You could read it in Braille," Katie said.

"It wouldn't be the same. You know it wouldn't be. Oh, it would be appalling. . . . I can't contemplate it. . . . I really can't."

Anyone who reminded them that the choice might not arise would have been deeply resented.

"I suppose we had better go in and iron our frocks," Katie said. No one had found a four-leaf clover.

"Where is Charles?" Natalie asked.

"The Lord knows," said Katie.

Frances was silent as they went toward the house. She could feel the dance coming nearer to her.

But the end of it was coming, too, she comforted herself. In six hours' time it would all be over—the dreadful exposure of herself, the nakedness she felt when she set out without her spectacles, as she was determined to do, timorous and shortsighted, the mark of them still deep across the bridge of her nose. She would be committed for four hours to the confusions of a blurred and slanting room. But as the other dances had somehow come to an end, so would this, she told herself.

"THE house is full of girls," Charles told his father. George Pollard left the car in the drive and went indoors. "And steam," Charles said, following him.

Natalie, Frances, and Katie had been in the bathroom for nearly an hour and could hardly see one another across the room. Bath salts, hoarded from Christmas, scented the steam, and now, still wearing their shower caps, they were standing on damp towels and shaking their Christmas talcum powder over their stomachs and shoulders.

"Will you do my back and under my arms?" asked Katie, handing to Frances the tin of Rose Geranium. "And then I will do yours."

"What a lovely smell. It's so much nicer than mine," said Frances, dredging Katie as thoroughly as if she were a fillet of fish being prepared for the frying pan.

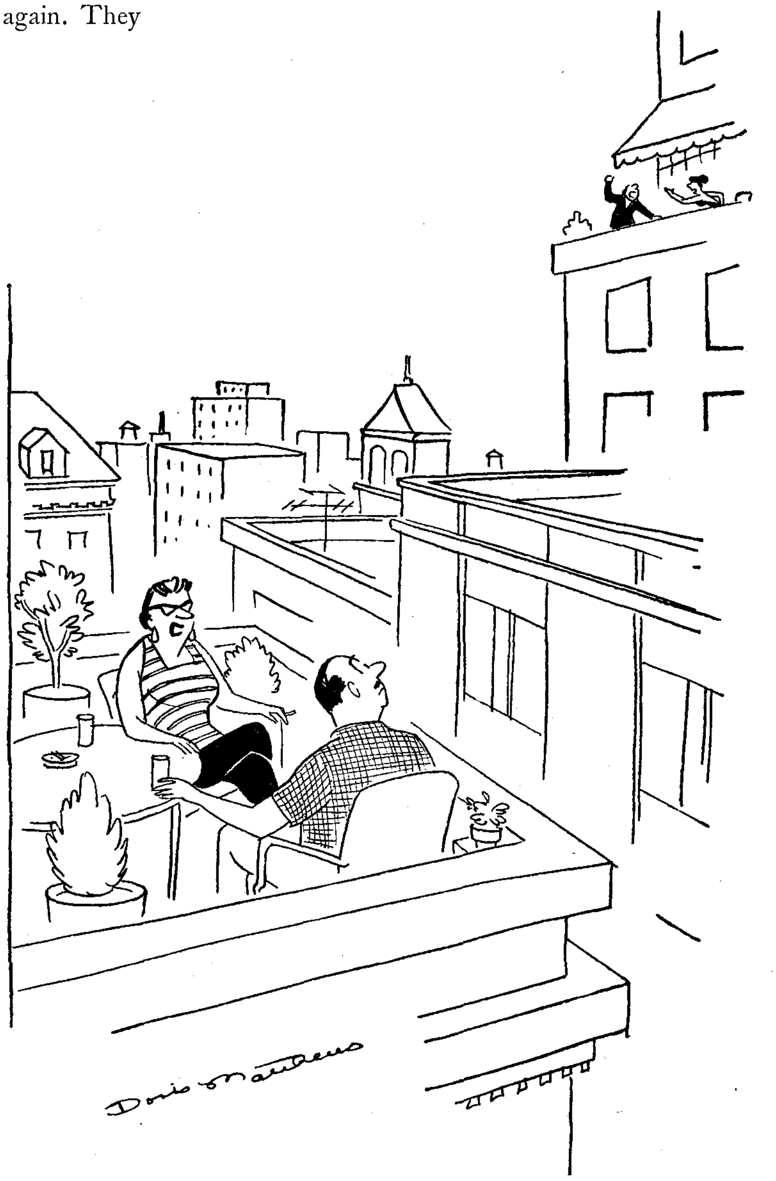
"Don't be too long, girls!" Mrs. Pollard called, tapping at the door. She tried to make her voice sound gay and indulgent. "The twins are waiting to come in, and it's rather past their bedtime." She wondered crossly if Katie's friends were allowed to monopolize bathrooms like that in their own homes. Katie was plainly showing off, and would have to be taken aside and told so.

"Just coming!" they shouted.

At last they opened the door and thundered along the passage to their bedroom, where they began to make the kind of untidiness they had left behind them in the bathroom.

Yvette, the French mother's help, whose unenviable task it now was to supervise the twins' going to bed, flung open the bathroom window and kicked all the wet towels to one side. They will be clean, certainly, she was thinking. But they will not be chic. She had seen before the net frocks, the strings of coral, the shining faces.

She rinsed the dregs



"Why must you always side with him?"

THE ARMADILLO—BRAZIL

This is the time of year
when almost every night
the frail, illegal fire balloons appear.
Climbing the mountain height,

rising toward a saint
still honored in these parts,
the paper chambers flush and fill with light
that comes and goes, like hearts.

Once up against the sky it's hard
to tell them from the stars—
planets, that is—the tinted ones:
Venus going down, or Mars,

or the pale green one. With a wind,
they flare and falter, wobble and toss;
but if it's still they steer between
the kite sticks of the Southern Cross,

receding, dwindling, solemnly
and steadily forsaking us,
or, in the downdraft from a peak,
suddenly turning dangerous.

Last night another big one fell.
It splattered like an egg of fire
against the cliff behind the house.
The flame ran down. We saw the pair

of owls who nest there flying up
and up, their whirling black-and-white
stained bright pink underneath, until
they shrieked up out of sight.

The ancient owls' nest must have burned.
Hastily, all alone,
a glistening armadillo left the scene,
rose-flecked, head down, tail down,

and then a baby rabbit jumped out,
short-eared, to our surprise.
So soft!—a handful of intangible ash
with fixed, ignited eyes.

Too pretty, dreamlike mimicry!
O falling fire and piercing cry
and panic, and a weak mailed fist
clenched ignorant against the sky!

—Elizabeth Bishop

• •

of mauve crystals from the bath and called out to the twins. The worst part of her day was about to begin.

"THIS is the best part of the day," George said. He shut the bedroom door and took his drink over to the window. Myra was sitting at her dressing table. She had taken off her earrings to give her ears a little rest and was gently massaging the reddened lobes. She said, "It doesn't seem a year since that other dance, when we quarrelled about letting Katie go to it."

"She was too young. And still is."

"There were girls of thirteen there."

"Well, that's no affair of mine, thank God."

"I wonder if Ronnie What's-His-Name will be sober. For the M.C. of a young people's dance I consider he was pretty high last time. He always has drunk unmercifully."

"What the devil's this?" George asked. He had gone into his dressing room and now came back with his safety razor in his hand.

"Oh, the girls must have borrowed it."

"Very hospitable guests they are, to be sure. They manage to make me feel quite at home."

"Don't fuss. You were young yourself once."

She dotted lipstick over her cheekbones, and he watched her through the looking glass, arrested by the strange sight. His incredulous expression made her smile. Eyebrows raised, she was ready to tease. He tilted her face back toward him and kissed her quickly on the mouth.

"You look absurd," he said.

As soon as she was released, she leaned to the mirror again and began to smooth the dots of color over her cheeks, until they were merged into the most delicate flush. "A clever girl," he said, finishing his drink.

THE girls were still not dressed when a boy called Benedict Nightingale arrived in his father's car—and dinner jacket, George decided. Katie's first beau, he told himself, come calling for her. He felt quite irritable as he took the boy into the drawing room.

"They won't be long," he said, without conviction.

"Don't be too long, girls," Myra called again in her low, controlled, and exasperated voice. She stopped to tap on their bedroom door before she went downstairs; then, knowing that Charles would be having trouble with his tie, she went in to his rescue.

"What about a drink?" George asked Benedict reluctantly.

"No, thank you, sir."

"Cigarette?"

"No, thank you, sir."

"I don't know what they can be doing all this time. Now what the hell's happening up there?"

The twins were trying to get into Katie's bedroom to pry into adolescent secrets, and the girls, still in their petticoats, held the door against them. From the other side of it Lucy and Caroline banged with their fists and kicked until dragged away at last by Yvette.

"Now we shall be late," said Katie.

They lifted their frocks and dropped them over their heads; their talcumed armpits showed white as they raised their elbows to hook themselves at the back. Frances tied Natalie's sash, Natalie fastened Katie's bracelet.

"Is this all right?" "Does it hang down?" "You're sure?" "Am I done up?" they asked.

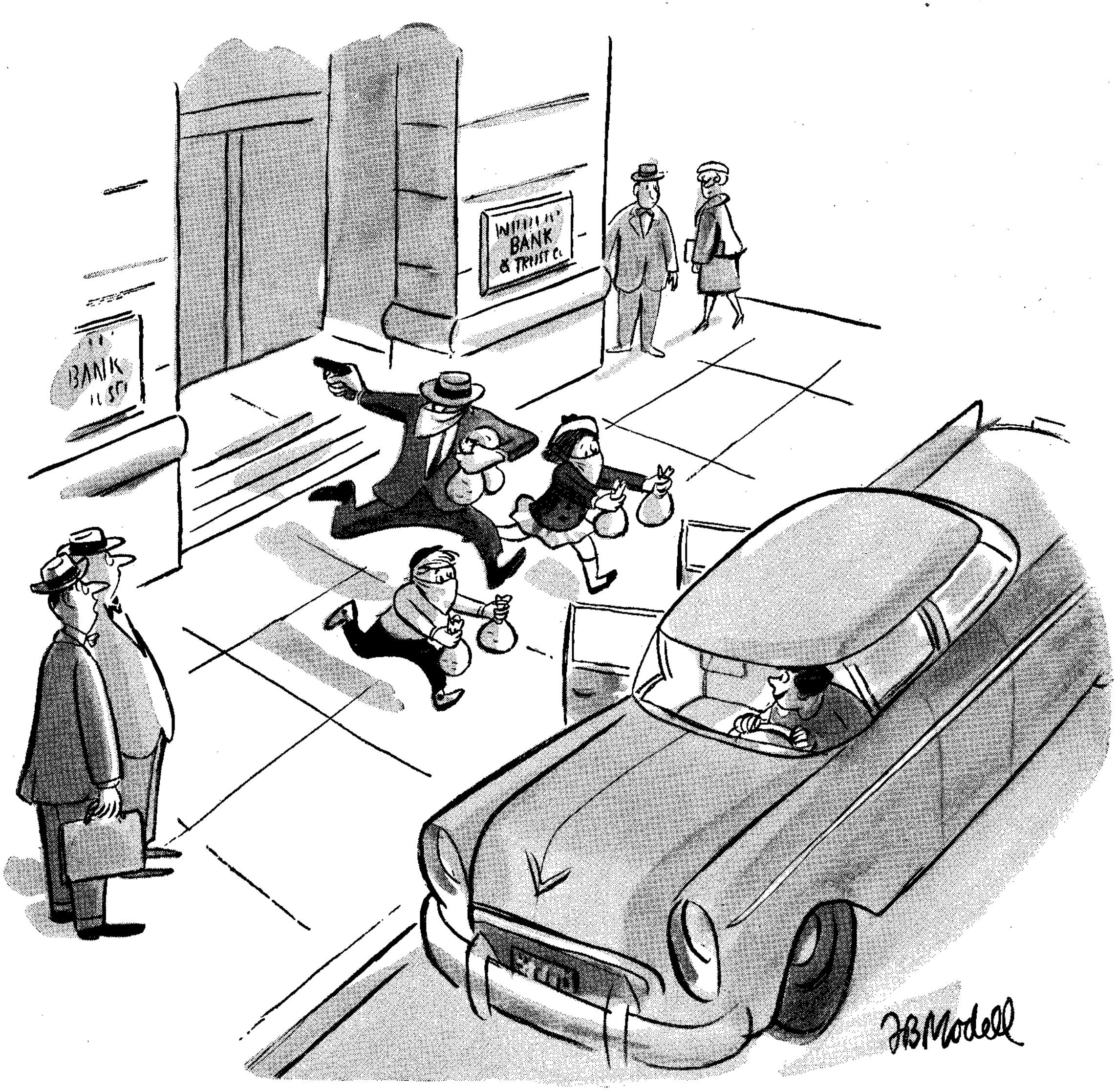
"Oh, yes, yes, yes—I mean no," they all answered at once, not one of them attending.

"*This* is what *I'm* allowed," said Katie, smudging on lipstick, stretching her mouth as she had seen her mother do. "So pale, I'm wasting my time."

Natalie twisted her bracelet, shook back her hair. She hummed; did a glissade across the clothes-strewn floor, her skirts floating about her. She was away, gone, in Charles's arms already. She held her scented arm to her face and breathed deeply and smiled.

Frances stood uncertainly in the middle of the room. I am the one who will be asked to dance last of all, she thought, cold with the certainty of her failure. Katie and Natalie will go flying away and I shall be left there on my own, knowing nobody, and the boy they have asked to be my partner will look glum and upset from the very beginning, and after a while will make his escape. The time will go slowly and I shall wish that I were dead. . . . She turned to the long looking glass and smoothed her frock. "I hate my bosoms," she suddenly said. "They are too wide apart."

"Nonsense, that's how they're supposed to be," Katie said, as brisk as any nanny.



"There's real togetherness for you."

"GIVE those girls a shout, Charles," George said and helped himself to another drink.

But they were coming downstairs. They had left the room with its beds covered with clothes, its floor strewn with tissue paper. They descended: the rose, the mauve, the white. Like a bunch of sweet peas they looked, George thought.

"What a pretty frock, Frances," Myra said, beginning with the worst.

Poor pet, she thought, and Frances guessed the thought, smiling primly and saying "Thank you."

"And such a lovely color, Natalie," Myra went on.

"But is it, though?" Natalie asked anxiously. "And don't my shoes clash terribly? I think I look quite bleak in it, and it is last year's, really."

Myra had scarcely wanted to go into all that.

"Now, Katie," she began to say, as soon as she could. "I don't think your friends know Benedict. And when you have introduced them we must be on our way. Your father and I have to go out to dinner after we've taken you to the dance. So who's to go with whom?"

That was what Frances had wondered. The worst part of being a guest was not being told enough about arrangements. One was left in a shifting haze of conjecture.

Benedict had come to attention as the girls came in, and now he stepped forward and said with admirable firmness, "I will take Katie in my car." Then he was forced to add, "I would have room for someone else in the back."

That's me, thought Frances.

"Good! Then Frances can go with you, and Charles and Natalie with us. Now, don't crush your dresses, girls," said Myra. "Gather them up—so—from the back of the skirt. Have you got everything?"

"Of course, Mother," said Katie. We aren't children, she thought.

FOUR hours later, Charles let go of Natalie's hand and took a pace forward from the circle of "Auld Lang Syne."

"Three cheers for Mrs. Frensham-Bowater!" he shouted. "Hip, hip, hooray!"

Myra, standing in the entrance hall with the other parents, tried to look unconcerned. She knew that Charles had been nervous all along of doing that little duty, and she was thankful that it was safely over. And that meant that the dance was over, too.

With the first bars of "God Save the Queen" they all became rigid, pained-looking, arms to their sides and heads erect; but the moment it was over, the laughter and excitement enlivened their faces again. They began to drift reluctantly toward the hall.

"How pretty the girls are," the mothers said to one another. "Goodness, how they grow up. That isn't Madge's girl, surely, in the yellow taffeta? They change from day to day at this age."

"Was it lovely?" Myra asked Katie.

"So lovely! Oh, and someone spilled fruit cup all down poor Natalie's front."

"Oh, no!" said Myra.

"She doesn't care, though."

"But her mother . . . I feel so responsible."

"Oh, her mother's awfully understanding. She won't give a damn." Unlike you, Katie's voice seemed to imply. "It was last year's, anyway."

Benedict was hovering at Katie's shoulder.

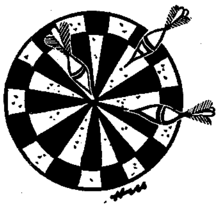
"Charles had torn the hem already, anyway," Katie said.

"But how on earth?"

"They won a prize in the River Dance."

Myra had not the faintest idea what a River Dance was, and said so.

"The boys have to run across some chalk lines carrying their partners and he tore her skirt when he picked her up. She's no lightweight, I can assure you."



"I hope it hasn't been rowdy," Myra said, but this remark was far too silly to receive an answer.

Frances had attached herself to Charles and Natalie, so that she would not seem to leave the floor alone; but she knew that Mrs. Pollard had seen her standing there by the door, without a partner, and for the last waltz, of all things. To be seen by her hostess in such a predicament underlined her failure.

"Did you enjoy it, Frances?" Myra asked. And wasn't that the only way to put her question, Frances thought, the one she was so very anxious to know—"Did *you* dance much?" She wanted the measure of everyone's success or lack of it made clear to her.

"We had better go back as we came," Myra said. "Have you all got everything? Well, then, you go on, Benedict dear, with Frances and Katie, and we will follow."

I wish she wouldn't say "dear" to boys, Katie thought. And she doesn't trust us, I suppose, to come on after. I hope Benedict hasn't noticed that she doesn't trust him: he will think it is his driving—or worse, that she is thoroughly evil-minded. Goodness knows what she was up to in her young days to have such dreadful ideas in her head.

THE untidy room was waiting for them. Five hours earlier, they had not looked beyond the dance or imagined a time after it, although Frances had tried hard to do so.

"Well, I don't think that poor boy, Roland, will thank you much for asking him in your party," Frances said. "He was wondering how he would ever get away from me."

She thought, as many grown-up women think, that by saying a thing herself she prevented people from thinking it. She had also read a great many nostalgic novels about girls of long ago spending hours in the cloakroom at dances, and in her usual spirit of defiance she had refused to go there at all, had stuck the humiliation out, and even when she might have taken her chance with the others in the Paul Jones had stuck that out, too.

"He told me he thought you danced very well," Katie said.

This made matters worse for Frances. So it wasn't just the dancing but something very much more important: her personality, or lack of it; her plainness—what she was burdened with for the rest of her life, in fact.

Natalie seemed loath to take off her frock, stained and torn though it now was. She floated about the room, spreading the skirt about her as she hummed and swayed and shook her hair. She would not be back on earth again until the morning.

"Here is your safety pin, Katie," said Frances.

"And here, with many thanks, your necklace safe and sound."

The trinkets they had borrowed from one another were handed back; they unhooked one another; examined their stockings for ladders. Katie took a pair of socks out of her brassière.

One by one, they got into bed. Natalie sat up writing her diary but Katie thought hers could wait till morning. Benedict's amusing sayings would be quite safe till then, and by tomorrow the cloud that had been over the evening might have dispersed. The next day, when they were swimming in the lake, or cleaning out the rabbits, or making walnut fudge, surely Frances would be reëstablished among them, not cut off by her lack of success, as she now was, taking the edge off Benedict's remembered wit, making Katie's heart ache just when it was beginning to behave as she had always believed a heart should.

Turning in Benedict's arms as they danced, she had sometimes caught Frances's eyes as she stood there alone or with some other forlorn and unclaimed girl. Katie had felt treachery in the smile she had been bound to give—the most difficult of smiles, for it had to contain so much, the assurance that the dance was only a dance and nothing very much to miss, a suggestion of regret at her, Katie's, foolishness in taking part in it, and surprise that she, of all people, had been chosen. "It is soon over," she tried to signal to Frances. "You are yourself. I love you. I will soon come back."

And Frances had received the smiles and nodded. *There are other things in the world,* she tried to believe.

"Shall we have a picnic tomorrow?" Katie asked now. She snuggled down into bed and stared up at the ceiling.

"Let's have one day at a time," said Natalie. She had filled in the space in her diary, and now locked the book up with a little key that hung on a chain round her neck.

"Do put out the light before the moths come in," said Frances.

They could hear Katie's parents talking quietly in the next room. Frances thought, I expect she is saying, "Poor Frances! I'm afraid she didn't get many dances, but I am sure that Katie did what she could for her. It would really have been kinder not to have invited her." The unbroken murmuring continued on the other side of the wall and Frances longed for it to stop. She thought, She is forever working things out in her mind, and cruelly lets people guess what they are. It would be no worse if she said them out loud. . . . She had prayed that it would all be over before Mrs. Pollard came to fetch them from the dance, "God Save the Queen" safely sung and her own shame at last behind her. As the last waltz began, she had longed for someone to claim her—any spotty, clammy-handed boy would do. Benedict and Katie had hovered by her, Benedict impatient to be away but Katie reluctant to leave her friend alone at such a crucial moment. "Please go," Frances had told them, and just as they danced away, Mrs. Pollard had appeared in the doorway, looking tired but watchful, her eyes everywhere—Katie accounted for, Charles, Natalie, then a little encouraging smile and nod to Frances herself, trying to shrink out of sight on the perimeter of the gaiety. "As I expected," her eyes said.

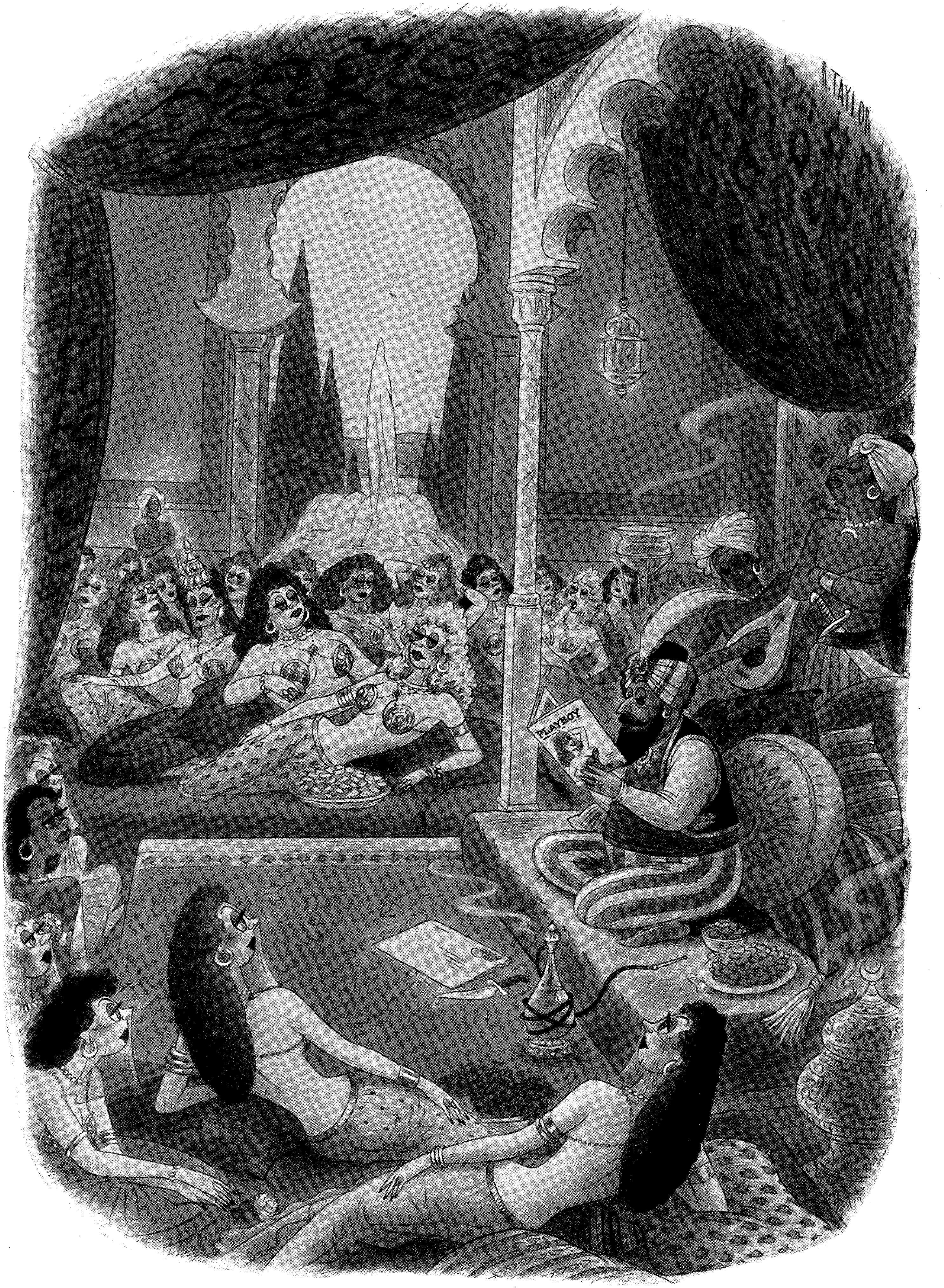
GRADUALLY, the murmurings from the other room petered out and the house became silent. Then Natalie heard a shoe drop with a thud on the floor in Charles's room across the landing, and presently another. Sitting on the edge of the bed, dreaming, she thought. She lay awake, smiling in the darkness and stroking her smooth arms, long after the other two had fallen asleep.

—ELIZABETH TAYLOR

•

Miss Gertrude Arnold went for an automobile ride last week and all hope that she will soon be back.—*Willimantic* (*Conn.*) *Chronicle.*

That damn cloverleaf!



R. TAYLOR
PLAYBOY

A BICYCLE IN MAJORCA

IT was not always so. Majorca used to be the most crime-free island in Europe. When I came back here with my family shortly after World War II, one could still hang one's purse on a tree and return three months later to find its contents intact. Unless, of course, someone short of change had replaced the small bills with a larger bill of equal value.

I am wasting this morning in the drafty corridors of the Palma Law Courts, because of my son William's "abstracted" bicycle. He lent it to his younger brother, Juan, a year ago, when Juan's own bicycle . . . But forget Juan's bicycle for the moment and focus on William's. We imported both of them from England. The Spaniards certainly know how to ride bicycles; they are heroic racing cyclists, and the mortality among leaders of the profession is a good deal higher than among bullfighters. A recess at the back of the Palma Cycling Club provides a shrine for one of its members killed on a mountain road during the Tour of Spain—his pedals and shoes hung up beneath a plaque of St. Christopher, with candles perpetually burning. Other members, who have died in lesser contests, are not so commemorated. But we British at least know how to *make* bicycles. I hasten to say that I am not criticizing Spanish workmanship. The British just happen to be experts in this particular trade; they even export vast quantities of bicycles to the choosy United States. The Spanish government will not, of course, agree that anyone else in the world can make anything better than Spaniards do, and surely a government's business is to foster faith in the nation's industrial proficiency? This attitude, however, makes it difficult for a Spaniard or a foreign resident in Spain—here comes the point—to import a British bicycle, especially when Spanish sterling reserves are low. Such a person must fill out fifteen forms in quintuplicate, supplying all his own vital statistics, with those of his relations in at least the nearer degrees, and showing just cause why he should be allowed a British bicycle (despite the hundred-per-cent Spanish import duty) instead of a much better, locally manufactured machine, which can be bought at half the cost. When he has waited fifteen months for an answer, while sterling reserves continue to fall, the chances are that the answer will be "We lament to inform you that last year's bicycle import quota has already been satisfied; we therefore advise you to fill out the necessary forms in quintuplicate for the present year's quota"—the year which, as a matter of fact, ended three months before. The most painless, therefore, way to import a British bicycle, as I learned from a friendly clerk at the Town Hall, is to arrive with it at the frontier, prepared to pay the import duty in cash, and insist on entry.

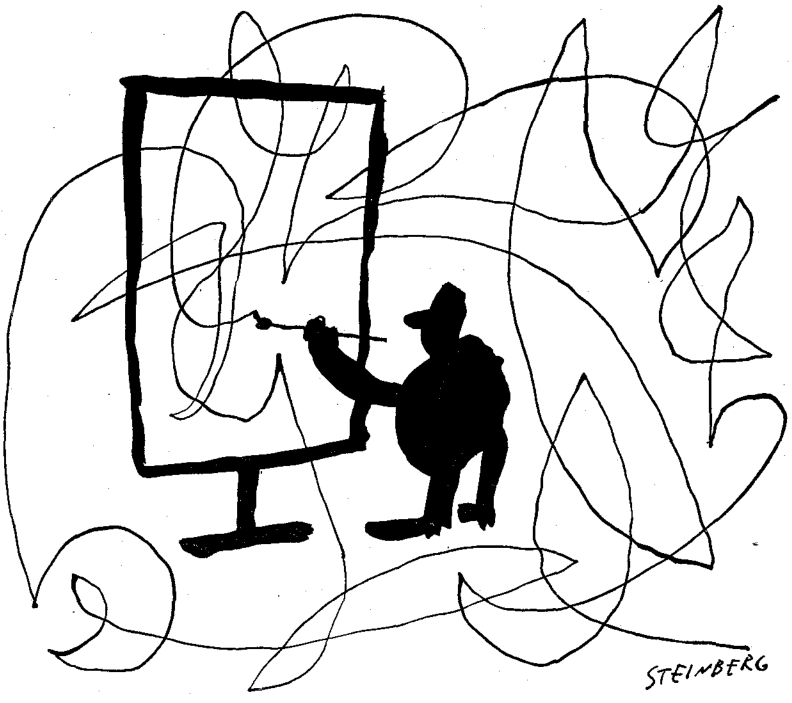
"If you are accompanied by children," said the friendly clerk, "there should be no trouble. All Spaniards are sympathetic toward fatigued fathers of families who have taken long journeys by train."

"And if, by ill luck, I hit on an exception?"

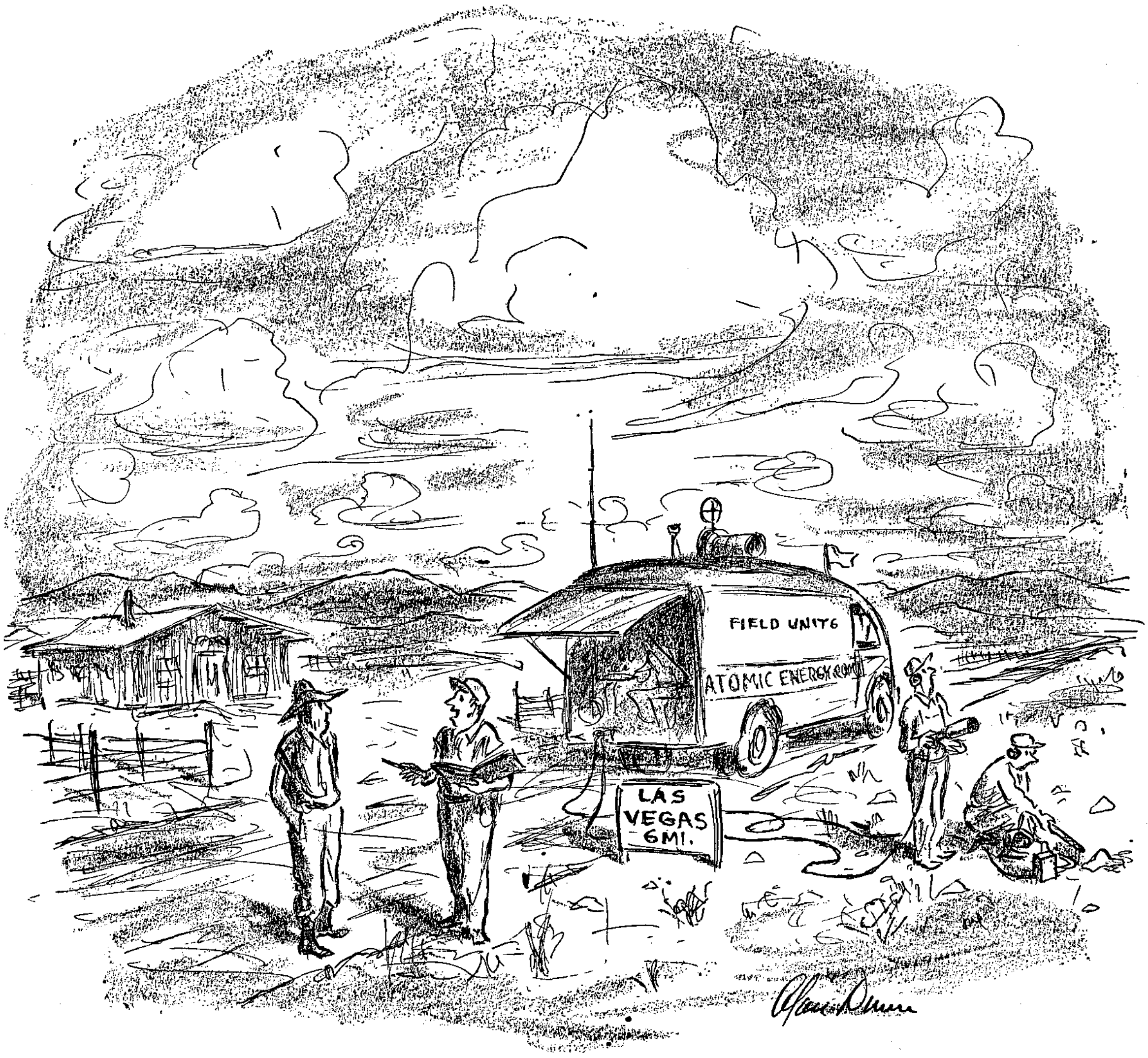
"Then try a frontier post farther up the Pyrenees. On occasion, the officials at remote posts have no information about the rate of payment due from residents of Spain for imported bicycles. If the traveller happens to be a fatigued father of a family, they may well advise him—this has, in fact, happened—to rub a little mud on the machine and so convert it into an old one. His son can then ride across the frontier as a summer tourist."

It's a long story. . . . At any rate, we got William's bicycle to Majorca legally enough. That was in 1949, and no immediate trouble ensued. The British bicycle was much admired, for the solidity of its frame and for being the only one on the island with stainless-steel wheel rims and spokes, brakes that really braked, and an efficient three-speed gearshift. Then, around 1951, British, French, and American travellers accepted the fantasy of Majorca as the Isle of Love, the Isle of Tranquillity, the Paradise where the sun always shines and where one can live like a fighting cock on a dollar a day, drinks included. A tidal wave of prosperity struck these shores, and though statistics show that a mere three per cent of the Paradise-seekers return, there are always millions more where they come from. Which means, of course, that thieves, beggars, dope peddlers, confidence tricksters, gigolos, adventuresses, perverts, inverts, deverts, and circumverts come crowding in, too, from all over the world—of whom no less than ninety-seven per cent stay. Their devious activities place unreasonable burdens on the shoulders of the gentle Civil Guards. Repeat "gentle." The Civil Guards are, by and large, gentle, noble, correct, courageous, courteous, incorruptible, and single-minded. They are probably the sole Spaniards without the national inferiority complex about not being bullfighters, which even attacks racing cyclists. You are earnestly advised to refrain from laughing at the Civil Guards' curiously shaped patent-leather helmets and calling them "comic-opera." This antique headgear usually covers real men.

A Civil Guard barracks stands just around the corner from our Palma apartment. Conditions inside are pretty austere, the living quarters being not unlike those in the prison recently demolished near Boston—what was it called? The one where they had so many mutinies? I know two or three of the Guards there, and my family has a standing invitation to their annual show on March 1st (the Day of the Angel of the



Guard), which is really quite something. So when, one evening in 1952, William's bicycle was stolen from the entrance hall of our apartment house—we live on the second floor—I went straight to a Guard, whom I remember as a fat and dirty baby back in 1929, and asked him for immediate action. He called a plainclothes colleague, whose children had been at school with mine, and sent him down to the gypsy camp by the gasworks. (One early sign of Majorcan prosperity was an influx of undisciplined and picturesquely filthy gypsies from the south of Spain.) The camp, consisting of low, unmortared, doorless stone shelters, roofed with driftwood, rags, and odd sheets of rusty metal, is where one would normally search for stolen bicycles. On this occasion a blank was drawn. But as the plainclothes Guard, trudging back, came within sight of the barracks—its entrance inscribed "All for the Fatherland"—a bicycle shot across the road out of control, brushed past him, and piled up against a lightpole. Its rider, a half-witted young man from Minorca, was severely injured—and so was William's bicycle. Unaccustomed to a three-speed gear, the poor fellow had changed down as he passed the barracks, without ceasing to pedal, had broken a cog in the gearbox, and thus lost his head, his balance, his consciousness, and his freedom. I had to sign a long charge against the Minorcan and also swear to the bicycle before being allowed to take it back. "Mind you," said the lieutenant, "this machine must be produced in evidence when the criminal comes up for trial. Since we know you well, you may keep it temporarily, but look after it with care!"



"On the other hand, you have a very low pollen count."

• •

The wave of prosperity had caused such a fearful bottleneck in judicial activity that the case is still on the waiting list. Prisoners are allowed bail, but the Minorcan could not even afford to pay for the damage done to William's bicycle, so if he has not succumbed to his injuries, I imagine some prison or other holds him yet. All I can say is that the local press keeps silence on the subject. A young English acquaintance of mine saw the wrong side of a Palma jail not long ago; he was charged with being drunk and in possession of a lethal weapon. When the Captain-General released him, in return for some obscure favor from the British Consul, I heard a lot about that jail. A prisoner could earn a day's remission of sentence for every full day of voluntary work (this meant plaiting the palm-leaf baskets, which have "Souvenir of Majorca" and a few flowers stitched on in colored raffia, for tourists), also two days' remission for overtime on Sundays and national holidays. The only other inmate, besides the Englishman, who refused to work was a Valencian pickpocket, found guilty of several delinquencies and sentenced to a stretch totalling a hundred and eighty years. From my friend's description, it seemed a very old-fashioned jail as regards bedding, plumbing, and social arrangements—"pure eighteenth-century, a regular collectors' piece." But card-playing, drink, unimproving (i.e., non-devotional) books, and American cigarettes were forbidden. No Majorcans figured among the eleven criminals with whom he shared the cell—they had to occupy the only three beds in four shifts—because Majorcans seldom commit crimes (unless smuggling be so regarded, which must remain an open question) and can always raise bail from near or distant relations.

Well, when the bicycle case comes up, perhaps even this year, and the Minorcan is given a ten-year sentence, he will already have cleared it off and be a free man again, with a trade at his fingers' tips, and money in his pocket—accumulated payment at one cent for each and every basket plaited, less deductions for an occasional coffee or shave. Meanwhile, we have repaired the bicycle, which had lost a pedal bar, and fitted it with a Spanish lamp and a Spanish front mudguard, the original ones having become casualties. The three-speed gear is hardly what it was, but the bicycle still runs, despite other accidents soon to be related.

1

WISHING WELL

2

WISHING WELL

NOW, to speak of Juan's own bicycle, also legally imported—or very nearly so. We chose one of pillar-box red, for conspicuousness, because the wave of prosperity was mounting and we did not want it stolen. Being a perfectionist, Juan treasured that bicycle like the apple of his eye, treating it daily with oily rag, duster, and saddle soap. In an evil hour we entered him at—let us call it San Rococo—reputedly the best boys' school in Palma. Juan is a Protestant, and the worthy priests who run San Rococo hoped to steer him into the Catholic fold, as they had just steered in a little Dane, two little Germans, and another little Englishman. But Juan, who has inherited bitter black Protestant blood from both sides of his family, remained obdurate. The baffled priests withdrew their fatherly protection, and Juan was soon assaulted by a group of his classmates. It happened that England had just beaten Spain at association football, four goals to one, so these patriotic lads accused the English forwards, and Juan, of foul play. They kicked out two of his bicycle spokes, threw the top of his bell over a wall, wrecked his lighting dynamo, and made away with his pump. It should be explained that they were not Majorcans but sons of wave-of-prosperity Galicians, recently come to Palma, and that Spain's goalkeeper had been a Galician.

"Juvenile high spirits," sighed Father Blas when I complained. "It would be virtually impossible to discover the names of the culprits, because in San Rococo we do not encourage talebearing. Besides, your son's lack of coöperation in our Christian devotions . . ."

So Juan's bicycle was repaired at our expense, but it was stolen, early one Monday morning, from the school lockup inside the building while he was at his studies. I went to protest that same night. Father Blas beamed, and would not take the matter seriously. He had no doubt but that one of his sportive pupils was playing an innocent joke on my son. The solution—please God!—would appear the next day, and I need hardly disquiet myself, since the lockup was under the charge of a reliable seminarist. "If it does not turn up tomorrow," I said, "please report the matter to the Civil Guard without delay. My wife and I are flying to Madrid tonight and cannot attend to it ourselves. Juan's is a distinctive bicycle, and even if it were repainted—"

"Not another word, my dear sir! What you say is perfectly logical," cried Father Blas.

Juan's pillar-box-red bicycle was not returned by any sportive pupil. On the following Monday another bicycle was stolen, and on the Monday after that five more—all non-Protestant machines. On my return from Madrid, I went to see Father Blas again, and asked for news. Father Blas admitted to having taken no practical steps in the matter as yet, since the school had been engaged in a severe course of spiritual exercises (this was a sideswipe at the uncoöperative Juan), but tomorrow, without fail, the reliable seminarist would advise the Civil Guard of the mysterious disappearances.

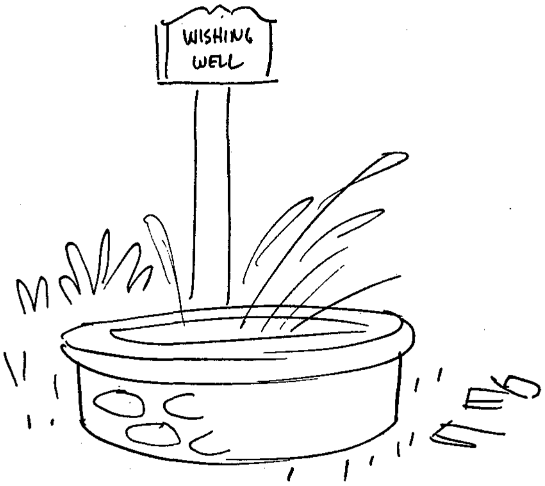
I said firmly that unless Juan got back his legally imported British bicycle within the next ten days, I should expect San Rococo College to repay me its value, which amounted to two thousand pesetas, including duty—or, say, fifty dollars. Father Blas shook hands warmly on my departure; he would write to me at once after a deliberation with his reverend colleagues. His answer came just before the end of term, enclosed with the school bill: a terse note to the effect that in the considered opinion of the lawyers retained by San Rococo College, the said college incurred no responsibility for the disappearance of bicycles from its lockup, since no particular charge had been made to scholars for the privilege of keeping them there during school hours.

One soon learns in Majorca never to sue for anything so unimportant as a bicycle. An action, I knew, would cost far more than the bicycle's value, and a year or two must elapse before the case would come to court; besides, as my barber pointed out when I discussed the matter with him, the Church always wins—always has won, except during the iniquitous Liberal regimes of the early nineteenth century and under the equally iniquitous Republic. So I simply took Juan away, wrote Father Blas a courteous letter thanking him for the care he had lavished on my son's education, and omitted to pay the school fees. It cuts both ways: San Rococo would never sue me—an action would cost them far more than the value of the school fees, and my counterclaim for the bicycle would do the college no good, especially if our lawyer cited the six other thefts as evidence of negligence.

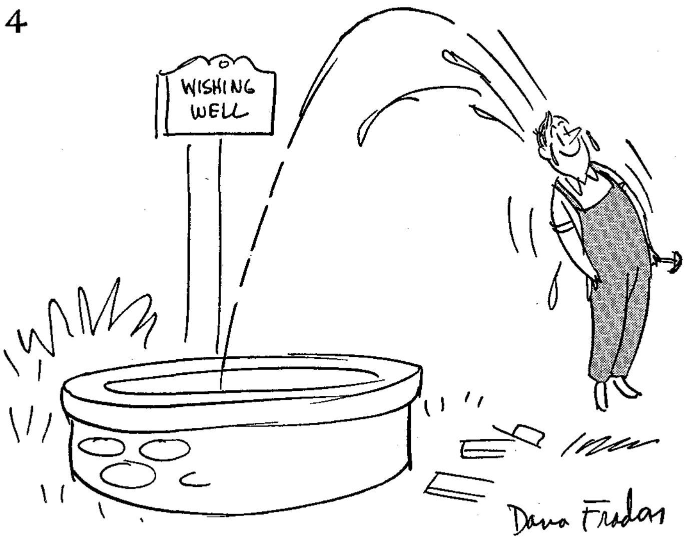
Since then, Juan has taken most of his lessons at home, but attends French classes at the Alliance Française. And William, now being educated in England, has lent him his bicycle during termtime. "And if you ever forget to fasten it with a chain and padlock while I'm away, I'll kill you!"

THIS brings us to February, 1957, when I gave some lectures in the States. My Majorcan friends were

3



4



anxious about my voyage to that land of gangsters, neurotics, Red Indians, and sheriffs' posses, so familiar to them from the cinema; the more pious of them, I believe, burned candles on my behalf to their favorite saints. I had a clamorous welcome when I returned home bearing my sheaves with me—candy, nylons, rock-'n'-roll records, Polaroid film, ballet slippers, a Panamanian shrunken head—and a respectful salutation in the local press. To my relief, I found William's bicycle safely chained and padlocked to the newel post at the bottom of our staircase.

At eight o'clock next morning, as I dressed unhurriedly for breakfast (to be followed by a revision of Juan's Latin exercises done in my absence), I was startled by a yell and a fearful crash. I assumed that Juan had been celebrating the shrunken head in a truly Indian orgy and had accidentally knocked over the crockery cupboard. "Stop it!" I shouted.

Juan appeared, looking scared. "It's outside," he said. "I think they must be fighting again."

Two years ago, the staircase of our apartment house had been the scene of a sanguinary battle. A respectable Majorcan couple living on the fourth floor had objected to the constant flamenco singing of a servant girl employed by a non-Majorcan woman living below them. In Majorca, nobody sings or dances flamenco except gypsies and girls in the red-light district and occasional American lady tourists who buy castanets and attend (let us call it) Pascualita Pastis's School of Spanish Dancing to justify the shawls, tortoise-shell combs, and earrings they have bought in Seville. The Majorcan couple called the flamenco-singing girl by a bad name. She flew at them, bit the wife's hand to the bone, and broke the husband's ankle. Her employers, who hated the Majorcan couple—their old aunt's venerable sewing machine shook the ceiling above them far into the night, and their young child played at ninepins all day—did nothing by way of dissuasion. The incident gave our street quite a bad name.

But this can hardly be another fight, I thought as I hurriedly put on my slippers. The flamenco singer and her mistress had moved away long ago, and the whole building was respectable again. We were the only non-Majorcans left, so far as I knew.

I ran out of the apartment and stood on the landing. As I touched the iron banisters, a drop of blood fell on my hand and I heard a gurgling noise overhead. I looked up. A young man with contorted features, glaring eyes, and a bleeding forehead stood poised on the banisters one floor above me. He was about to leap down the well for the second time. I shouted in Spanish, "Get off from there, and behave in a Christian manner!"—but he screamed and jumped. I made a grab at him as he flashed past. His weight was too much; down he went to the bottom of the well, struck the bicycle with the same crashing noise that had startled me only a minute before, rolled over, and lay still.

This second attempt at suicide looked pretty successful; all I know about first aid is how to apply a tourniquet below a gunshot wound in a limb—I learned that during World War I—and how to administer morphia if anything worse has happened. So I ran downstairs, then out of the front hall and around the corner to the Civil Guard barracks. I reported, panting, to the Guard on duty, "A man has just tried to kill himself outside my apartment door. Please fetch a doctor."

"One moment, sir! Do you wish to make a charge? If so, you must wait until the office opens; the desk sergeant has not yet breakfasted."

"No, no, man! He may be dying, and though I regret disturbing the sergeant's breakfast—"

"Is the individual personally known to you?"

"No."

"Does he seem to be a foreigner?"

"I could not say. The important thing is to fetch a doctor."

"I cannot take that upon myself. Who would pay him? Why not fetch a doctor yourself? Try the nursing home down the road. It would surely be quicker than waking the sergeant and asking him to wake the lieutenant."

I saw the force of his argument, and hurried to the nursing home. By chance, a car labelled "MEDICO" had just drawn up there. I buttonholed the driver as he got out: "Please, Doctor, come at once to my house—no more than a hundred yards away. A man has jumped from the third floor and hit the paved floor."

"Let me alarm the nuns," he said. "Myself, I am only an analyst. My surgical training lies many years behind me."

I thanked him for his kindness. Well, I thought, we had better get the madman on a mattress and under a blanket, if he is still alive. Returning to the scene of the incident, I found a great crowd of jabbering neighbors—but no victim. It seems that he had recovered enough to crawl up two flights of stairs and start making a third gallant attempt at suicide from the landing, but that Juan had summoned the rest of my family, who held him until help arrived. Then the midwife who lives in our building, and has had no lack of experience with excitable husbands, took charge.

When all had quieted down again, a couple of Civil Guards turned up. Since the would-be suicide proved to be a respectable Majorcan grocer, who blamed his fall on a sudden blackout caused by an anti-catarrhal injection given him by a French doctor in Marseille a few days previously, the sergeant was able to report the incident as a regrettable loss of balance overcoming Don Pedro Tal y Gual while he descended the stairs from a business visit to friends on the third floor. “Any important damage done to your machine,” the sergeant said to me, “will be paid, naturally, by the unfortunate man himself—against whom, it is hoped, you will bring no charge.”

“No, no,” I answered. “After all, he is our neighbor and a Palma man—not by any means to be suspected of criminal intent.”

“THEY take a lot of punishment, these British bicycles,” said the blacksmith admiringly as he straightened the fork. “If it had been one of ours, that grocer would not have bounced off the frame. By the way, how is the poor fellow?”

“Suffering from a headache, I am told, and a grazed elbow.”

“A miracle!”

“This is a very historic bike,” Juan told the blacksmith. “It has sent one man to prison and saved another's life.”

A week had not passed before the bicycle was stolen from the lockup at the Alliance Française during one of Juan's evening classes. He went at once to the Civil Guard barracks and reported the loss. “Run away, boy, you are far too young to make a proper charge,” he was told. “Besides, the charge office is closed until tomorrow morning. Ask your professor to come here at about ten o'clock.”

Juan trailed miserably home, late for supper. “William's bike is stolen,” he managed to force out between sobs, “and William said he'd kill me . . .”

“Wasn't it chained?”

“No, that's the worst of it. On the way to class, I remembered that I'd forgotten the chain and padlock, so I biked back, but then I couldn't remember what it was I'd forgotten, so I whizzed down to the class again and hoped it would be all right. But it wasn't!”

We gave Juan some sausage and coffee, and then hurried to the port. The night boat to Barcelona had not yet sailed. I asked the Civil Guard sergeant at the barrier whether an English-type bicycle had come through, by any chance. “We have just had one stolen,” I explained. “Sometimes, they say, thieves steal bicycles and hurry them aboard at the last minute, aware that official charges cannot be made at this late hour.”

“No, sir. No such bicycle has passed through this barrier. But you are misinformed. This being an era of prosperity, the Barcelona fences are now interested only in stolen motor bicycles.”

“We shall never see that historic bike again,” Juan mourned. “I can't face William when he comes home at Easter.”

Since bicycles are occasionally borrowed for a joy ride and then abandoned, we went to the Lost Property Office at the Town Hall, where municipal policemen bring them in. No luck.

The man in charge advised us against reporting the loss to the Civil Guard. “If they do find your bicycle, you may never get it back. It will be held in evidence until the case comes up in court.”

“Better that than never, surely?” I asked.

“A distinction without a difference, I fear, sir,” he answered gloomily.

I regret not taking his advice. Although by this time the Civil Guard had forgotten about the Minorcan prisoner, and associated the bicycle only with an attempted suicide, they made me put the loss on record. And the very next day Juan's best friend at the Alliance Française happened to spot the bicycle in a disreputable alley, some distance away, propped unattended against a wall. We celebrated the discovery with a chicken dinner. But a Civil Guard called soon afterward to inquire whether the bicycle had been recovered. We reported that—God be praised!—it was in our possession once more.

“My friend Pepe found it in Oil Street,” said Juan.

“Who is this Pepe? What is his surname? Where does he live?”

Today I have been ordered to appear before the judge in the matter of “a summary which instructs itself concerning the ninety-sixth bicycle abstraction of the current year; on the penalty of the prescribed fine.” It occurs to me that our new Captain-General may have started tightening things up and demanding vengeance on bicycle thieves, and that the lieutenant of the Civil Guard may suspect Juan's friend Pepe of abstracting the bicycle himself. I don't know whether the difference between abstraction and robbery is the same in the States as in Spain. Here, if the lockup had been really locked, or if Juan had remembered to chain the bicycle, and if the thief had then used force to possess himself of it, why, that would have been robbery, and worth several more years in jail.

I don't see Pepe anywhere around, nor do I expect to see him marched up presently between a couple of Civil Guards. Though not a respectable Majorcan (which would exempt him from all suspicion), he happens to be even better placed: his father is the new Civil Guard captain at the other barracks, a fire-eater from Estremadura.

—ROBERT GRAVES

•

SONG

Sweet beast, I have gone prowling,
a proud, rejected man
who lived along the edges,
catch as catch can;
in darkness and in hedges
I sang my sour tone,
and all my love was howling,
conspicuously alone.

I curled and slept all day
or nursed my bloodless wounds
until the squares were silent
where I could make my tunes
singular and violent.
Then, sure as hearers came,
I crept and flinched away.
Girl, you have done the same.

A stray from my own type,
led along by blindness,
my love was near to spoiled
and curdled all my kindness.
I find no kin, no child,
only the weasel's ilk.
Sweet beast, cat of my own stripe,
come and take my milk.

—W. D. SNODGRASS

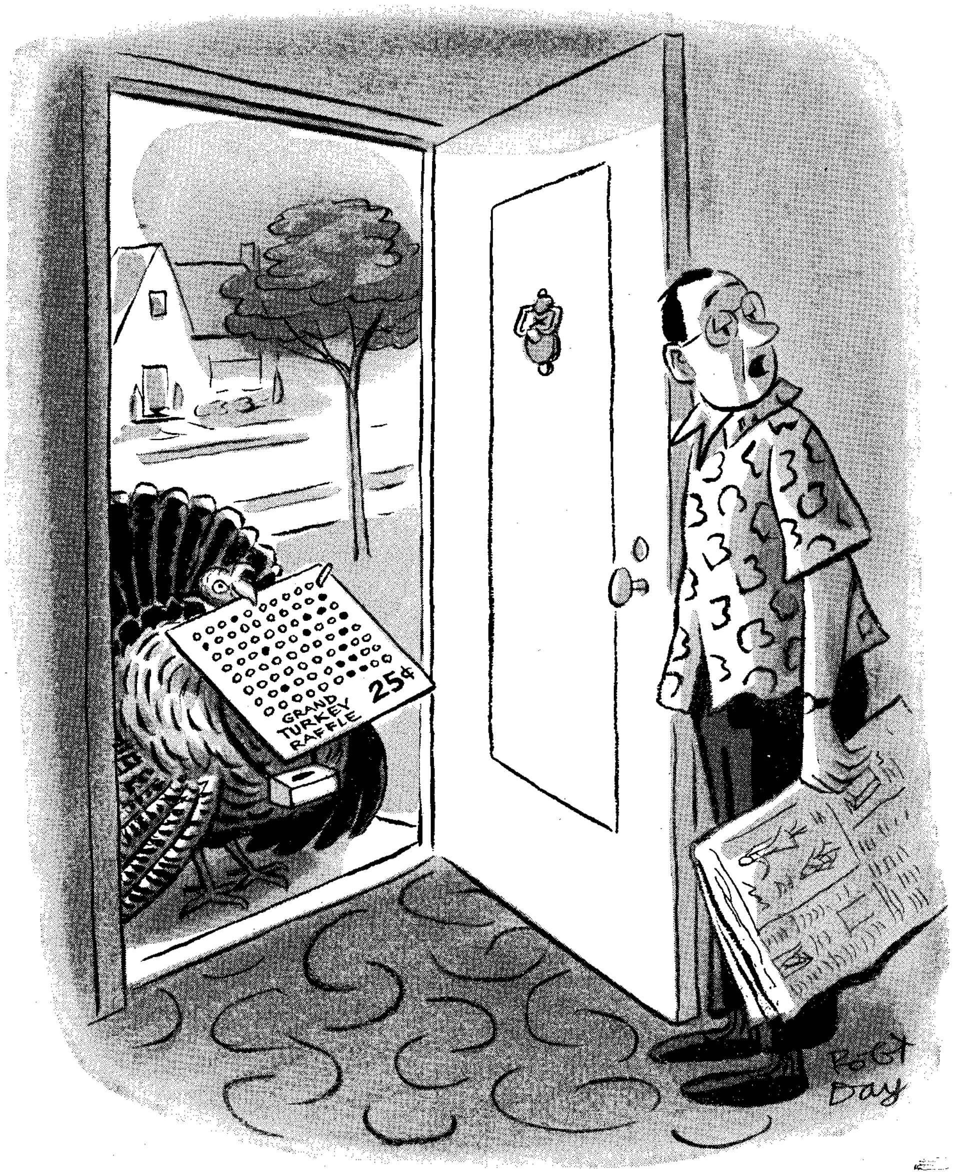
LETTER FROM TOKYO

JUNE 1

I WAS advised not to waste too much time on Tokyo—perhaps two days at the most—on the ground that it was not the real Japan (I was told to look for that in Kyoto) but a sort of anomalous growth at the heart of the country, having more in common with Milwaukee than with any truly Oriental city. I am very glad that I disregarded that bad advice and have spent some time getting to know this extraordinary place. At first sight, it looks like a small town and creates a provincial impression, but if New York were to America what Tokyo is to Japan, it would have some seventeen million people living and working in it. Tokyo is actually huge, and in the past eighteen months, with a population of something over eight and a quarter million, it has stolen in between New York and Greater London to rank as the second-largest collection of human beings in the world; in fact, one out of every nine Japanese lives here. What makes it seem small is that it is spread out across the tidewater flats of four rivers and is prevented by the threat of earthquakes from throwing up a skyline. It has buildings that are impressive when seen from nearby streets, but because of a city ordinance limiting their height, they are never more than eight or nine stories tall, and at a distance even the largest of them melt into the diffused sprawl. The vistas down great avenues, or from hilltop vantage points, that usually bring home the size of a city to its visitors are lacking. From a hillock or a hummock here and there I have managed to see part of the town, but never have I seen all of it, or anything like all of it, at once. Its size grows slowly on you, as you walk about, and then quite suddenly becomes overwhelming, as the size of the sea becomes abruptly oppressive to a swimmer. The remnants of pre-war, pre-bombing Tokyo play their part in this. During my first week here, I went to various museums and public buildings, as much to get my bearings as to see what they contained, and I wasn't much impressed by them. They still carry marks of the impoverishment that the war brought to Japan—dirt, dingy paint jobs, and uncompleted repairs—and it is clear that even in their best days they were very inferior from an architectural point of view, most of them having been expensively and ostentatiously planned when Japanese architecture was imitative and poor. But after a week I could see through their surface defects to the tremendous strength and solidity of their structure, and see behind them an enormous effort to make something lasting. Such buildings as the Diet Building and the Meiji Shrine may be architectural mistakes, but they are the mistakes of a great people going through a bad period, and they are mistakes of the kind—like the Eiffel Tower and the unbelievably hideous church that dominates northern Paris from Montmartre—made only in capital cities that are truly national capitals.

Tokyo is the center of the country's political, intellectual, and business life, and any young man with a desire to get on must come here for at least part of his career to make the contacts and associations without which success in Japan is impossible. This creates the sort of nervous tension in the air that Balzac so wonderfully described in the Parisian episodes of the "Comédie Humaine," and I was always seeing faces on the Tokyo streets and in the restaurants, bars, and coffee shops that made me think of Rastignac, Lucien de Rubempré, Du Tillet, César Birotteau, and the other striving, ardently ambitious figures in the "Comédie," whose ruling passion was the conquest of their great city on their own terms. To be sure, I have encountered the expressionless Oriental face from time to time—when I have done something inexplicable or, by Japanese standards, foolish and the onlookers are concealing their desire to laugh. But the commonest Tokyo face I have come to recognize is a rather romantic one—lean, passionate, and restless, with the strongest possible suggestions of suppressed energy and power about it.

The parallel with Balzac's Paris is less farfetched than it might seem, since



"Do we want to buy a chance on a turkey?"

that Paris, stepping rapidly forward into the industrial era of French commercial success, was overshadowed by the vast ruins of the Napoleonic dream of European hegemony and infested by old officers and *grognards* of the Napoleonic armies, who could never get used to being part of the debris or forget how important they had been in a scheme of things that had lost all meaning. Here, the young, for the most part, have thrown out the whole apparatus of belief about the historic destiny of Japan that supported the old dreams of glory, and are earnestly and desperately trying to make the best of what Japan is and of what they are themselves. They call themselves "drys," as opposed to "wets." Japan has a climate unlike any other, which breeds the misty, indeterminate effects familiar to all who have studied Eastern painting; it rains a great deal at all seasons, and there is also what is formally called a rainy season, lasting from the end of May through June and into July. During this long, mild period, it doesn't so much rain as settle; heavy Scotch mists keep everything perpetually damp, every leaf drips, every gutter drips, every mountain valley is full of wreaths of cloud, nothing has a hard or sharp outline. The drys say that this favors sentimentality and mushy thinking, and they draw parallels between, on the one hand, the characteristically Japanese landscape drawings, in which everything melts into fog banks, and, on the other, the soft, damp moss gardens beloved by the older generation, and the old-fashioned beliefs the Japanese held about themselves. They work hard at being realistic, tense, brusque, and frank, claiming that, as a poor country in a world dominated by wealth and power, Japan can survive only by facing the facts of her defeat and her poverty and by encouraging sparse, stringent living.

Tokyo is the city of the drys, as Kyoto is the city of the wets, and in many ways its looks reflect the fact. The old Imperial style of ornamented building has vanished without a trace. Frivolous buildings like coffee shops are built frivolously, with their entire façades ornamented, in the spirit of the lighthearted architectural jokes that are put up for world's fairs and international expositions, but serious buildings, intended for use as offices, department stores, and the like, are built with a straightforward utilitarian approach that is refreshing. As far as its major buildings are concerned, there is probably less architectural humbug in the new Tokyo than in any other city in the world. This is not to say that the buildings are ugly, or are simply the work of structural engineers; they are extremely well designed and attractive. At first, I took them to be unusually good work in the amorphous modern International Style, which produces practically identical results all over the world. A number of the Tokyo buildings of 1950-55 do have that style's faceless and characterless quality, since they are mere imitations of Western work, quite blatantly pirated from foreign architectural magazines. But as I wandered around the town, looking at more and more of the new construction, I found myself recognizing that there is something wholly respectable and altogether Japanese about the buildings currently going up or built in the last few years. The architects have got the hang of the International Style and have made it their own, after adding an indefinable element to it in the way of strength and character.

"Lucky stiff! He made his back in the days when you could keep it."

There is a great deal of construction going on in Tokyo at present; on one quite short walk, I passed eighteen sites where work was in progress on important new buildings. The atmosphere is a bit like that of mid-

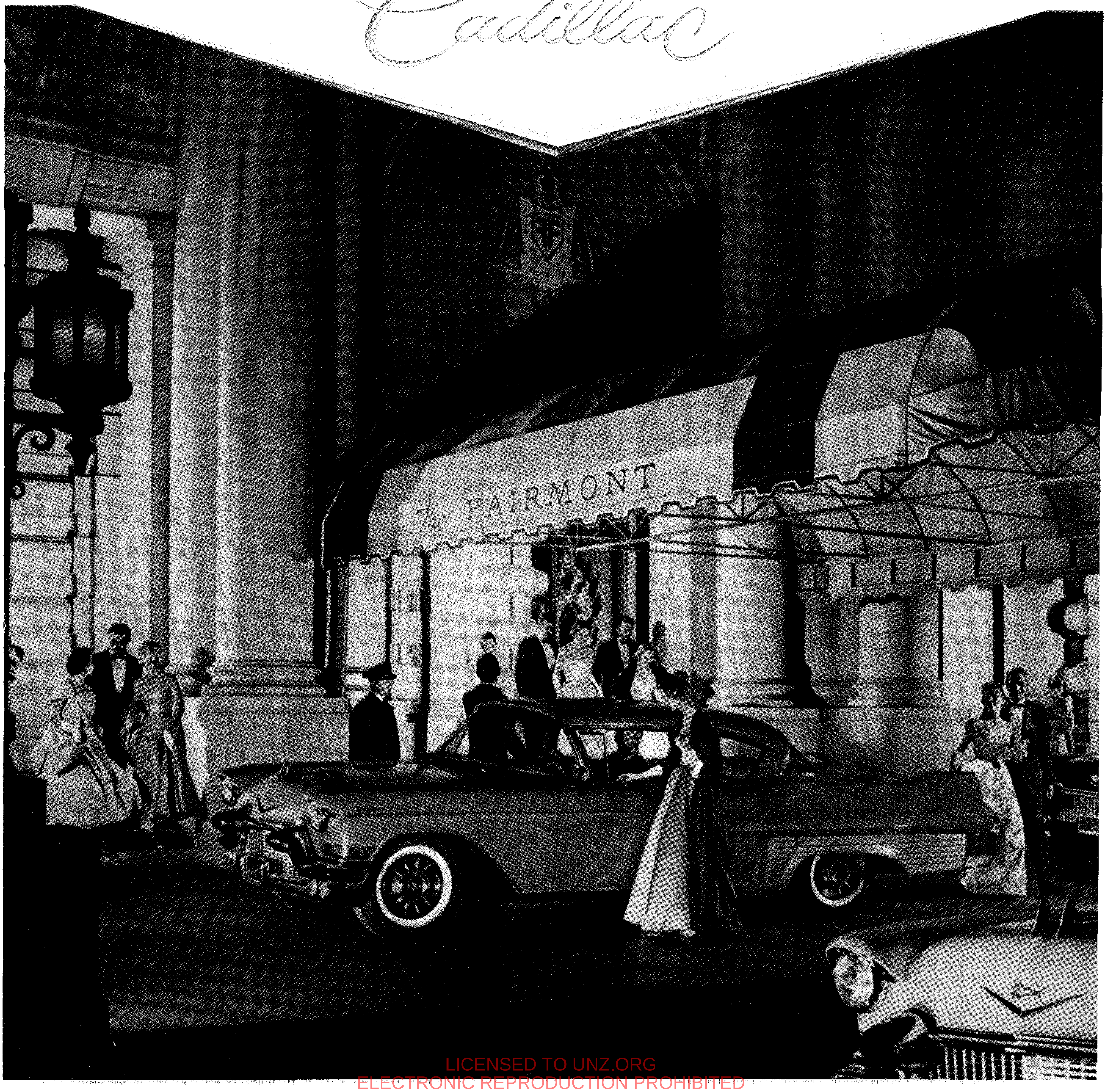
gowns by Gothé

It Can Enrich Your Whole Life . . .

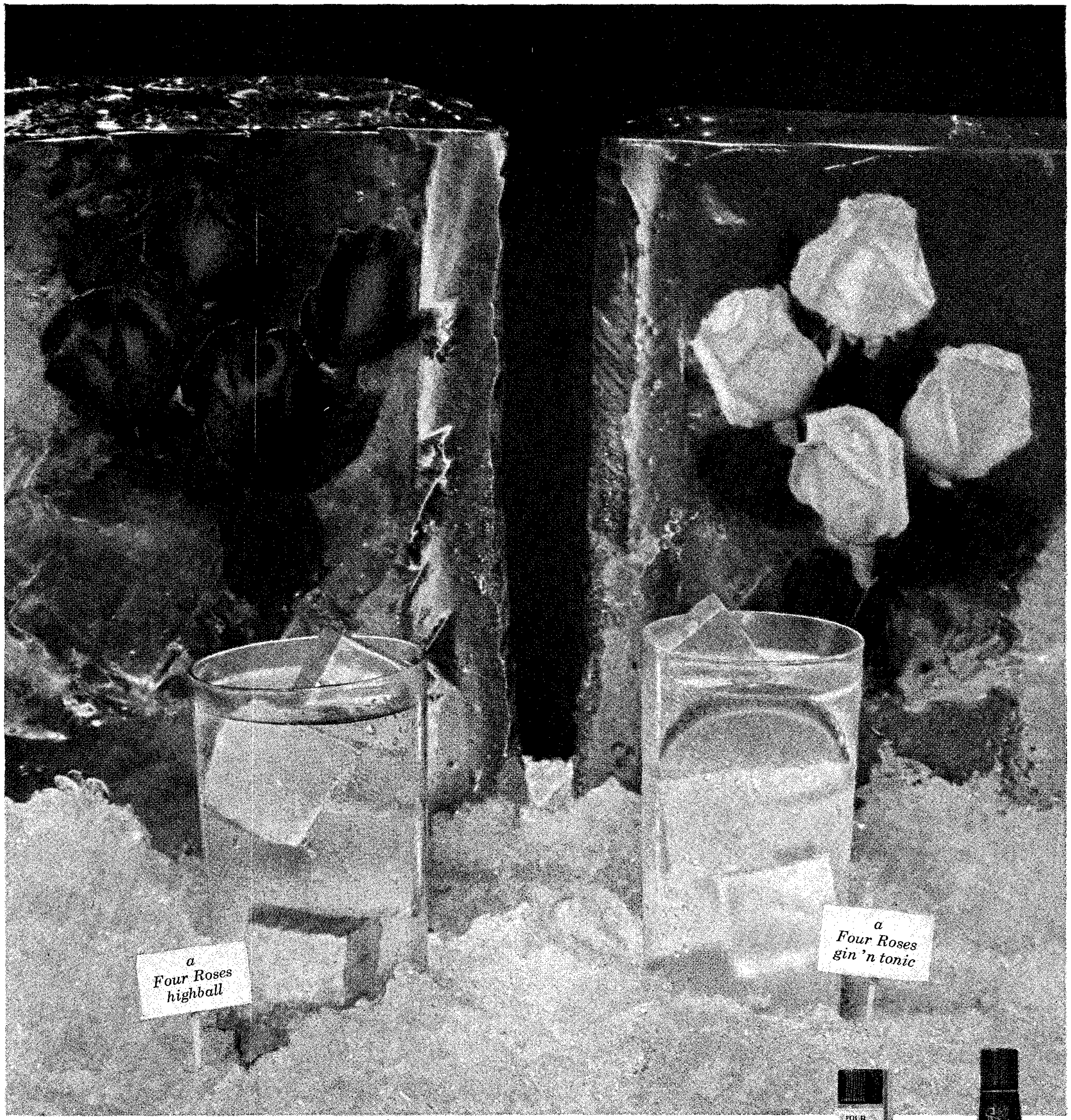
. . . when you take possession of your first Cadillac car. And we say this, not out of conjecture, but out of our own experience with many of the fine men and women who own and drive the "car of cars". For they tell us that their Cadillac adds so much to their pride and happiness . . . and to their pleasure and contentment . . . that they regard it as an indispensable part of their daily lives. And certainly, the motorist who discovers the joys of Cadillac ownership *this* year will find this to be *especially* true. For in beauty . . . in luxury . . . in performance . . . in every way that a motor car can contribute to its owner's happiness . . . this is the greatest Cadillac ever to travel the highways. We invite you to visit your dealer soon—to spend sixty minutes at the wheel—and to verify this for yourself. You will be welcome at any time.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Cadillac



FOUR ROSES DISTILLERS CO., N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF, 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN—90.5 PROOF.


a
Four Roses
highball
a
Four Roses
gin 'n tonic

Red, white and cool!

Red are the roses that stand for the finest of all whiskies—and the chilling goodness of this summertime favorite—the Four Roses highball.

White are the roses that introduce, for the first summer, Four Roses Gin. Who but Four Roses could bring you such smooth perfection in a Tom Collins—or give a gin and tonic such rare distinction.

Cool is for your favorite drinks, gin or whiskey. Summertime refreshers are always at their best with Four Roses.

summertime is FOUR ROSES *time*

Yes, now... the world's finest gin!

FOUR ROSES
GIN
Four Roses
DISTILLED
London Dry
GIN
FOUR ROSES
Blended Whiskey

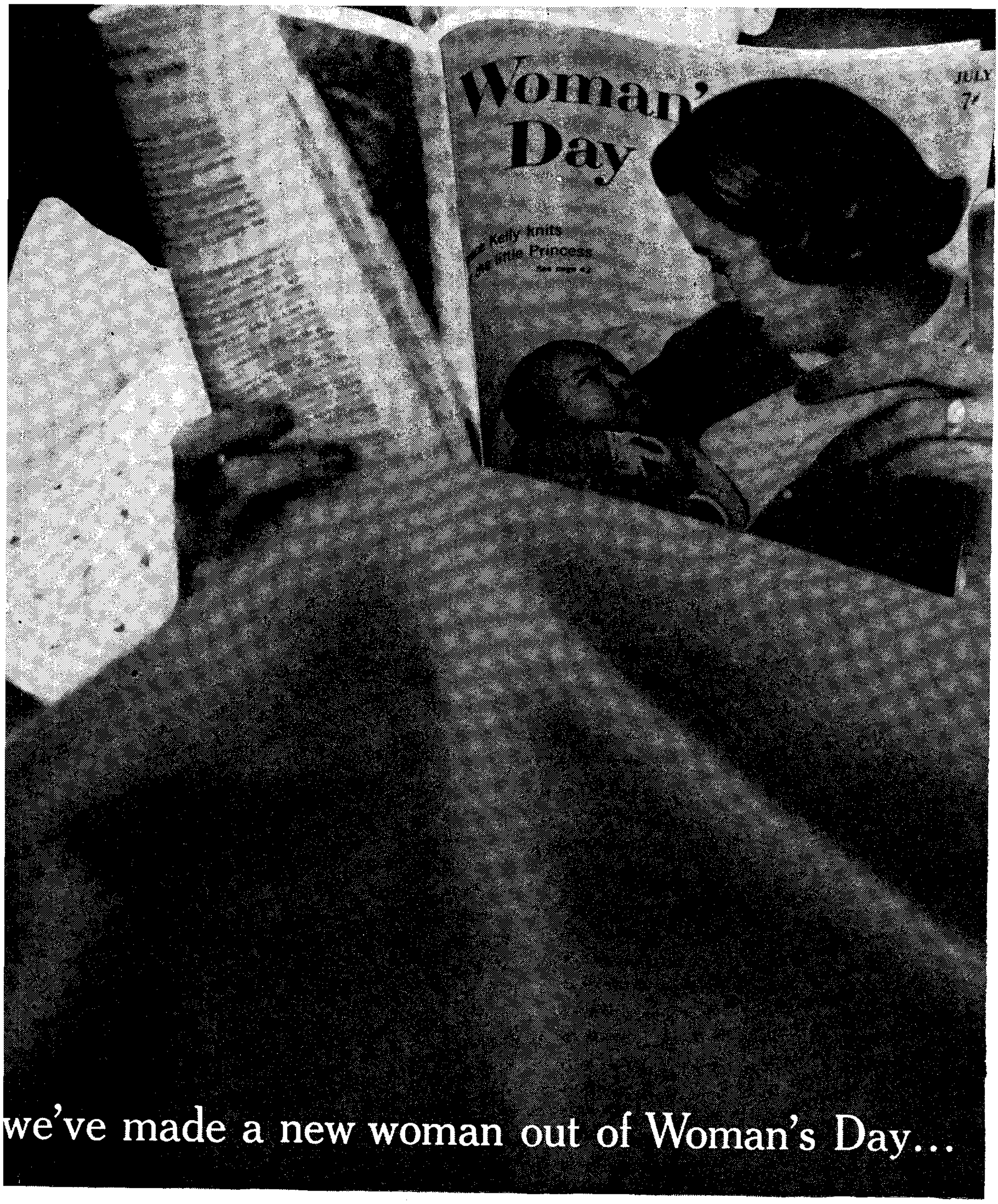
town New York as it was this spring, and the sort of person who believes—as the wets do—that the real Japan is in Kyoto deplores this activity as a symptom of the rate at which Westernization is proceeding. But it seems to me that something much more interesting is going on—that, far from being Westernized, the city is being modernized in a thoroughly Japanese way. A light scum of Western-style movie advertisements lies across many façades on the larger streets, and the old-fashioned movie theatres are in a strange Spanish Mission style whose horrid familiarity rather catches the eye of the American town dweller, but these surface manifestations give a false impression, as do the incredibly second-rate Western-style hotels that most tourists frequent. While movie culture may make a lot of noise in Japan, it does not bite very deep. But then Tokyo is a place that goes in, as if deliberately, for creating false impressions, and it is easy to make mistakes about what one does see. Tokyo vistas are apt to consist of rows of squalid-looking board fences that conceal all but the tiled roofs of the houses behind them, or rows of even more squalid-looking sheds that are stacked with what appears to be junk. As in the rest of Japan, the capital's exteriors often talk poor when the interiors are quite snugly prosperous. The city lives, from the Western point of view, inside out. The average suburban garden is designed to make its effect from inside the house, and will be concealed with some care from the casual passer-by, as the charm and size of the house itself will be. It is a new thing in Japan to design houses, office buildings, shops, and factories that are meant to make an effect from the street. What is seen from the street in the case of most Japanese town properties is equivalent to the back of a painting.

THE best way for the tourist to find this out is to stay in a Japanese hotel, which, as a rule, illustrates the principle admirably. My first Tokyo hotel was in the Chiyoda ward—a quiet residential neighborhood near the Imperial Palace, where each house had a sizable garden and everything visible over the garden walls suggested wealth and comfort. At the entrance to the hotel's driveway was a small sign, seven inches wide and fourteen inches high, that gave the name of the hotel, Kyoine, and no further information whatever. I assumed that this discretion was explained by the nature of the district—that the hotel was being intentionally mousy in order not to give offense by flaunting its commercialism too crudely. But this was quite wrong, as I found out when I had to move. Tokyo is almost as short of hotel space during the tourist season as New York was during the war, and when my original booking at the Kyoine ran out, there was no question of my staying on; someone else was waiting to get into the room. The hotel I moved to, the Yu Mei-kan, was in another kind of neighborhood altogether, in the Chuo ward. Across a tidewater creek from the Azuma Odori Theatre and a block away from the Kabuki Theatre, it was at the center of a cluster of restaurants specializing in geisha parties and close to a street lined with cinemas. There was, consequently, no reason for the management to be discreet, but it followed the pattern, and the sign beside the hotel's extremely unpretentious front door gave its name and owned up to being a hotel in as small a space as possible. I gathered that in Japan a sign on the better class of hotel is not an advertisement, announcing that anyone with money to pay can come in and stay if he wants to; instead, it is an identification, enabling someone who knows roughly where the place is to find it. The Japanese have something amounting to a horror of the fortuitous and the disconnected, and the average hotelkeeper is made uneasy by the idea of a chance guest who just blows in off the street. Even with his hotel quite empty, he is likely to tell such an alarming arrival that there are no rooms free. The limit of strangeness he can comfortably deal with is someone recommended to him by the manager of a restaurant or of another hotel he knows something about, or by a regular visitor. A substantial part of Japanese social life is devoted to establishing the sort of contact that will produce such recommendations and to discharging the obligations that result when they are given. It is a rather gripping game to play, once you have got the hang of it and its subtleties.

I was accepted by the Yu Mei-kan because I had introduced a Japanese writer, whom I will call Yukio Tanabe, to a publisher in New York, and had thereby put him under an obligation to do something for me. This obligation was met correctly, under the rules of the Japanese game, when Yukio's family in Tokyo met me at Haneda Airport and took me to the room they had booked for me at the Kyoine. Our relationship, however, was compromised when that hotel turned me out before I wanted to leave. Tension filled the air over a lunch I was giving the Tanabes when they heard what was happening

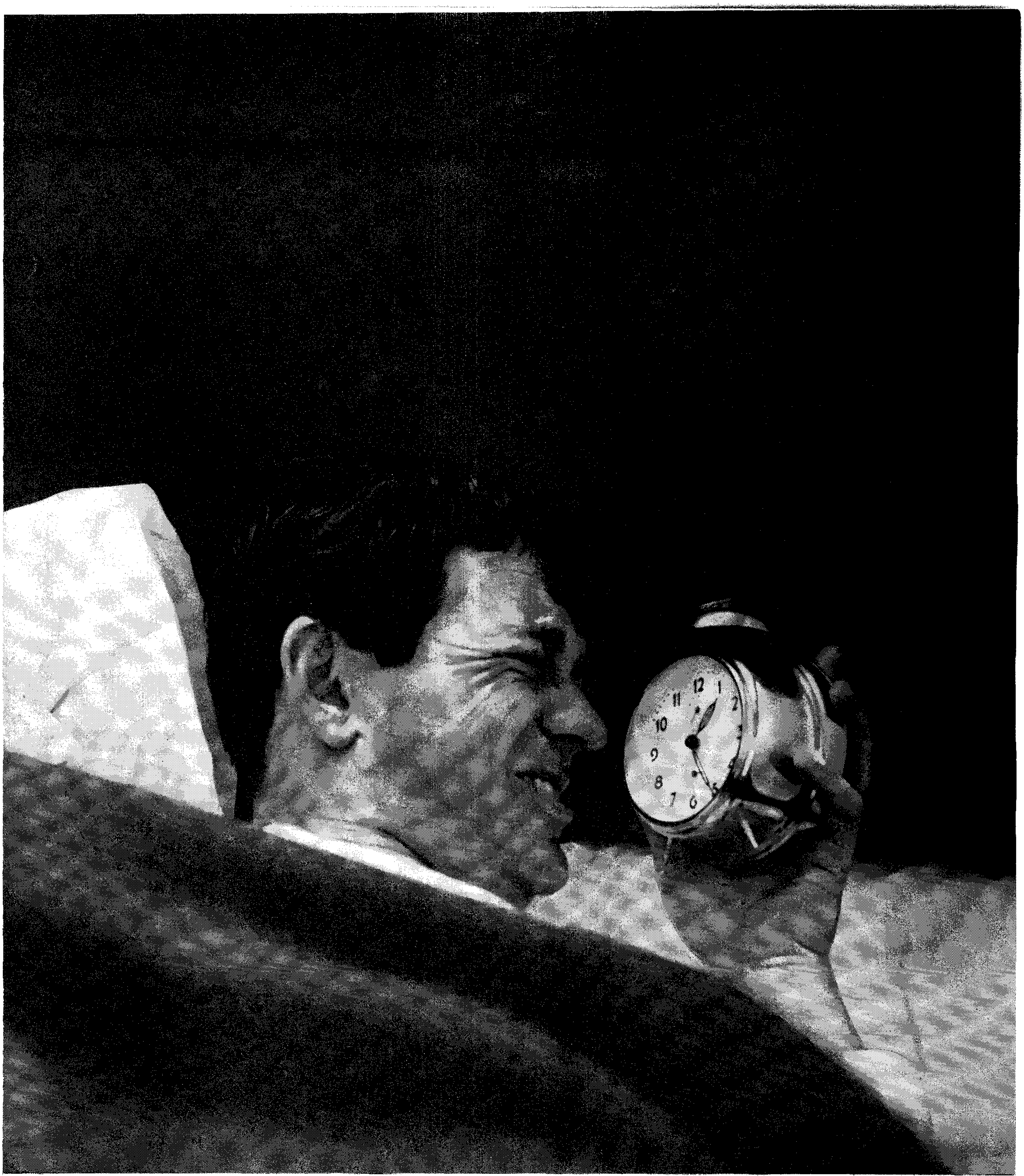
I always mark my cables "via WESTERN UNION"
CAFE DE

Western Union offices in principal cities of the world.


Woman's Day
JULY
7¢
Kelly knits
little Princess
we've made a new woman out of Woman's Day...

and they can't put the book down!

Wide-awake, full of plans. Branching out. That's the new woman you'll find in WOMAN'S DAY. She's more creative. More self-searching. With more leisure time than ever. In July WOMAN'S DAY, for instance, here's what she'll be doing: Taking stock, in a feature article, "How To Face Life." Getting her second



©1957, WOMAN'S DAY, INC.

wind—in an article on relaxation. Experimenting with gourmet cooking, exciting arts and crafts, Japanese flower arranging . . . *all* the easy-to-do-it projects in the new WOMAN'S DAY. And WOMAN'S DAY *gets* newer all the time. From cover to cover. New format, new slant, a fresh approach. Modern as the woman who swears by it every month. Get to know her, through the pages of WOMAN'S DAY. Get the latest issue—July—at your A & P.

Woman's Day, the A&P magazine

(*Advertisement*)

TRUST FUND MANAGER

A title on the door... rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. Only a Bigelow carpet can give your office the quiet, comfort and distinction so important to a busy executive. Special designs, textures and colors available. Call any Bigelow office or Contract Dept., 140 Madison Ave., New York City. Bigelow, fine rugs and carpets since 1825.

PROBABLY THE MOST IMPORTANT DESIGNS OF THE 20th CENTURY

M SINGER & SONS

36 EAST 19TH ST., N. Y. 3 • ALGONQUIN 4-4612

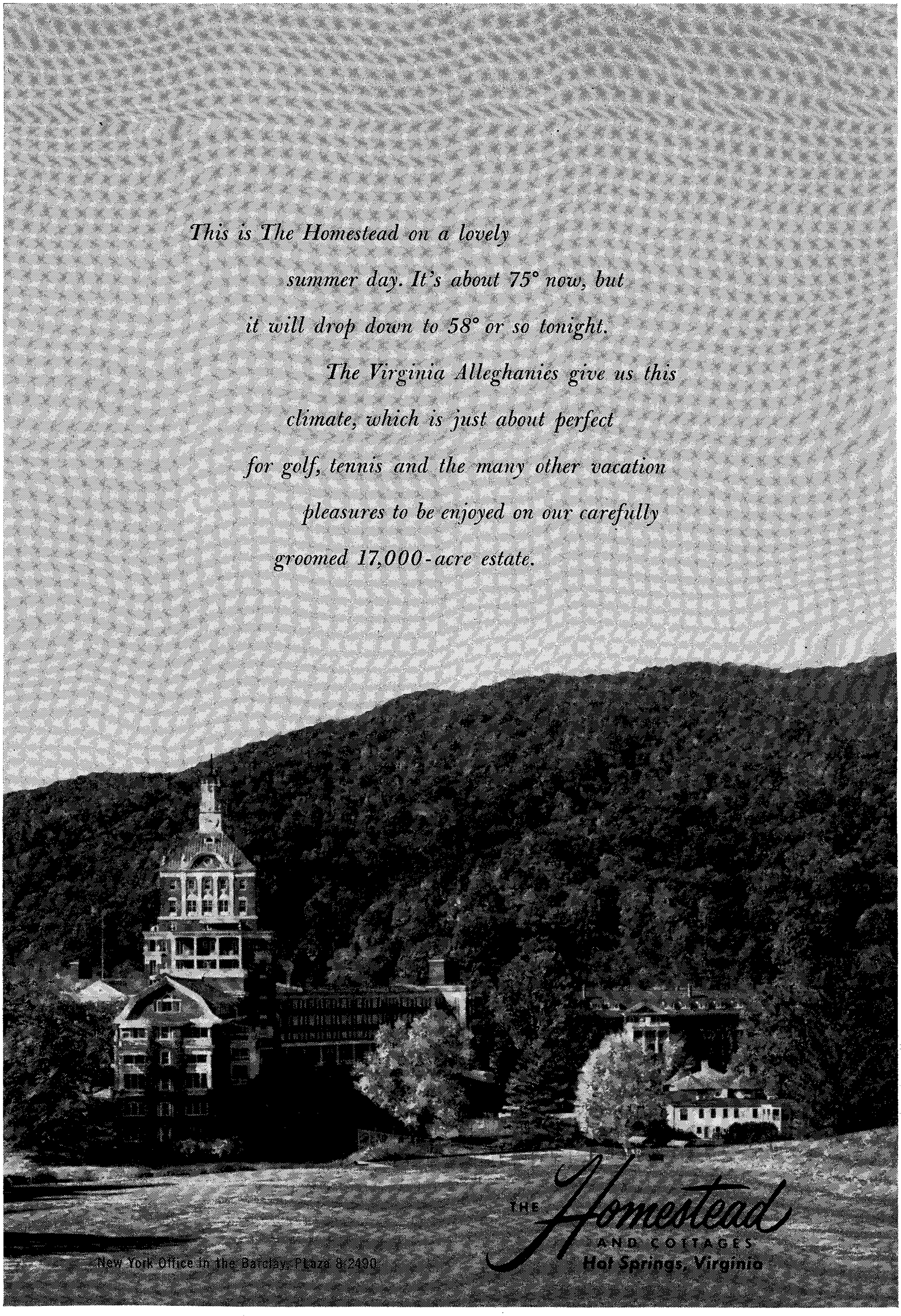
Showrooms:

NEW YORK: 36 EAST 19TH ST., N. Y. 3 & 41 EAST 57TH ST., N. Y. 22
CHICAGO: M. SINGER & SONS, 619 MERCHANDISE MART
BOSTON: DEVON SERVICE SAN FRANCISCO: KNEEDLER-FAUCHERE
LOS ANGELES: KNEEDLER-FAUCHERE MIAMI: FITZPATRICK-GRAHAM
DALLAS (DECORATIVE CENTER): E. C. DICKEN

Through decorators, dealers, architects. Send for brochure 30

Storage Unit, 70"
GIO PONTI, *architect*

to me. The lunch had created some tension itself, because it was a premature and excessively direct repayment for what they had done for me. Though I didn't then realize it, a Japanese will interpret the quick return of a favor as a desire to square up without delay and end the relationship. As soon as I said I was again looking for a hotel, the Tanabes were convinced that I was angry with them, and so was breaking things off in this brusque way. It would never have done for them to let this happen, because I was a part of Yukio's American contact-and-obligation system and it was their social duty to build a further claim on me for Yukio's sake. They began to exchange a great deal of untranslated talk in the quick, low-pitched whispering that the Japanese think is inaudible to Western ears. It always sounds disagreeable to me—as it does to many other Westerners—because it is exactly like the noise children make when they are pretending to have secrets merely to annoy other children. Hearing it makes me feel plotted against. Actually, in all my time in Japan I have never found this to be true; the plotting has always been for me, and organized on the kindly supposition that I, like most Westerners, am a large, childish, incompetent being, and pretty sure to make a mess of things if left alone. When my nerves had been frayed almost beyond endurance by the inclusion of the restaurant proprietor in the discussion, everything suddenly broke in the direction of smiles and ease. By the Tanabes' wish, we were lunching at this particular restaurant, the Tenichi Tenpura, partly because no Japanese is ready to believe that a Westerner will eat any form of Japanese food except tenpura and sukiyaki, but more because Yukio's aunt is married to a former Tokyo police official who had been able to do the proprietor's family a favor during the Occupation, and the relationship has been sustained ever since. Now the Tanabes, speaking in rotation, explained to the proprietor who I was, why I was in Japan, what I had done for Yukio, and what my problem was, so that the proprietor, in turn, could explain me to a hotel he knew. He went off to telephone, and presently came back saying that the Yu Mei-kan thought that if we came round and talked things over, something might be arranged. As we were leaving, I noticed a fine plate, decorated with a very handsome design of a hare, in a showcase in the hall; it had been made by an English potter named Bernard Leach. I stopped to say how nice I thought it was, adding that a long time ago I had been to see



This is The Homestead on a lovely
summer day. It's about 75° now, but
it will drop down to 58° or so tonight.
The Virginia Alleghanies give us this
climate, which is just about perfect
for golf, tennis and the many other vacation
pleasures to be enjoyed on our carefully
groomed 17,000-acre estate.

New York Office in the Barclay, PLaza 8-2490

THE Homestead
AND COTTAGES
Hot Springs, Virginia

I. MAGNIN & co.
CALIFORNIA • SEATTLE

Gelatin Slim . . . new safe, easy way to lose weight and gain health . . . each capsule contains pure protein that builds sound tissue, and *pectin-cellulose*, an appetite-curb made from lemons . . . from the same laboratories as our famous *Gelatin Plus* for problem nails . . . 90 capsules 5.00, 201 capsules 10.00

mail orders (please add 35¢ for shipping) to 3240 Wilshire, Los Angeles or telephone your nearest I. Magnin store

MEDITERRANEAN AND GREEK ISLANDS CRUISE

MADEIRA • CASABLANCA • TANGIER • TUNIS • MALTA
ALEXANDRIA • BEIRUT • HAIFA • CYPRUS • RHODES
ISTANBUL • ATHENS • CRETE • PATRAS • CORFU
DUBROVNIK • VENICE • SICILY • NAPLES
CANNES • BARCELONA • PALMA
MALAGA • GIBRALTAR
LISBON

The Magnificent
TSS OLYMPIA
23,000 tons, 21 knots

62 DAYS • 25 PORTS
18 COUNTRIES • 3 CONTINENTS
13,323 MILES • From $1245

To the sunkissed Mediterranean, Adriatic and fabled Aegean . . . more ports, more side trips, more shore excursions! Limited to less than half normal capacity . . . extra luxury service for every passenger, Continental cuisine.

Colorful Cruise Folder from your TRAVEL AGENT
GREEK LINE
NEW YORK • BOSTON • CLEVELAND • CHICAGO
LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO • MONTREAL

Shore Excursions operated by
AMERICAN EXPRESS

Leach's pottery in Cornwall, and that I had known a pupil of his. This, I later found out, was enough to make the proprietor call the Yu Mei-kan twice more—once immediately, to reassure them that I was a suitable person to be a guest in the hotel, and once on the following morning, to make sure that I was comfortable and being well looked after. Leach, who is now in his sixties, served an apprenticeship with a leading Japanese potter many years ago, and learned his craft so well that he was allowed, in Japanese style, to adopt his master's professional name, becoming Kenzan VII—the seventh in direct line of descent, master to pupil, from a famous potter of that name. He is much loved and respected all over Japan, and his name, mentioned by chance, had a quite magical effect as a point of reference. He is understood, and my knowledge of him has helped to make me understandable.

But Leach, the proprietor of the Tenichi, and the Tanabes notwithstanding, it was still not a matter of simply going to the Yu Mei-kan and registering. When the Tanabes and I got there, we took off our shoes and put on slippers to cross the ten feet of blue velvet carpet in the hall on our way to the Western-style bar-and-television room opposite the office. A maid showed us in and brought us small hot towels to mop our hands and faces with, tea, and *o-kashi*—blandly sweet cakes of bean paste and sugar. Then a handmaid, or housekeeper, came along to make conversation on general topics for ten minutes or so, until the manageress appeared. With her arrival, the great Japanese conversation began remorselessly to unroll, to the tune of "*Ano-ne*"—a phrase roughly meaning "It's like this," which introduces all explanations. We began again at the beginning, with who, in the first place, the Tanabes were; how they came to know the Tenichi people; how Yukio came to know me; who I was; what my situation was; why I was in Japan. The manageress nodded, saying from time to time "*Ah, so*" and "*Ah, so, des' ka,*" and then she had her innings. It was the cherry-blossom season, she said; there were many tourists in Tokyo for that and for other reasons; it was a very busy time for all hotels; many people had made bookings in advance for her hotel, and she expected to be even busier shortly; but just at the moment, as it happened, she could offer me a room. She doubted whether it would be suitable, and hesitated to show it to us, but if we cared to look at it, she would be glad to oblige. At the end of all this,

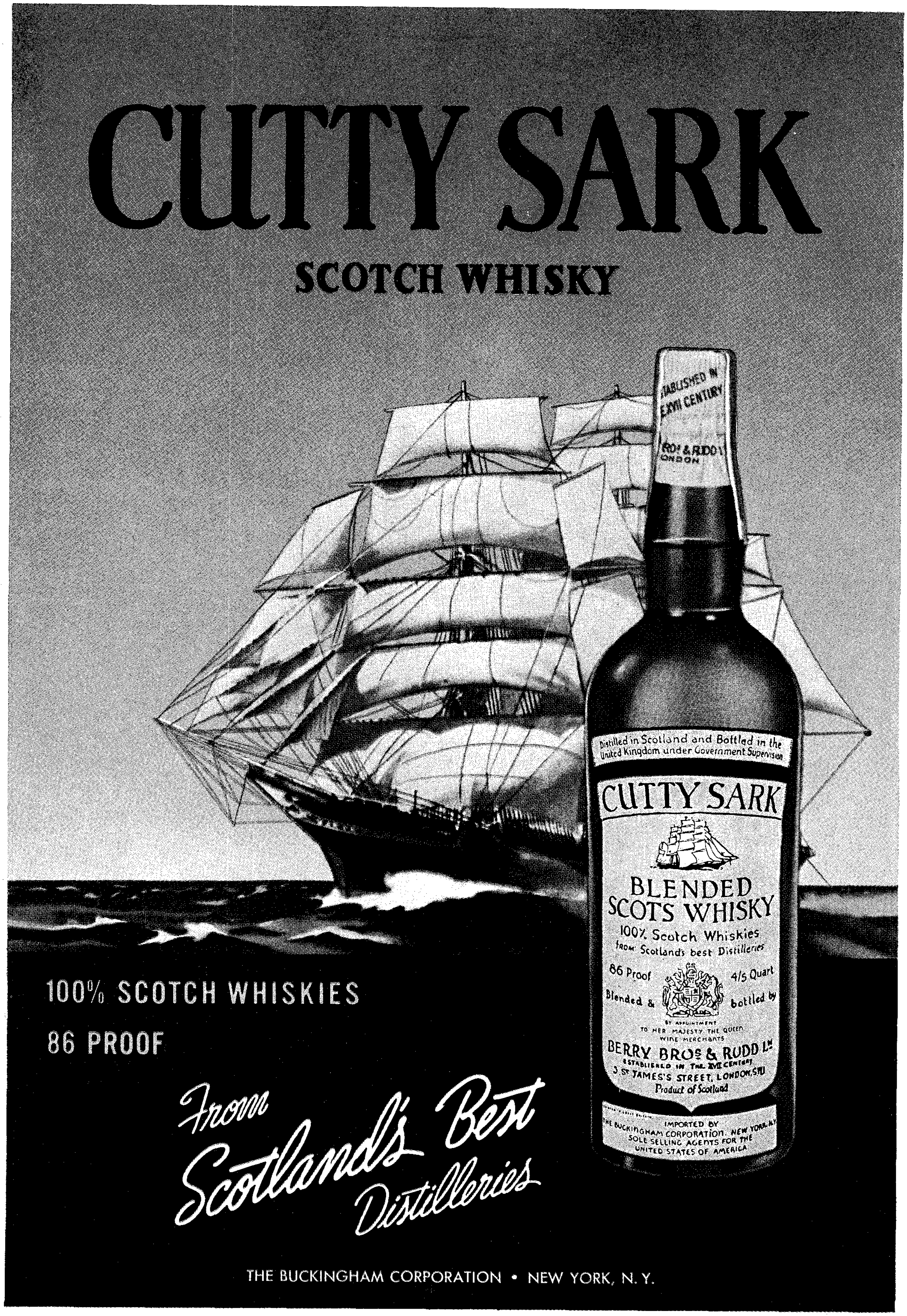
Swing around the World by Qantas

Actually you fly by Super-G Constellation; much faster and everyone is seated. Very comfortably, we might add. About the pictures: anyone can see that the saried girls in tandem (at last, the Rope Trick!) are, like India herself, splendidly exotic. Australian swingers, from this distance, don't seem vastly different from your own, nor does Austalia. Close up, however, you'll find our country, our life, customs, and pleasures (and idiosyncrasies) will give you enough to talk about for *years*. Give it a go!

Flying Qantas around the world has more to the telling than this, of course, and your travel agent or any Qantas or BOAC office will be pleased to fill in the other 98%. Or write Qantas, Union Square, San Francisco. We do love mail.

Australia's Overseas Airline

QANTAS


CUTTY SARK
SCOTCH WHISKY
Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WINE MERCHANTS
BERRY BROS & RUDD LD
ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
3 ST JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, SW1
Product of Scotland
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
86 PROOF
From Scotland's Best Distilleries
THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N. Y.

twenty minutes after we had been shown into the television room, we moved off down a maze of twisting passages on various levels—taking a step up here and down there whenever the surface changed from rice-straw *tatami* to bare boards or from bare boards to small, smooth black obsidian cobblestones set in black cement—and presently came to the room. We took off our slippers in its small lobby, stepped up one step and through sliding doors into a dressing room, passed through another set of sliding doors into the room itself, about eighteen feet by sixteen, and, opening still another set of sliding doors, inspected the glass-enclosed porch beyond, which gave onto a little garden. When we had looked the place over, the maid brought more tea and we all sat down in the main room. I sat cross-legged on a cushion, looking into the garden and only half listening to the talk as I warmed my hands over a charcoal fire that was burning quietly on a bed of gray ash in the center of a huge copper-lined lacquered bucket. It was a perfectly ordinary Japanese garden, containing all the normal features—a stone lantern, a small Buddha, six small but picturesquely shaped boulders, a clump of bamboo, a fir tree, an azalea bush, a camellia plant, a hollowed stone with water dripping into it from a bamboo pipe, and a carpet of moss—but however standardized it may have been, it was very pretty, and I decided that I liked my new room very much. Then, to my horror, I realized that it was not yet my room; nothing had been decided, the manageress was still in doubt. Did I understand Japanese bathroom etiquette? Would I really eat Japanese food? Would I be comfortable in a Japanese bed? Would I, in short, know how to behave? The Tanabes were assuring her that I would fit into the hotel, and, with large, troubled eyes fixed on me, were promising that I would behave well. Their word was ultimately accepted, and at last, thirty-five minutes after we had come to ask for it, I was given the room.

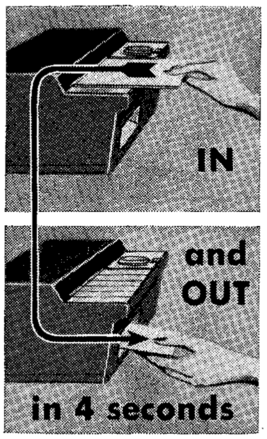
I BECAME extremely fond of my room before I left it, because the seven dollars a night I paid for it bought me not only space but a certain amount of magic as well. Tokyo is noisier than New York, with an accent of frenzy in its sounds. Most of its cars are small and underpowered, and a good deal of its traffic stream is made up of hybrid three-wheeled vehicles of Japanese design—truck at the back and sputtering motorcycle in front. One of the most characteristic Tokyo sounds is that of

New All-Electric copy maker ...now at a new low cost!

Dry process machine gives you copies in 4 seconds made by electricity alone!

All-new and All-Electric! The newly styled THERMO-FAX "Secretary" Copying Machine gives you copies of letters, statements, orders, invoices and other business data right when you need them. Exclusive process eliminates chemicals, negatives, liquids and fumes from office copying forever. You make copies in 4 quick seconds for as little as 5¢ per copy. Now you get all these exclusive advantages of the only dry process copy maker at the *new low* cost of only $299*. Send coupon below for complete details today.

**Suggested retail price*

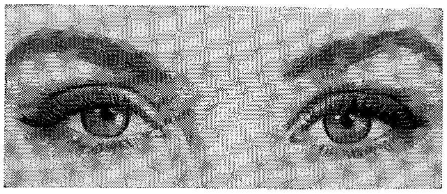


Thermo-Fax BRAND COPYING PRODUCTS

PRODUCT OF 3M COMPANY RESEARCH

The terms THERMO-FAX and SECRETARY are trademarks of Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., St. Paul 6, Minn. General Export: 99 Park Avenue, New York 16, N.Y. In Canada: P.O. Box 757, London, Ont.

Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co.
Dept. NM-6227, St. Paul 6, Minnesota
Send full details on the cost-cutting new THERMO-FAX "Secretary" Copying Machine.
Name__________
Company__________
Address__________
City_____ Zone_____ State_____



Helena Rubinstein's beauty hints for beautiful eyes

HELENA RUBINSTEIN says, "Many a woman is known as a beauty simply because she has beautiful, expressive eyes." Take a tip from this famous beauty authority on how to make the most of *your* eyes.

For velvety lashes use Helena Rubinstein's WATERPROOF MASCARA. If you are caught in a shower, or weep at the movies it will not run, streak or smudge. Four glamour shades, 1.25.

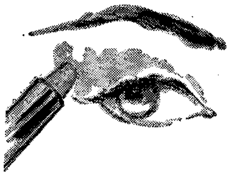
Shape your brows with Helena Rubinstein's EVERPOINT EYE PENCIL, a self-sharpening little gem. And to give your eyes incredible depth and drama, use it to outline your lids. Once you try it you'll never want to be without it. Golden pencil lasts for ages, 1.50. Refills .50.

EYE SHADOW STICK is sure to make your eyes *very* blue, *very* brown, *very* glamorous, whatever color you are blessed with. In 7 fashion colors, all in new easy-to-apply sticks in golden cases. 1.25.

While you're sleeping, let EYE CREAM SPECIAL work to keep your eyes young and beautiful looking. Helena Rubinstein formulates this fine light cream especially for the dry, delicate area around the eyes. Its vitamins and super emollients help to check squint lines and crow's feet. 1.25 to 3.25. *All prices plus tax*

Helena Rubinstein®
655 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

Waterproof Mascara
BLACK
Helena Rubinstein
Helena Rubinstein



a small engine with some firing defect being raced, in the hope either that the trouble will disappear or that, given a good warmup, the engine will move a larger load than it was designed to move. A rival noise is that of two high-pitched, Gallic-sounding horns being blown wildly and insistently at each other, as one car tries to force the other to give way and as both hurl themselves through the crowds of recklessly brave cyclists and walkers. On top of that constant, hysterical level are the racket of the building boom and the din that comes from the work on a new subway that is being cut diagonally through the midtown section of the city. All this row inexplicably stopped at the sliding wooden outer doors of the Yu Mei-kan, and as I stepped out of my outdoor shoes in its hallway, I stepped into a mysteriously detached world of private sounds that might have been those of a country house. Lying in bed in the morning, long after the day's work of the early-rising town had begun, I would hear no sound of the traffic at all, but only the banging of the wooden night shutters of the hotel being put away for the day and the sounds of plate-glass windows and paper partitions sliding back on their tracks as one guest after another got up. A small boy on the balcony of the room above would talk to his cage bird to make it sing. He would make chirping sounds, and it would chirp in answer; he would trill, and it would obligingly trill back. When Yuki, the maid, had put my shutters away, I would look out and see that a few red camellia petals had fallen onto the green moss during the night, and I would find it hard to believe I was within a hundred and twenty feet of a street. While I was soaking myself in a bath in a detached bathhouse, reached by crossing a small garden court, Yuki would fold up my bed and put it away. This was no great undertaking, since it consisted merely of two soft mattresses, a small, rustling pillow filled with rice hulls, and two comforters; everything vanished into a shelved cupboard in the dressing room in a couple of minutes, so that a large, cleared living room, gently warmed by a fresh shovelful of glowing charcoal in the center of the lacquered tub, was waiting for me when I got back. A Western hotel room is essentially a place to sleep in, but a Japanese hotel room is a living room in which one sleeps. The bathroom was also a great improvement on its Western equivalent—a tremendously luxurious affair, with an anteroom to undress and dry in, separated from the bathroom proper by a sliding door of wood and glass. The bathing space had a large tiled floor and a shower, and alongside was a pool for a post-shower soak. This pool had a deep end and a shallow end; the shallow end was just deep enough to cover my body as I lay at full length with my head resting on a swivelled headrest, and at the far end I could sit upright with water up to my chin. The pool was connected by flow and return pipes to a heater next door to the bathroom, so that no matter how long one stayed in the water, it never grew any colder; a control kept it at the perfect heat the whole time. It was all very elaborate, late Roman, and extremely agreeable, and it seemed to me much the best bath routine that anybody anywhere has yet developed.

When I was through in the bath, Yuki would have breakfast ready for me in my room. Breakfast began with two tiny, very sour pickled plums, meant to shock the mouth into complete freshness, and tea to wash away the shock. This was followed by bean soup, a baked egg in a fireproof dish or an omelet of some kind, a piece of fish, a little dried seaweed, rice, pickles, and more tea. The convention is, apparently, that the breakfast fish should be dried, in the manner of English haddock, kippers, and bloaters. I suppose it was being used to these that made me enjoy starting the day with this kind of food. I found the *sawara* delicious and the kippered salmon from Hokkaido very good. A bowlful of minute little fish, the length of my thumbnail and each with two black eyes visible in its transparent body, gave me pause one morning—visually, at least. They had no flavor beyond a strong saltiness, and when I shut my eyes there was nothing to tell me what I was eating; they were salty and crunchy and that was all. They belonged to the category of Japanese food that is more interesting from the standpoint of texture than from that of flavor.

When an American acquaintance of mine heard that I was eating these things, he asked me in some amazement how I could stand the stink, and, in just as much surprise, I asked him what he meant, wondering if I had missed something.

"The stink that stuff has," he said.

I thought hard, and said, "You mean the smell dried fish has?"

"Yes, that's it," he said. "I don't see how you can stand it."

"But that's the smell it has naturally," I said. "It wouldn't be dried fish but something else if it smelled any other way."

We eyed each other in silence across

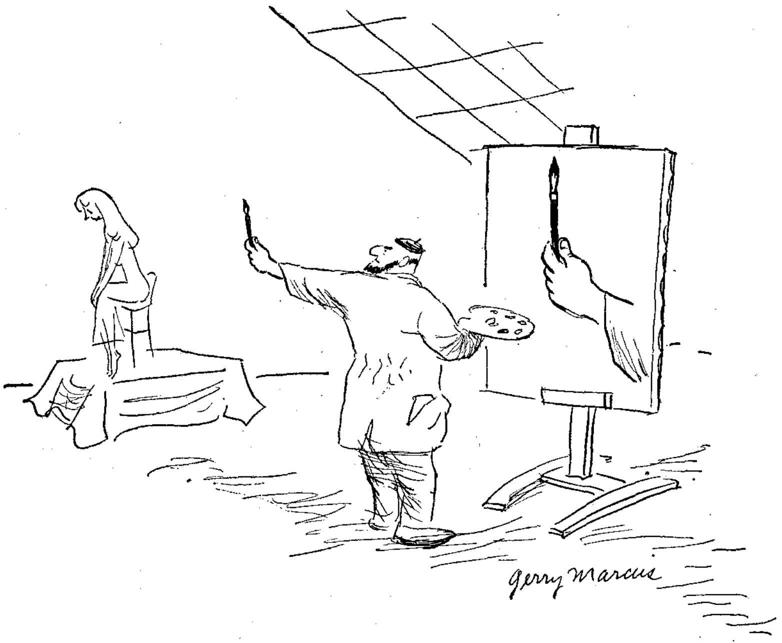
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures.
John Milton

FILTER MOUTHPIECE
Benson & Hedges
CIGARETTES

Expect to find in Benson & Hedges certain pleasures no other cigarette offers. Luxurious flavor, classic in taste. Costlier tobaccos, meticulously blended. Cigarette-case box, custom-tailored. Filter mouthpiece, recessed so that only the flavor touches your lips.

BENSON & HEDGES · Regular and King Size

(*Advertisement*)



"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."

Enjoy a bit of Christmas now.

You'll forget the summer heat when you look at the Christmas cards in the AAG Golden Album. It's like a nice cool museum, featuring the works of America's foremost artists. You'll be wise to select your cards before you leave for the summer. AAG cards are in the best stores now, and cost no more than ordinary cards.

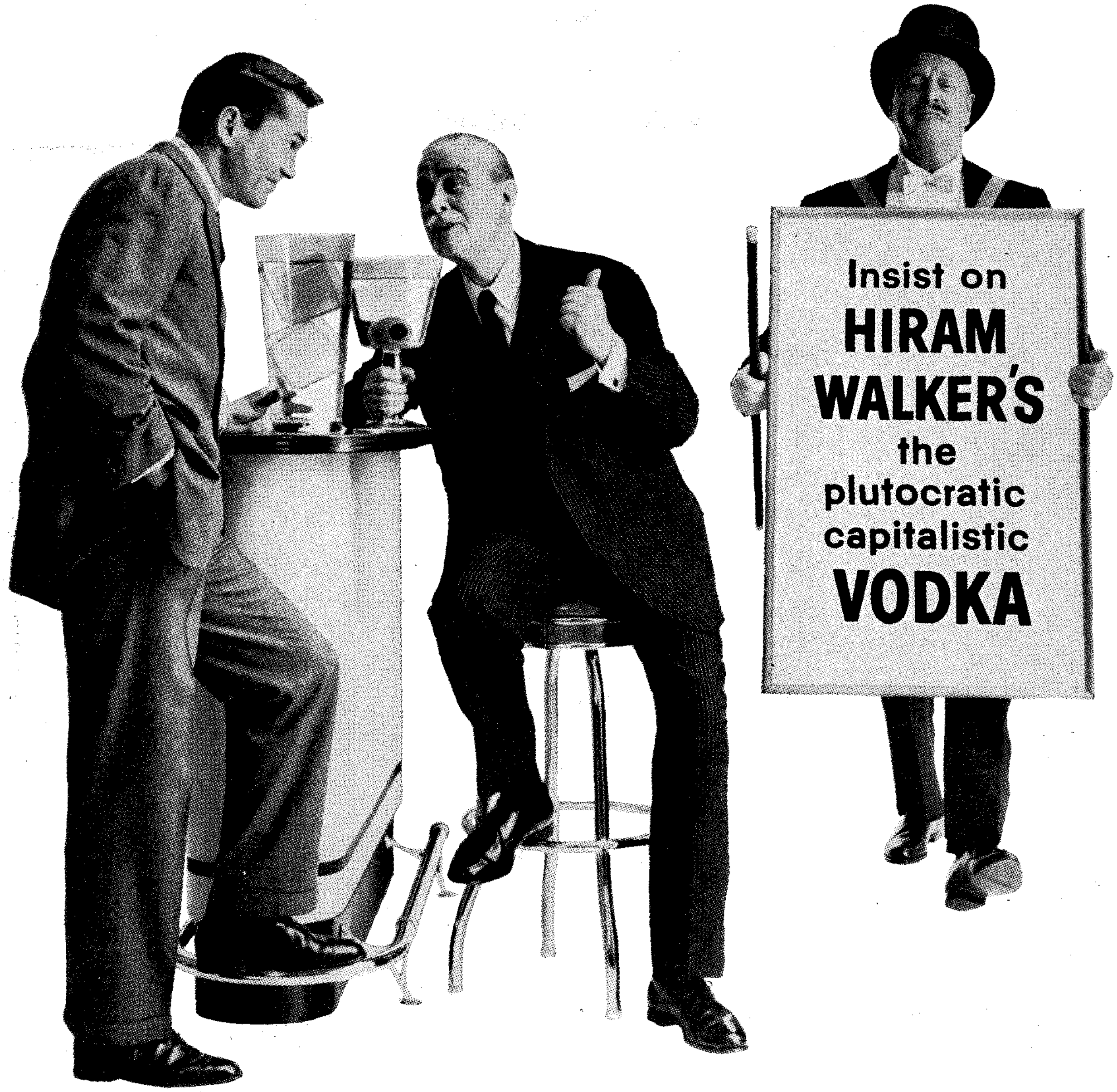
American Artists Group

Write us for store near you. P. O. Box 20 Prince Station New York 12

a wide gulf before he muttered, "I suppose you must be pretty insensitive to odors anyway, or you wouldn't be living down there by that god-awful creek."

This involved mysteries concerning the Yu Mei-kan and Tokyo itself. In my room and in the hotel there was no hint that the creek existed, but it was indubitably present just across the street from the hotel's front door, and I must confess that it was all I could do to lean over the railing that bordered it for long enough to see what went on in it and on it. Its water, which was tidal and connected with Tokyo Bay, moved with an oilier ripple than either salt or fresh water, and was sinisterly opaque. When the tide went out and the poisonous blue-gray bottom mud came into view, there could be no question but that the creek was, as its smell suggested, a big open drain. This did not surprise me, since many creeks and rivers in Western towns have the same use and the same evil breath; what I found hard to understand was the four boat-hiring stations on the creek—two above the nearest bridge and two below it. Anyone who wanted to could hire a motorboat or a rowboat from them, and though I never saw anyone churning through the gray water at speed, I often did see young couples romantically rowing themselves about on the fetid tide, under the artificial cherry blossoms that lined the banks at various places.

These improvements on nature also mystified me—and startled me—the first time I saw them, but I became used to them. They are made of waterproof plastic and are securely attached to real branches. These are fastened to street lamps and metal uprights—and even to real trees that have been stripped of their own branches—with such uncanny skill that they look like natural growth. The color, however, is stridently raw, making no pretense of resembling real cherry blossoms. At first, I thought that this must be a simple matter of error, but I soon found that many of the department stores and bazaars were decorated with huge ropes of artificial cherry blossoms that made no pretense of resembling the real thing in form but had the color exactly. I realized then that the choice of the wrong color must have been quite deliberate, and the reason for this became clear as the cherry-blossom season ran its course. The trees are everywhere in Tokyo, as advertised—leaning out of bourgeois gardens, spilling over rotting fences in slums, surrounding the Imperial Palace moat, dotting every park, lining several streets, and showing up


Insist on
HIRAM
WALKER'S
the
plutocratic
capitalistic
VODKA

"If you want to make him furious
just call it the proletariat vodka"

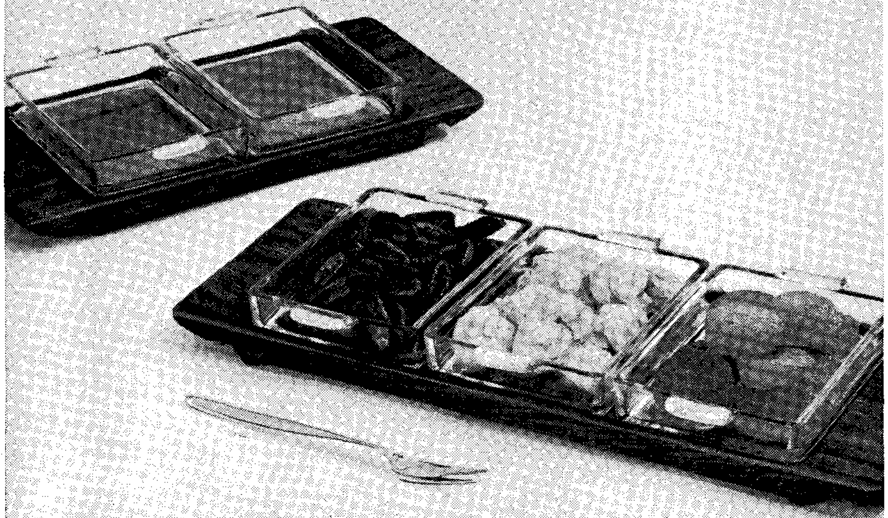
HIRAM
WALKER'S
VODKA

Don't you dare! We'll sue you for slander! Hiram Walker's is a strictly *plutocratic, capitalistic* vodka—distilled clearer than the glass that holds it—from pure American grain. An improvement? Gospodin, you should try it!

80 AND 100 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

SERVE IT WITH RELISH

A tasteful fillip for any meal:
Teak relish tray from Denmark with
removable glass serving dishes.
3-dish relish tray, 15"x5½", $6.00
2-dish relish tray, 11"x5½", $5.00
Cypress fork in Sterling silver by
Georg Jensen: $6.25 Fed. Tax Incl.



GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK

Pilgrims' Progress!

9
Berkshire Hills
Boston
Cape Cod
Martha's Vineyard
Nantucket
North Shore
Old Sturbridge Village
Pioneer Valley
Plymouth
Pilgrims by the thousands are still coming to

Massachusetts

The new variety, of course, are pilgrims who find
a promised land of vacation fun . . . fishing, swimming, sailing, golf,
adventures in history, art, theater, world famous eating places . . .
all combine to make Massachusetts memorable!

WRITE FOR COLOR BROCHURES. Indicate areas in which you are interested, type of accommodation (hotel, motel, guest house, cottage) length of stay, when coming.

MASSACHUSETTS DEPT. of COMMERCE, DIV. NY6, 334 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON 16, MASS.

in every shrine and temple garden. But the color of their blossoms is a smoky pink; delicate and weak, it cannot stand up to the colors of Tokyo, which take their tone, loyally enough, from the outer walls of the Imperial Palace. These walls, however well one may know them from photographs, are surprising, both on account of their look of primeval strength and on account of their color. The huge stones of which they are built are black when wet and chocolate brown when dry, and the colors of the walls repeat themselves all over Tokyo—in the chocolate brown of the trains and in the blackened oiled wood of houses and fences. These strong earth colors attack the frail pink of the cherry blossoms, kill its delicacy and freshness, and leave it looking washy and dirty. In the cherry groves, the Japanese do their best to spike the inadequacy of the natural effect by hanging Shocking-pink, yellow, and arsenic-green lanterns among the trees, but this only scratches the surface of the problem. The cherry tree flowers briefly, and its blossoms disintegrate the minute they reach perfection—or sooner, if the spring rains hit them or the dust-laden windstorms that are a feature of Tokyo weather tear them apart. They are, in fact, exceedingly unreliable as a tourist attraction or as the basic ingredient of a national festival. For these purposes, the artificial cherry blossoms are much superior; the battering showers of April simply clean them off, and they will last as long as they are wanted. They are very evident all over Tokyo—in front of theatres, lining streets, on shop fronts, and over restaurant and tearoom entrances. They are the emblem of the Tokyo that stands between wet and dry—neither sentimental nor honest but just industriously and unwaveringly on the make.

I HAD read a great deal about the fragility of the cherry blossoms before I came to Japan, and about the strange poetry of the parties given for viewing them. During the season, I gathered, groups of people went to famous cherry groves to think about their mortal frailty and about their unimportance in the universal scheme of things. In consequence, I pestered Kosato Tanabe, Yukio's pretty, twenty-four-year-old younger sister, who was kindly serving me as an interpreter, to take me to some famous cherry-blossom-viewing place before it was too late and the season was over. But she was strangely and, I thought, perversely evasive about my proposal. She was a liberated, modern, and advanced girl, who wore a kimono under protest and always sat on a chair if possible, and I had the impression that she was averse to doing anything so cornily and obviously Japanese for the benefit of a Westerner. For a run of days, the weather was soft and gentle, and the conditions were clearly ideal for blossom viewing, but we did not get to any cherry groves. Determined to do anything but that, Kosato was vague, was elusive, was ingenious, and she arranged many other things that were both pleasant and instructing. But at last I put my foot down and said that tomorrow we must go cherry-blossom viewing. Kosato smiled and said, "I have been talking of this with my brother-in-law, and he says he will take us to a marvellous place for cherry-blossom viewing. It is so funny, but I cannot remember where he said he would take us." Her brother-in-law was a professor of political science at a Tokyo university, and Yukio Tanabe had told me that he was an extremely busy man who would interest me but would probably be too busy to see me. I should have recognized that as a very frank Japanese statement, but I did not understand what it meant, any more than I understood the clear hint in Kosato's remark. I accordingly went to bed in the expectation of spending the following day doing what I wanted to do in the company of an interesting man.

Masuda Kishimura, Kosato's brother-in-law, arrived with her at the hotel at ten the following morning. He was a well-built, handsome fellow with a strong face that was made more, rather than less, attractive by the passionate Tokyo look of proud aspiration. I said something to him, and he bowed, smiled, nodded, and answered that he spoke very bad English. He said this in a way that was thoroughly convincing, even though I remembered that Yukio had told me his English was excellent. We left the hotel and got into his Toyopet car. This machine is something of a portent. Four years ago, it was a joke and possibly the poorest production-line car in the world from every point of view; this year the new models are just about as good as the German Volkswagen, for all practical purposes, and altogether superior to most other light cars made in Europe. I said as much to Kosato, and asked her to translate for Masuda, but she wriggled and looked embarrassed, and then spoke rapidly to him in Japanese, in a tone that made me think she was mad at him about something.

The car bowled along, and a little later I was surprised to find us turning in to the Nakayama race track; it

Snobbish?

NOT CANADA DRY QUININE WATER! It's the friendliest tonic mixer in town. Here are 3 tonic recipes and a brand new drink idea to prove it.

BRAND NEW DRINK IDEA!

The "Wagoneer," a special drink for on the wagon party-goers who don't want anyone to know their secret. *Recipe:* Fill a tall glass with ice and *all* the Canada Dry Quinine Water your taste desires ... top off with slice of lemon or lime. **All by itself this tonic drink is a tasty summer cooler,** mighty refreshing and delicious.

TRY THESE NEW TONIC DRINKS

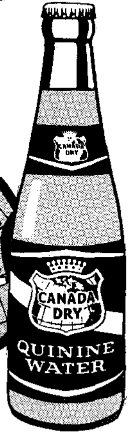
RUM and TONIC
Fill a tall glass with ice, add your favorite rum (2 oz.). Top with light, dry Canada Dry Quinine Water.

VODKA or GIN and TONIC
Into a tall glass with plenty of ice, pour 2 oz. of gin or vodka. Fill with sparkling Canada Dry Quinine Water. Garnish with lemon or lime.

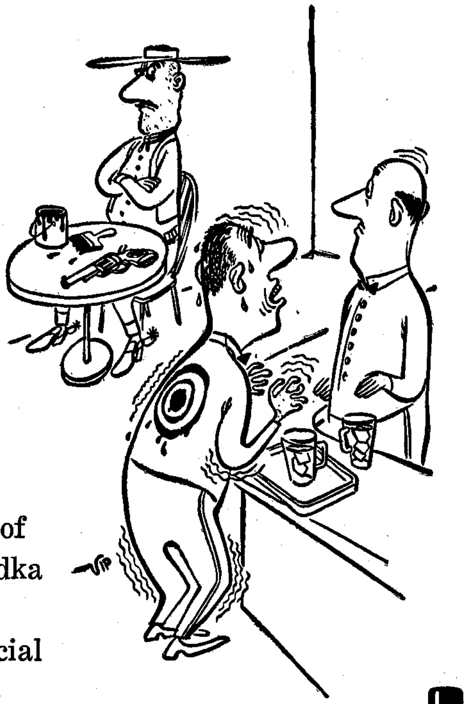
CANADA DRY QUININE WATER, however, *is* distinctive. Reason: These 5 exclusive qualities.

1. Sparkling "Pin-Point Carbonation"
2. Distinctive glacier-blue color
3. Light and Dry—not too sweet
4. Priced right . . . why pay more
5. Versatile, perfectly balanced to blend with almost anything

CANADA DRY
QUININE WATER



D-d-d deadeye aims to get his Gin and Tonic with Angostura*

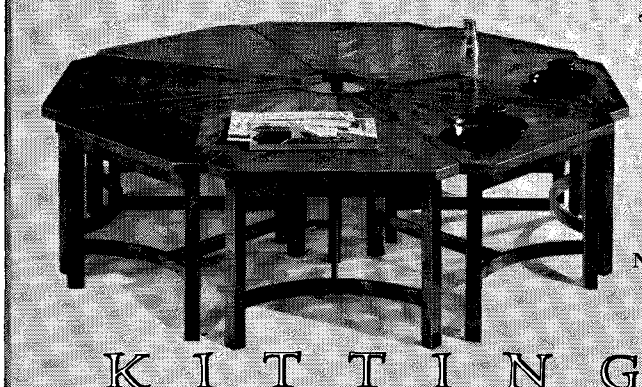


Like Deadeye—be firm and insist on a dash or two of Angostura in your gin or vodka and tonic. Summer drinks —short or tall—take on a special zest by adding Angostura bitters. And remember Angostura works wonders with soup-on-the-rocks, madrilène and fruit desserts.

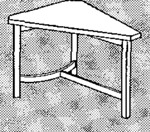
**or vodka*

ANGOSTURA®
AROMATIC BITTERS
INDISPENSABLE IN DRINKS
IRRESISTIBLE IN FOODS

SOLD IN YOUR LOCAL LIQUOR PACKAGE AND GROCERY STORES.



"KALEIDOSCOPE"
8 Wedge Tables
•
Available Individually



NEW YORK DISPLAY
305 East 63rd Street

KITTINGER

Also: BUFFALO • BOSTON • CHICAGO • DALLAS • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO
Sold thru Decorators and Dealers

A lovely wedding gift

pewter coffee service

Just the present for your favorite bride-to-be. Distinctively designed 8½" high, 8-cup server, $16.95; 3⅞" diameter sugar and creamer, $6.95 each; handsome ebonized solid mahogany 12" tray, $7.00. Shipping insured; add 80¢ per item or $1.20 the set.

CATALOG ON REQUEST

AMERICA HOUSE
32 East 52nd Street
New York 22, N. Y.
PLaza 3-0839

was ten-fifty—ten minutes before the start of the first race. Walking up to the back of the grandstand on our way to a box, I was almost speechless with fury at being fobbed off with a race meeting in place of the secret poetry of Japanese life. But when I came out into the gangway leading to our seats, there they were in front of me—cherry blossoms in quantity. The track was of intensely green grass, as green as the grass of Ireland, with a dirt racing strip inside it for use in dry spells when the turf bakes too hard. A gardenlike steeplechase course was laid out inside the oval of the flat-racing track, but with a big jumpless loop that curved outside it, beyond the backstretch. Beyond that again, forming the outer boundary of the course's property, was a thick belt of dark and ancient pine trees, and in front of them were the cherry trees—about four hundred, all in full flower. "Not bad for cherry-blossom viewing, *ne?*" said Masuda, smiling, and I had to agree, though I added in a rather churlish manner that the tremendous radio towers in the middle distance took some of the fine edge off the poetry of the scene. He laughed hard at this, for reasons that were not clear to me then. I settled down to making the best of a bad job and to enjoying myself.

It was a curious day's amusement, combining flat racing and steeplechasing. Eleven events were run off between eleven o'clock and four-thirty, the time of the last start. All the races were organized along very similar lines. None had more than six entries, one of which was outclassed from the start and ran last all the way. Of the remaining five, two were always in the running just far enough to suggest that a long shot might someday win, but at about the eighth pole these official outsiders dropped back and left the three favorites to fight things out. The English-language tip sheet I bought was always right about which three horses the real contenders were going to be, and the odds reflected this state of things; the winners rarely paid off as well as five to three. There was something very innocent about the whole business, and this impression was enhanced by the track employees who handled the money. When I went to put down a hundred yen—the equivalent of a two-dollar bet—I found myself facing a pretty, rosy-cheeked girl of fourteen or so. She made a pleasing contrast with the glum political spoilsmen who peer out from behind the wickets at the Rhode Island tracks I usually go to. There was no question of having to peer in at this young person, for she and sixty or sev-

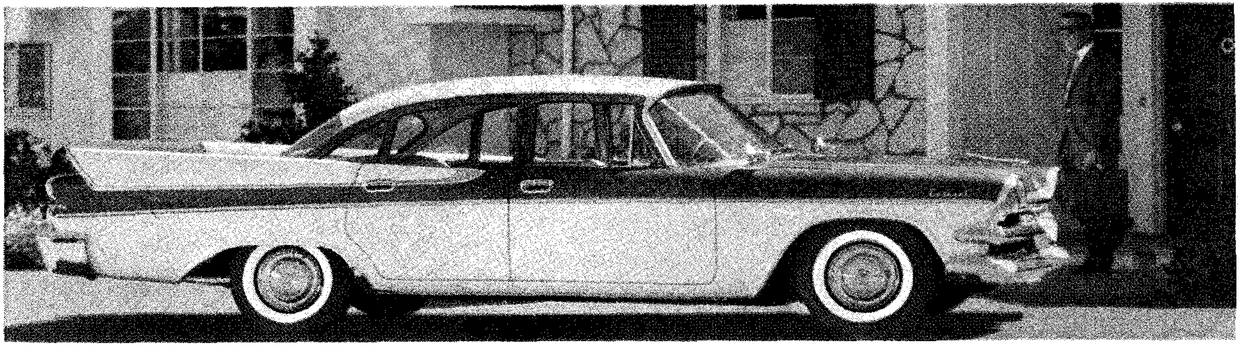
With people in every walk of life

THE SWITCH IS ON

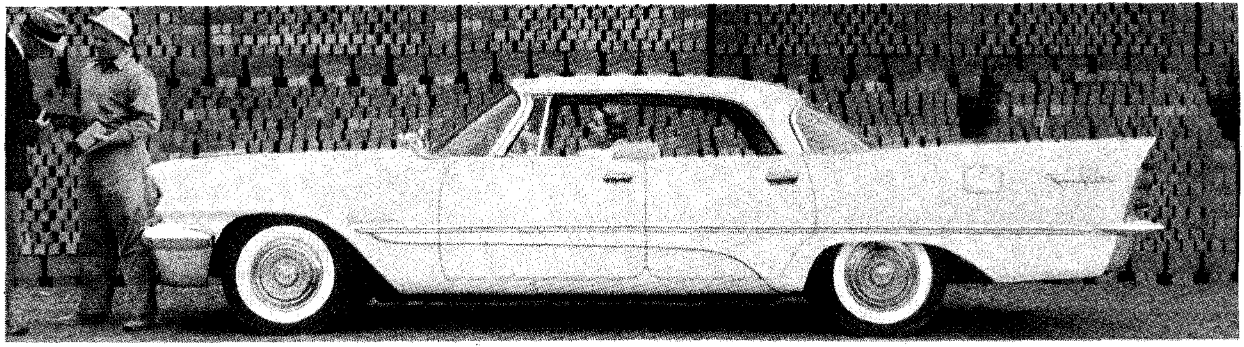
TO AMERICA'S STYLING LEADERS

YOUNG AMERICANS know good styling. To them, The New Shape of Motion, with its low, sleek lines that flow into fins, is *really* whistlebait! Here's a sample—a PLYMOUTH BELVEDERE convertible with the action-packed look that delivers great get-up-and-go!

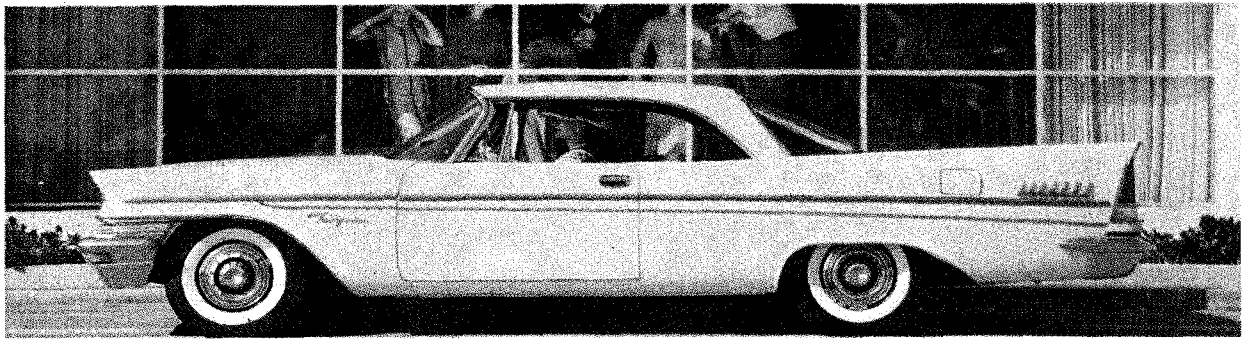
BUSINESS and professional people find new Torsion-Aire Ride much more relaxing. Torsion-Aire Ride . . . Push-button TorqueFlite and Full-Time power steering are all Chrysler Corporation performance *exclusives!* The four-door sedan: DODGE CORONET.



PEOPLE familiar with design praise styling with a *purpose.* Fin styling, as in this DE SOTO FIREFLITE 4-door Sportsman, helps steady the car *at normal driving speeds.* (De Soto prices start next to the lowest—De Soto performance matches the highest!)



HOUSEWIVES and fashion experts say the interiors are *inspired.* At right, a CHRYSLER NEW YORKER 2-door hardtop. Chrysler luxury is more popular than ever—thanks to a new *medium*-price Windsor. Don't let its beauty blind you—this car is as brawny as they come!



SPORTSMEN like precision control, agile performance. And in the Imperial you find their most magnificent expression. No car ever won so many discriminating motorists so fast. Shown: CROWN IMPERIAL 2-door SOUTHAMPTON.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION ➤ THE *FORWARD* LOOK

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

A TOAST TO MARGARITA . . .

Stirring tribute, indeed! But then a Tequila Margarita with *Cuervo* invites uncommon praise . . . a cocktail for those unhurried moments when one can pause to relish properly each special rite of preparation, to anticipate each measured taste. Consider first the salting of the glass: Crystals thinly spread on a dry napkin, then the moistened champagne glass twirled lightly until just the rim is edged with salt. Next the Margarita—jigger of Jose Cuervo Tequila, juice of one lime, half jigger of Triple Sec—well-shaken with shaved ice and quickly poured. The moment at hand, you taste . . . slowly, consciously . . . *Muy simpático!* Surprised? You shouldn't be, for Cuervo Tequila is equally delightful in most cocktails. Pardon a suggestion, but we highly recommend a tequila martini, sour or the exotic tequila sunrise. With Cuervo, please . . . supreme quality for 150 years.

TEQUILA
CUERVO
TEQUILA
JOSE CUERVO
TEQUILA, JAL.

WHITE OR
GOLD LABEL

86 PROOF

JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA

SOLE U.S. IMPORTERS YOUNG'S MARKET COMPANY, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

enty girls of about the same age were clearly visible in a large, sunny room behind a plate-glass partition, busily selling tickets, counting money with the help of abacuses, and generally furthering the sinful business in hand. And the theme of innocence was carried out elsewhere, too. Near the main gate was a crèche where railbirds could leave their children; it had a pretty garden, a small zoo, the usual slides and climbing frames, and a squad of pretty nursemaids. The track also provided a shrine where owners could—and in my observation did—pray for good luck. It was in a small but effectively landscaped garden handy to the saddling enclosure, and at its gate was a cluster of scarlet-and-white banners inscribed with requests and thanks to the *kami*, or spirits, who make horses run well or badly. The crowd, I noticed while I was eating a dish of beautifully cooked crayfish in the excellent restaurant, was an oddly respectable one—quiet, well behaved, and with very little of the raffish or sporting about it. Rather more than half the women wore kimonos of the unspectacular lower-middle-class kind, sober in color and of either unpatterned or very simply patterned materials, while most of the men wore the sharply blue-colored suits that are the uniform of office workers and other employees of the lower ranks. Nobody wore anything comparable to American play clothes. The majority had race cards and tip sheets, which they studied with almost ferocious intensity; before each race, the enclosure was dotted with small circles of fans squatting on their hunkers and planning their bets in great seriousness. At saddling-up time, they would move over to the paddock and watch the ceremony of saddling and mounting with an almost religious concentration. As I looked at the faces trying so hard to size up the possibilities of a surprise lurking in the appearance and behavior of the horses, I recalled the abstracted expression of the *pachinko* players in the Tokyo saloons. *Pachinko* is simply pinball. The player stands in front of an upright board, pulls back a plunger, and shoots a ball into a maze of pins. He has very little control over the ball, and it is more or less a matter of chance whether it falls into a high-score slot or a low-score slot or vanishes without registering anything. The player has twenty balls at his disposal, and if his total score is high enough, he wins a small prize. All day, and most of the night, the *pachinko* saloons in Tokyo are filled to the doors with rows of men and women playing in deadly earnest, paying ten yen for a turn and praying for a win. The law of averages will

(Advertisement)

You get more for less in South America because

YOUR DOLLARS GO FURTHER

You go for less because there's a 30% reduction in air fares to South America. And you live for less during your stay because favorable exchange rates stretch your dollars.

Day-by-day itinerary of a typical tour tells you how much you can see and do in the continent of contrasts. All packed and ready? Then let's go!

Leave New York after lunch. Fly by way of Miami to Panama. You'll be there in the late evening. You'll find a room with bath waiting at deluxe Hotel El Panama.

Next morning, a car will pick you up to drive you through Panama City, out to the ruins of Old Panama, along the seafront to Ancon and Balboa and to the Miraflores Locks in the Canal.

That night, you'll leave Panama and fly to Lima, Peru, arriving in time for breakfast. On your way from the airport to the Hotel Bolivar, you'll discover that you're in one of the loveliest cities in the world. Wide avenues with beautiful homes, narrow streets overhung with wooden balconies . . . great plazas with imposing old Spanish architecture.

Lima is exciting, and you'll be there several days. A sightseeing drive will take you to see the Bull Ring, Tomb of Pizarro, Hall of the Inquisition, mansions, suburbs and Inca Museum. You'll have extra time for golf, swimming, shopping. You'll find fabulous bargains in silver. Though in the tropic zone, Lima is cooled by the Humboldt Current, has a year-round average temperature of 70°.

On the morning of the 7th day, you wave farewell to Lima and take off for Santiago, Chile. This flight will show you some of the greatest peaks of the Andes. And after you've lunched you can watch for the first appearance of modern Santiago, nestled in a valley between walls of peaks. Stream-lined houses sit in flower gardens. You'll drive from the airport to the fashionable Hotel Crillon via beautiful Avenida O'Higgins. Its name is one of many traces you'll find of British and Irish ancestry in Chile.

In the next 3 days, you'll have a sightseeing drive to see buildings, parks, gardens, the shopping district, Opera House, and to the top of San Cristobal Hill at nightfall just as the city lights go on. Another day, you'll have first-class rail tickets to Valparaiso, seaport next to Viña del Mar, the "Monte Carlo of Chile."

Across the Andes on the 11th day. You'll leave Santiago after lunch and arrive in Buenos Aires, Argentina at dusk. This flight takes you within sight of Aconcagua, highest mountain in the New World. Crossing the Andes is the most dramatic 20 minutes you could have anywhere in the world.

Buenos Aires, called "The Paris of South America," will woo you with its beauty, gaiety, sophistication . . . and with Argentine beef that is thick, juicy, tender and costs next to nothing. Filet Mignon, 50¢; Sirloin, 47¢; Tenderloin, 45¢. You'll stay at the Hotel City for five days with time to explore on your own. And you'll have a guided sightseeing drive to the Opera House, Capitol, Casa Rosada, Rosedal, Palermo Park Racecourse, Paris-like boulevards and suburbs.

The morning of the 16th day, leave Buenos Aires and take an hour's flight over "The River of Silver" to Montevideo, Uruguay. You'll stay at the Hotel Nogaro. Sightseeing will take you along the river-front, to Carrasco and near-by beaches, to the Capitol and the top of the hill which gave Montevideo its name. You'll have time to drive to ocean beaches.

On the 18th day, fly on to São Paulo, Brazil. You'll arrive at the Hotel Othon Palace at what you might consider dinner-time. But in South America, cocktails start about 9. And dinner can last until midnight. In the next two days, you'll visit the famous Butantan Snake Farm. And travel first-class rail to Santos to visit the Coffee Exchange, Vila dos Passaros, Orchid Farm and near-by Guaruja.

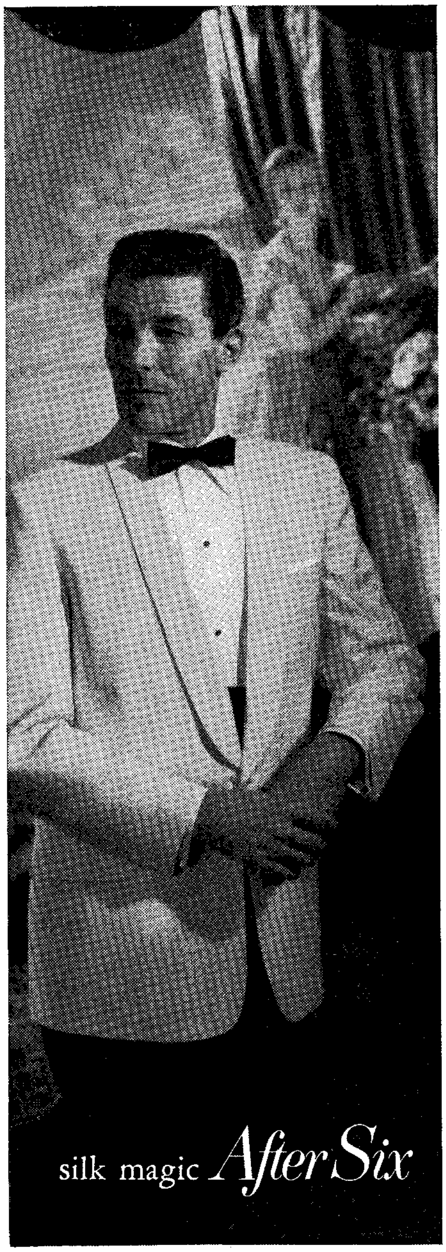
On to Rio, on your 20th day. It's an hour's flight from São Paulo. Time will race as you admire the scenic coastline and reach the climax of your flight with your air view of the heavenly harbor. In Rio, you stay at the Hotel Miramar Palace. Your sightseeing will take you to beaches, the government and residential sections, to bay-front boulevards, and to the top of breath-taking Sugar Loaf.

On the 25th day, you'll fly overnight to San Juan, Puerto Rico. You stay at the Condado Beach Hotel with two days for sightseeing—as well as a drive to Morro Castle, Marine Gardens, old Spanish sections and School of Tropical Medicine. On the 28th day you fly to New York.

This is Pan Am Holiday #703. What does it cost? $861.80 from Miami . . . $923.40 from New York. Cost includes round trip by air, hotel accommodations, sightseeing.

Your flights are by pressurized DC-6Bs with Pan American-Grace Airways (Panagra) on the West Coast and Pan American World Airways on the East. For slightly more, you can fly deluxe *El InterAmericano* DC-7s equipped with radar.

The stops and the length of this trip are given as an example of what you can do down there with a dollar. There are many trips that you can choose from . . . from 11 days to a month . . . guided all the way . . . or a combination of guided and on-your-own. You can get a handful of free folders and read the whole story. Ask your Travel Agent or write Mr. Don Wilson, **Panagra,** Room 4421, Chrysler Building, New York 17, N.Y.



The poised gentleman wears a most ennobling garb . . . frosty white imported Como silk shantung. The Avant Garde styling is in a casual, relaxed mood. The luxurious fabric is light and lustrous in an elegant manner. The mood, the manner, the magic are yours, After Six!

(Silks, rayons and Dacron blends, $27.95 to $85. Slightly higher far west and Canada.)

After Six
BY RUDOFKER

Write for free Dress Chart and Booklet by Bert Bacharach, authority on men's fashions.
AFTER SIX FORMALS • DEPT. N, PHILA. 3, PA.

eventually bring them a prize, which is unlikely to be worth what the player has put into the machine. But it gives him the sense of being a winner, and he goes off happy.

After looking at the rapt faces of the horseplayers around the saddling enclosure for a few minutes, I asked Masuda what sort of people they were, and I found not only that a comparison with the *pachinko* crowd had struck him, too, but that, more interestingly, he had decided to forget he couldn't speak English. He answered, with quite unexpected fire, "They're just like *pachinko* players—mediocrities and boobies, the scum of the earth, the people who want something for nothing." He smiled a rather catlike smile, and added, "They're the members of the numberless flock to whom democracy entrusts the future."

I wanted to take him up on this, but there wasn't time. The horses, led by a splendidly dressed *maître écuyer* mounted on an enormous and beautifully accoutred dapple gray, were filing onto the track. As they moved off, the crowd broke up and carried us and our conversation away. By the time we reached our box, the subject was lost, and Masuda was back at his old game of pretending not to speak enough English to be able to say anything important.

Masuda was still keeping up the pretense at the end of the day, when we were on our way back into Tokyo, and only abandoned it as we were dropping Kosato off at her parents' house. Then he abruptly said, "Let's go and get something to eat; I feel like talking." We went down a tiny alley to a *yakitori*, a place where small, strongly seasoned pieces of chicken, skewered on slivers of bamboo, are grilled over a charcoal fire. It is the equivalent of American short-order cooking; the customers sit on stools along a counter, behind which the chef works, taking the food right off the fire and popping it onto the customer's plate. A *yakitori* is generally a family business, the head of the family doing the cooking, his wife keeping the till, and his daughters, or a couple of country girls, acting as waitresses. In this regard, the *yakitori* made me think of France in the twenties, as I remember it, and I said as much to Masuda.

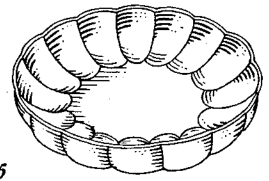
"You mean France at its last gasp," he said, smiling, and I looked at him in surprise. "Yes, that's what I said," he went on. "If you went to France in the late twenties and early thirties, you were enjoying the last vestiges of its

MOANA
PRINCESS KAIULANI
on the beach at
Waikiki, Hawaii

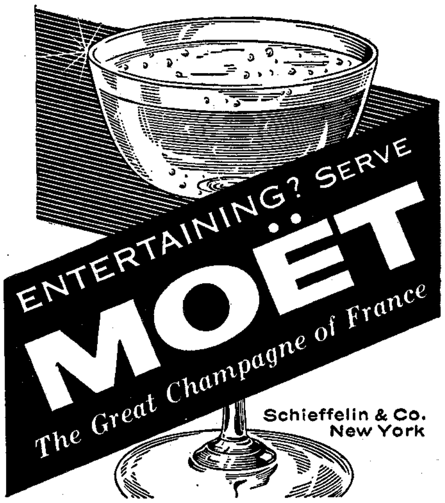
The pleasures of the surf . . . the colorful life of the beach . . . the beauty of Hawaii lie spread before the Princess Kaiulani and the Moana. You'll find them the perfect starting points for a round of Island pleasure. European Plan from $8 daily for two.

MATSON HOTELS
Edwin K. Hastings Vice President

English Silver
"Queen Anne" Fluted Dish



ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.



old culture—the bourgeois culture in which farmers and landlords were rich, in which work made people rich, and even happy, so that the smallest service was worth doing right, and doing to last. The France of before the flood—before inflation made savings meaningless and before industry made the idea of a rich farmer an absurdity."

I agreed that something of the sort had been in my mind, and Masuda looked at me maliciously. "I've been hearing a lot about you from Kosato. She's delighted with the way you are pleased with so much—the raw fish, the Japanese bed, the countryside, everything. When I first heard about you from Yukio, I wondered what sort of American you would be—the sort who would be shocked by our poverty or the sort who would want to snuggle up to it. I don't know, frankly, which I dislike most. I hope you don't mind my being frank—I rather liked today, and I decided to be frank. It's very unusual for me to want to be frank with any foreigner, and with an American in particular."

I asked crudely if this had anything to do with the war and the Occupation, and he shook his head. He took a blue pack of Peace cigarettes from his pocket and lit one.

"No, it isn't that," he said. "It's the question of good will. I'll try to explain what I mean. Because I am a university professor in a certain line, and because I speak very good English, I've become a sort of minor institution. Every American professor in my line, or in any related line, who comes here gets my name as a man to meet from the last person who came here. First, I get a letter from Professor So-and-So, saying that I'm sure to like his friend Professor Such-and-Such, who is coming to Japan. Then the friend arrives, saying that he is sure that if I get on with his colleague Professor So-and-So, we are bound to get on with each other. Then we smile, and we exchange terrible dishonesties. I don't know whether they realize how dishonest we are being or not. I often wonder. They start off by asking me a set of questions that never varies. Do I think democracy provides a future for Japan? Has the changed status of women had a profound effect on Japanese social life? And so forth. The answer to all the questions must be yes, because that is your party line—the great American party line, according to which all problems have solutions and all answers to questions must be hopeful. If I said no—that democracy is a meaningless idea for Japan for at least another five hundred years—the answer

"Standout" Spot...

for your new plant—in B&O's Land of Big Opportunity.
Follow the lead of "standout" industries, *Plan with a B&O man!*

PHONE OR WRITE:

T. G. GORDON, Industrial Agent
BALTIMORE 1—LExington 9-0400

G. E. FERENCE, Industrial Development Agt.
NEW YORK 4—DIgby 4-1600

A. C. TODD, Industrial Agent
CINCINNATI 2—DUnbar 1-2900

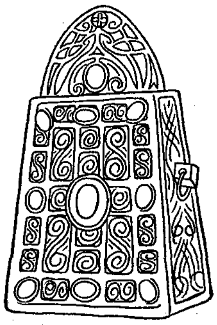
FIELDING H. LEWIS, Industrial Agent
PITTSBURGH 22—COurt 1-6220

W. E. OLIVER, Industrial Agent
CHICAGO 7—WAbash 2-2211

B&O

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD
Constantly *doing things*—better!

Ah, But The Bell Was St. Patrick's!



Shrine of St. Patrick's Bell, National Museum, Dublin.

WHO BUT THE IRISH would take a bell of iron and put it in a case of gold? But there's a reason (there always is, with the Irish!): The bell was St. Patrick's, and it was King Donall Ua Laichlann who decreed that his craftsmen should encase it in a beautiful shrine of gold. The Irish have always treasured fine things—in the very earliest days, even before Irish gold was smelted, royal craftsmen were hammering out masterpieces of brooches and clasps in bronze.

And well may we say that Irish Whiskey is a masterpiece of the distiller's art. *Whiskey was born in Ireland,* many centuries ago. The original traditions of quality and patient aging have been jealously maintained.

With your very first sip, Irish Whiskey makes friends with your taste. Enjoy this masterpiece straight, on-the-rocks, highballed, in Irish Coffee or as 'Irish and tonic.' It's a very fine whiskey indeed.

That's why so many men who know ALL whiskeys drink 'IRISH.'

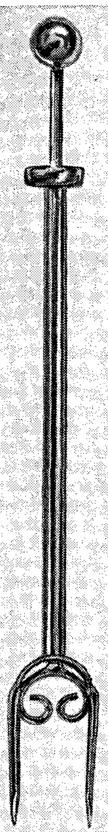
IRISH WHISKEY

IRISH WHISKEY DISTILLERS, IRELAND
Dunphy's Original Irish, Gilbey's Crock o' Gold, John Jameson, John Locke, John Power, Old Bushmills, Paddy, Tullamore Dew

would simply not be accepted. I would be put down as a malcontent or an embittered man. I can never, never give these people a disagreeable answer to any question. That would be like telling a child that the weather will probably be bad tomorrow and plans for the picnic will have to be cancelled. They want me to say things that will support them in their thinking that every Japanese would like to be an American and would like Japan to become America. They want me to say that I believe that if we live cleanly, practice the good democratic life, and install modern plumbing, we will become good Americans before long. They can see that a Japanese culture exists, but they can also see that it is very primitive and very inegalitarian, involving much hard work, and they are sure we must be eager to give it up for the better thing they have. I believe they are capable of believing anything—anything at all—provided only that it is pleasanter than the truth. They even ask me, you know, how I account for the popularity of General MacArthur among the Japanese, and I believe they genuinely think he *was* popular with us."

"What about the snugglers?" I asked, and he did not laugh but drew for a moment on the counter with his fingertip.

"I don't know quite how to answer," he said finally. "When one is lying and being dishonest, one always thinks how much easier it would be to tell the truth. Then, when one starts telling the truth, one finds out that lying was easier." He was silent again for a minute. "Many snugglers are refugees from something behind them," he went on. "They say that what they love is Japan, but what they enjoy is escape. You, for example—you're incurably bourgeois. You like being waited on, having your bed made for you, eating your meals without thinking about the cooking or the washing up, having things fetched and carried, walking through the fields and seeing peasants who know their social station hard at work. You like fine things, hand-woven materials, good china, chairs and tables made by good carpenters, foods and fruits that have never been bottled or canned—so you say you love Japan. What you mean is that you love a class system—what my visiting professors call social injustice—without which these things can't be had here or anywhere else. I think 'social injustice' is a stupid name for a reasonable social order—but you can't say that, even if you think it. That goes against the party line, so you have to



Select and Eject

This new fork of weighty sterling silver has an inner spring that ejects your pickles, lemon slices or cocktail tidbits without bedewing a finger. It's handy, too, for fruit fanciers in the Old Fashioned set, doubling nicely as a spear or muddling stick. 4¼"

Set of Four $11.50
Set of Six 17.25
Set of Eight 23.

Federal tax included. Add 35c beyond delivery area

Write or Phone Jean Tree PL 7-8100

BLACK STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET NEW YORK 36, N. Y.
MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS

An Exclusive Cottage Colony

Half Moon, situated on a magnificent beach in a private 42 acre park, is an ideal resort with pleasant year-round temperatures.

Consult your travel agent or N. Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20. Telephone CIrcle 6-9260.

Half Moon
HOTEL & COTTAGE COLONY
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

OUR NEW WASHABLE IRISH LINEN and DACRON BLEND

We've combined imported Irish linen with Dacron to achieve a lightweight fabric unmatched for practicality and tailored it in Fenn-Feinstein's distinctive tradition. In olive, natural and dark brown. Sizes 36-44, regular, short, long. 40-44, extra-long.

Coat only.......$32.50
Trousers only.......$14.50
Suit.......$47.00

Mail orders: Submit height, weight, chest measurements. Trousers sent uncuffed. Include 50¢ package postage. No C.O.D.'s please.

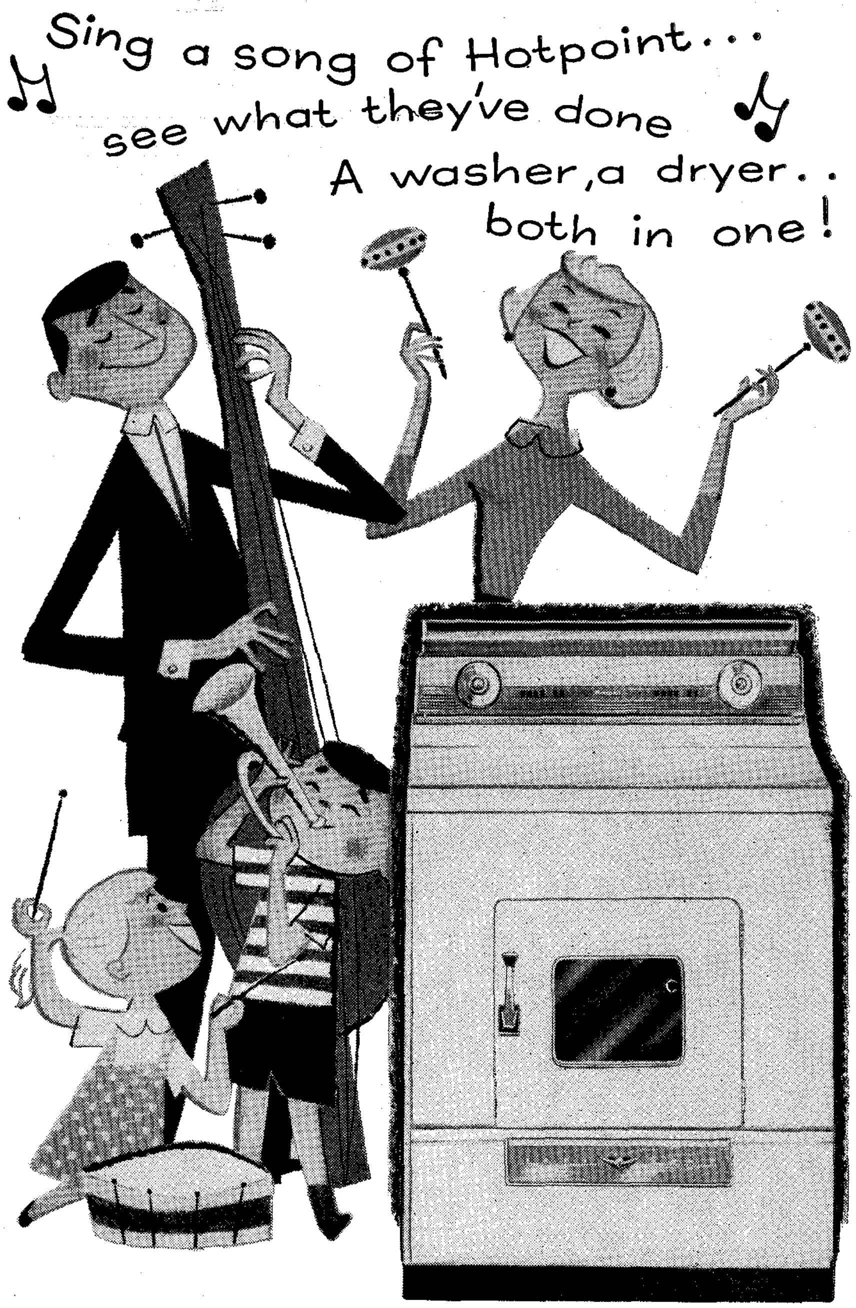
Fenn-Feinstein of NEW HAVEN
Tailors and Furnishers
9 EAST 49th ST. NEW YORK
264 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN

love democracy and love Japan at the same time."

We laughed to relieve the tension that had sprung up between us—the product of speaking the truth and recognizing it. "But there are lots of other reasons for loving Japan," he continued. "For instance, the Japanese don't worry much about sex, and it's more or less a private matter how you like it. The moral issue comes up if an outside sexual relationship breaks up a marriage or upsets the parents of the people involved by making them feel insecure about their old age, but if things don't come to that, whom you go to bed with doesn't concern anybody but yourself. It's probably easier, and causes less trouble, to be a homosexual here than anywhere else. A good many Westerners come here and find the sudden release from moral pressure quite intoxicating. They get themselves traditional Japanese clothes made of beautiful materials, they are terribly nice to the women servants who kneel and bow to them with their hands on the floor when they come home, they have wonderful, intense friendships with Japanese—they love Japan. So do a lot of your Southerners. They're the really odd ones—the cracker type, with fair hair, fair eyebrows, and, worst of all, fair eyelashes. We find them literally repulsive. They snuggle up hardest of all—admiring *Bushido*, the warrior spirit; admiring the way Japanese women respect men; loving Japan; marrying Japanese girls, quite often."

"What do you suppose they are thinking about?" I asked.

"To begin with, I supposed it was simply sin," Masuda said. "I supposed their time in Japan was time out, in which they could do what they liked with colored people without being criticized. Japan is time out in that way for so many people. But then it occurred to me that they were probably deep in some fantasy of changing roles. The ones who marry generally marry a very poor type of Japanese girl, and if they live in Japan, they live the life of social pariahs. Often they can't get jobs and live on the fringe of Tokyo crime, or on their wives, who get jobs and keep them. They're mostly servicemen. They take their discharge here and come out of the Army with savings enough to keep them for a year or two; after that they have a year trying swindles on the currency exchange or working for practically nothing for some Japanese firm. Then they're licked and have to go home and stop being white pariahs in a colored man's country." He looked at me thoughtfully. "That's the real


Sing a song of Hotpoint...
see what they've done
A washer, a dryer...
both in one!

NEW HOTPOINT "COMBO" WASHER-DRYER

AMERICA'S HAPPIEST HOME LAUNDRY IDEA!

Takes the space of *one*, does the work of *two*. Automatically washes *and dries*—in one continuous push-button operation. Nylon or denim, bath towels or fluffy curtains—just touch a *button* for the right wash, rinse, and drying temperatures. Flick a *dial* for timing. Set it instantly for partial loads.

All fabrics, even those you've been doing by hand, are washed and dried safely in exactly the right heat. They come out clean, sweet, fluffy—many pieces ready to wear.

The Hotpoint "Combo" takes no more space than a single laundry appliance. You can put it in any convenient spot that's too small for two appliances. Beautiful colors too—five pastel tones, as well as white.

See your Hotpoint dealer soon.

Hotpoint

Hotpoint Co. (A Division of General Electric Company), Chicago 44 is greenwich village defunct?

In some Village apartments the sling chair creaks, the hi-fi shrieks, and the air is conditioned all day. And yet, the next beard you meet on Bleecker Street may be hiding the Tennessee Williams of 1958.

For the low-down on downtown New York, read Frederic Morton's *An Artful Guide to Greenwich Village* in July Holiday Magazine. (It even names the spots where the *real* Villagers hang out!)

This article comes gift-wrapped in the most exciting issue of the most exciting magazine in America! It's Holiday's summer TRAVEL U.S.A. issue—and it presents our country in an entirely new light.

Point is, *you* know what America looks like—but how does she seem to foreign eyes? We sent English author Alan Moorehead and Swiss photographer Emil Schulthess to find out. They've come up with a word and picture portrait of the U.S.A. that's packed with insights and observations most Americans would miss. *You'll* get a brand-new slant on where to go, what to see, and what to do with your vacation days this summer!

And that's not all. Holiday's summer TRAVEL U.S.A. issue includes a *Handbook of What to Wear Where;* Holiday's *Restaurant Awards for 1957;* a coast-to-coast *Calendar of Summer Events;* and more. Get your copy of July Holiday Magazine today!

NOW ON SALE!

JULY
HOLIDAY
... magazine of the new active leisure!

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

reason we Japanese hate Western snugglers, if you want me to be frank," he said. "They love Japan too quickly and for the wrong reasons, and they want to belong—to melt into the real life of the country—and it can't be done. After a time, long or short, the snuggler realizes that he won't ever make it—he's a white man, not an Asian. The difference is always between him and his friends, between him and his Japanese wife, even if it's never mentioned. He's always on the outside, never really inside. He feels hurt and resentful, and he ends by hating us."

We paid the bill and left the *yakitori* in the usual flurry of courtesy from the entire staff, who bowed us out into the tiny alley. We turned onto a broader street and dodged traffic for a time. When it was possible to talk again, Masuda spoke.

"I don't suppose you realize quite how unusual the conversation we are having is," he said. "I don't mean to sound vain, but there probably aren't two thousand Japanese alive who can speak English as well as I can—so that it conveys their real thoughts. We find English easy to read but not easy to absorb. Few of us ever learn to think in it. You may not meet another person in all Japan who will be able to talk with you as I can. You know what the Japanese you can talk is like. 'What is this?' 'That is such-and-such.' And so on. It's easy to pick up, but getting beyond it is horribly difficult. It is worse the other way around. Every schoolboy in Japan over the age of twelve will be able to say 'Good morning' to you, and almost every schoolboy over fourteen will have read through Aesop's story of the fox and the grapes, but not one in ten thousand of them will be able to phrase an original idea. Even university students will talk baby talk to you. Look at Kosato. Probably she seems backward to you—like a bright girl of fourteen—but she's twenty-four and exceptionally intelligent. She talks baby talk to you even though she's thinking perfectly soundly and clearly. You'll meet many Japanese who will say interesting things to her for interpretation to you, and they will come to you as the sort of thing a child might say. And what you want to say in reply will be scrubbed of all its nuances and implications—of a third, or perhaps two-thirds, of its meaning. The language difficulty is a filter through which very little passes. If you don't remember this, you will go away thinking that you have had a happy time living among bright and charming children."

Masuda stopped under a street lamp

The new man-tailored TERRY SHIRT

The newest in terry — a luxurious man-tailored shirt for every season, every wear! Pairs off perfectly with skirts, slacks, fancy pants or shorts. Ideal for golfing, sailing, after tennis, after swimming—or just casual at-home lounging. Small, medium and large. Thick, plush terry in white, pink, aqua-blue. Specify size and color; add 25c for shipping. $6.95

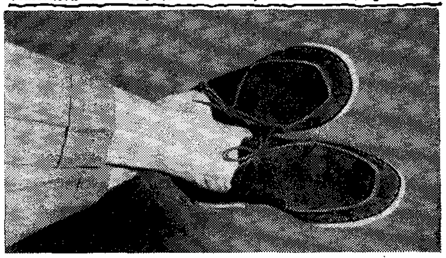
Write for free beachwear catalog.

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

The Ultimate in Acapulco! Mexico

HOTEL PIERRE MARQUES

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or International Representative
Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York • Chicago • Wash., D. C.
Boston • Miami • Toronto • London
Affiliated with the Hotel Pierre, New York City



Our **Foot Glove,** from Italy ... reverse calf ... olive or russet ... crome leather soles.
Sizes 7-12 $14.50
Mail orders filled

Hatton-Case
GENTLEMEN'S APPAREL AND GROOMING
16 E. 55th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. • PL 3-1200

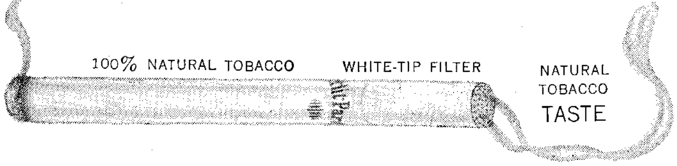
Smoke white-tip filter **Hit Parade**

Mm-mm, that's tobacco!
Your taste can't tell the filter's there!

FILTER TIP
Hit Parade
CIGARETTES
KING SIZE
Hit Parade
Hit Parade

Full king size

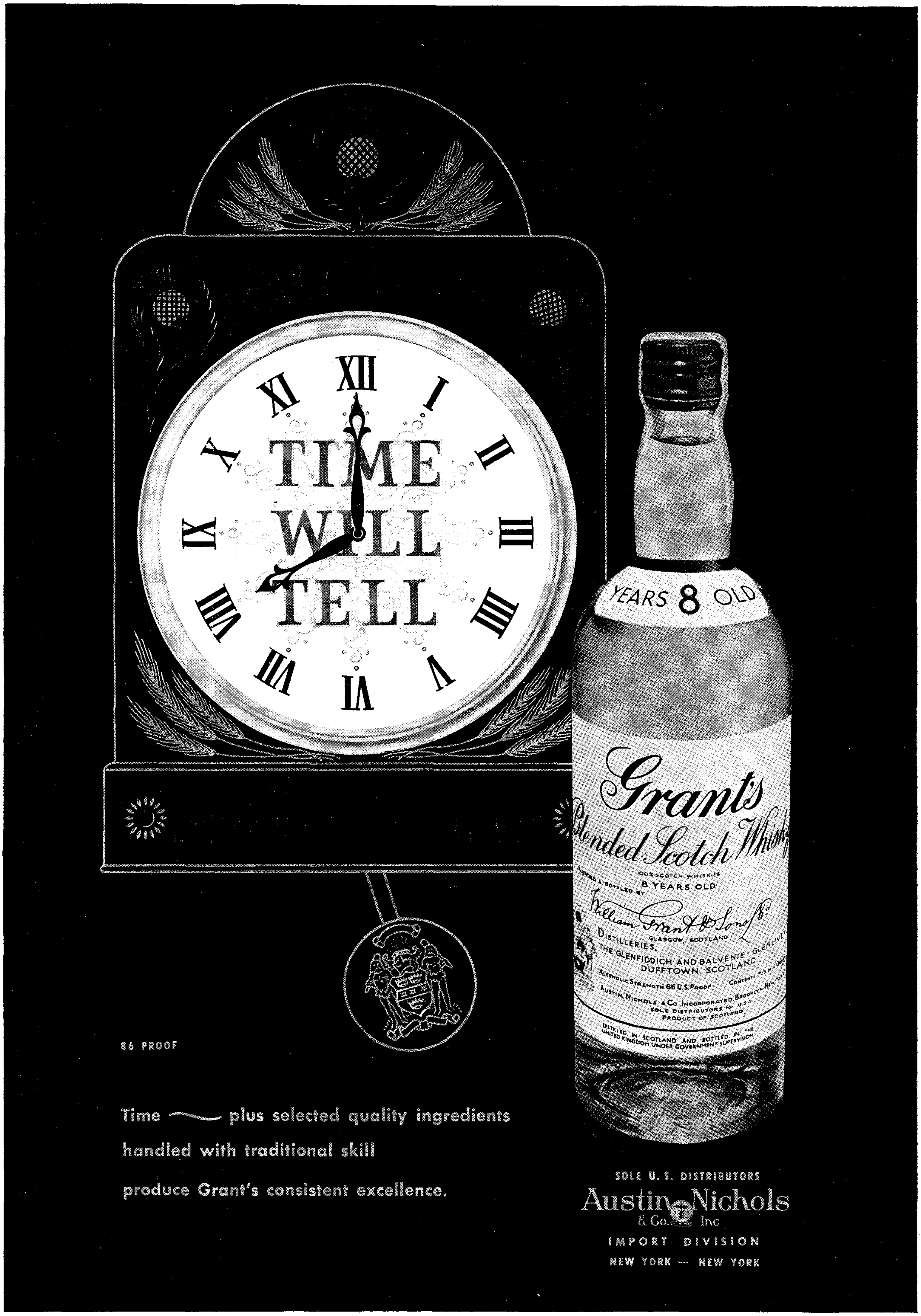
Hit Parade is one filter cigarette with 100% Natural Tobacco—to give you that natural tobacco taste!


100% NATURAL TOBACCO
WHITE-TIP FILTER
NATURAL TOBACCO TASTE

Have *you* tried filter tip Hit Parade? It's different! Draws easy . . . smokes mild . . . tastes great. Full king size. Buy a pack today!

"Tobacco is our middle name" *The American Tobacco Company*

© A. T. Co.


TIME WILL TELL
YEARS 8 OLD
Grant's
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
8 YEARS OLD
William Grant & Sons Ltd
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
DISTILLERIES,
THE GLENFIDDICH AND BALVENIE-GLENLIVET
DUFFTOWN, SCOTLAND
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 86 U.S. PROOF
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INCORPORATED, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS for U.S.A.
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

86 PROOF

Time —— plus selected quality ingredients
handled with traditional skill
produce Grant's consistent excellence.

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS
Austin, Nichols
& Co. Inc
IMPORT DIVISION
NEW YORK — NEW YORK

to light a cigarette, and I was struck by the ardent, passionate, eighteen-nineties cast of his face. He looked just as I imagine Max Beerbohm's Enoch Soames looked when he consulted the British Museum's catalogue of the year 1997 and found that he had lived in vain.

"When General MacArthur left Japan, he said that the mental age of the average Japanese was about twelve years," Masuda began, and then broke off. We walked a fairly long way in silence, crossing a wide waste of poor streets and trolley lines before coming out on a rough pavement that skirted the Imperial Palace moat. The moat seemed to fall away for a tremendous distance, down to water that reflected the reddish glow thrown up onto the low-hanging clouds by Tokyo's night lights. The air was damp and soft. We passed the heaps of rubble and the figure of a general riding a horse that are all that remains of the old Japanese General Staff Headquarters and War Ministry.

"I wonder what you are thinking," Masuda said eventually. "If you were one of my visiting professors, you'd be thinking that I am a sick man. Anyone who doesn't think healthy, normal thoughts is sick; it is sick to believe in difficulties and in obstacles that cannot be overcome. I am Japanese and I know that life is very difficult, that some obstacles are irremovable."

As I muttered something polite, I recognized the gateway of the British Embassy, across the street. It was being picketed by two students who had a white cloth stretched out between them with "Stop the Christmas Island Horror" neatly lettered on it in black. An impassive policeman watched them from a little distance. We walked on—past a small, dusty park where a few mildly drunk men chattered and sang under the cherry trees and the municipal lanterns, past a hideous hotel building—to the Yasukuni Shrine. Masuda led me across the street and into its grounds by the main entrance. We walked up a ramp, under a huge version of the pillared gateway that marks all Shinto shrines, and into a forest of stone lanterns. We looked through another huge gate at the main buildings of the shrine, in the inner precinct.

"Is this an old shrine?" I asked, and Masuda shook his head.

"No, no, quite new," he said. "It was only founded in 1869." He paused, and then continued. "Something very primitive happened in this place not long ago. Your Occupation forces tried to desecrate this shrine." He hesi-

JACKIE GLEASON
presents

the Love Hours

Here are four of the most romantic albums ever recorded—all in high fidelity, and all about love. Maestro Jackie Gleason's special touch with this kind of music is legend—and these are among the finest Gleasons on record. They're all hauntingly, unabashedly romantic—which is a pretty good reason one or two should be in everyone's collection.

JACKIE GLEASON
presents
music for the Love Hours

JACKIE GLEASON
PRESENTS
Music for Lovers Only

JACKIE GLEASON
presents
Night Winds

JACKIE GLEASON
PRESENTS
Music to make you misty

High fidelity albums from Capitol REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. RECORDS

TRAVEL QUIZ

Cheetahs are tamed for hunting in:

☐ *India* ☐ *Africa* ☐ *Malaya*

Tamed cheetahs, or hunting leopards, track down their prey at speeds up to 70 mph in India. When cashing your First National Bank of Chicago Travelers Checks there—or anywhere in the world—you'll find quick, cheerful acceptance. Ask for these checks at your bank.

World's largest coral structure is in:

☐ *Asia* ☐ *S. America* ☐ *Australia*

1,250 miles long and 80,000 square miles in area, the Great Barrier Reef of Australia is the world's largest coral aggregation. If you travel "down under" be sure to carry your funds in The First National Bank of Chicago Travelers Checks. There's full refund if lost or stolen and only you can cash them.

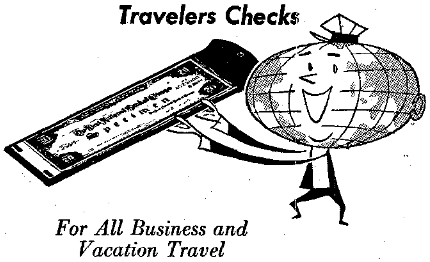
First ocean spanned by commercial aircraft was the:

☐ *Atlantic* ☐ *Pacific* ☐ *Indian*

The first ocean to be spanned by a commercial airliner was the Pacific and the historic flight was made in 1935. Wherever you fly nowadays, carry your travel cash safely—take along The First National Bank of Chicago Travelers Checks. Each denomination ($10, $20, $50, $100) is a different color to prevent errors in cashing.

The First National Bank of Chicago

Travelers Checks



For All Business and Vacation Travel

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

tated. "When a Japanese is killed fighting for his country, he becomes a *kami*—he joins the eight million *kami* of springs, trees, mountains, rivers, and bridges that are worshipped under the Shinto religion. A dead soldier belongs nowhere, is lost, until his name and the date and place of his death are inscribed on the register of this shrine. Then he lives here."

"Do you believe what you are saying?" I asked.

Masuda dodged my question. "Many people do," he said. "Many country people do, and many people from small towns, and even some Tokyo people. They come here to visit relatives who were killed in the war, and they bring them presents of their favorite foods." He paused again. "Your Occupation people stripped the shrine of its treasures and war trophies and defaced some of its monuments. They left it impoverished and derelict. When they had finished, there wasn't enough money to bring the registers up to date. That work was not completed until 1953. It was a great grief to many of our people to have their dead wandering homeless for so many years—as if they had died under a curse. It was eight years before all the two million spirits of the dead had come home here."

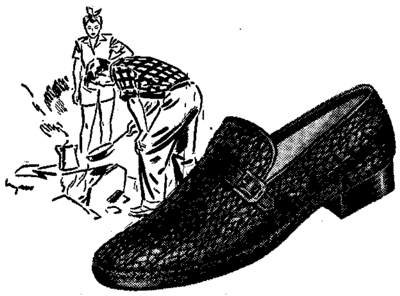
I looked at him curiously, wondering what he really meant to tell me, and decided to be obtuse. "Of course," I said, "a good many Germans were upset, too, by the way the Allies treated the monuments Hitler put up during his years of success."

"You don't understand me," Masuda said. "You don't want to. You must see what I mean. Behind all the sickening stuff people manage to talk about good will are things as primitive as this—punishing us for the war by preventing us from bringing home the *kami* of the dead soldiers and sailors. Your believers in the power of good will, in the idea of making things right by wishing them so, can pretend that this never happened, that it can be forgotten, that the general who let his subordinates organize this insane sacrilege was popular. And you people, the snugglers who come here to love Japan and be loved by it, you are just as bad. . . ." For a moment, sheer bitterness choked him.

"It was all a hideous mistake," I said. "It should never have happened."

"It?" he cried out. "It? What do you mean by that? What do you think the war was—some kind of accident? It was the end of what Commodore Perry began. When he forced us into the

A&F



Our Buckle Raffia Casuals

These newest of lightweight casuals for wear with slacks or shorts come from Italy where emphasis is on fashionable comfort. Leather lined, molded hand-sewn leather sole, leather heel.

Men's—Black or tan $14.95
Women's—Natural only . . . $12.95

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

NEW YORK—360 MADISON AVENUE
SUMMER SHOP, HYANNIS, MASS.
CHICAGO—VL&A—9 NO. WABASH

The Gordon Touch

Gordon of Philadelphia thinks it's senseless to simmer all summer in a swelter-weight suit. And unnecessary—now that the Gordon touch keeps you crisp and cool—even during dog days—in wrinkle-free fabrics that need only be washed and dripped dry. If you haven't yet been sold on Gordon, why not write for the name of your nearest store now?

Gordon Ford Sales Company, 350 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

The third generation of a famous family of portrait photographers

FABIAN
Bachrach
DIRECT COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS OF MEN
54 EAST 52ND STREET
PLaza 5-6233

world at gun point, we had been cut off from it for two hundred and sixty years. We had let the world alone, and all we asked was that it let us alone. But that wouldn't do. You people had to shoot your way in, force us to open our ports, force us to let you come here, force us to receive your ideas. We recognized the beginning of the process that brought ruin and enslavement to every other people in Asia, and we fought. This shrine was founded originally to receive the *kami* of the men who died in the civil wars that made our country united and strong enough to fight back. Then it was enlarged to give a home to those who died beating Russia out of our back yard, securing places from which we could be threatened, like Korea, and winning ourselves enough space in which to live our own life in our own way. We held out longer and more successfully than any other Asian people. This is the holy place of our resistance. It is no accident that your Occupation forces made a point of defiling it."

His face was shadowed and hard to see, and I felt shy about peering at him too closely. I wondered if he had been through some experience in the war that had left him a little unhinged, and realized as I did so that I was falling into the very fallacy he had put his finger on—telling myself he was sick because I didn't like his opinions.

"The Americans thought—and sincerely, I believe—that they were liberating you from a militarist tyranny," I said. "I think they did what they did to this shrine because they thought that it was the center of a militaristic cult."

"It was the center of our will to resist the destruction of our culture—that was why it was attacked," Masuda said quietly and definitely, as if he were saying something he knew to be so, and not as if he were putting forward a case that could be argued. "I know you people really believe in democracy, but it's poison for Japan. So is Westernization. Democracy weakens us and lays us open to Westernization. Cumulatively, these things are just as bad for us as Communization is for China. They destroy what is good in our lives and replace it with something second-rate. The great virtue of Japanese society is that it is an open society—but an open society that's free from pretense. It discovers what people are fit for, and it does a lot to make them happy doing just that. There's no pretense here that a cabdriver is exactly the same as a first-rate physicist or painter. He's their intellectual inferior, and he acknowledges it. We aren't, like Americans, always dreaming of being better

Merry Coolness
christmas in july
COLOGNE

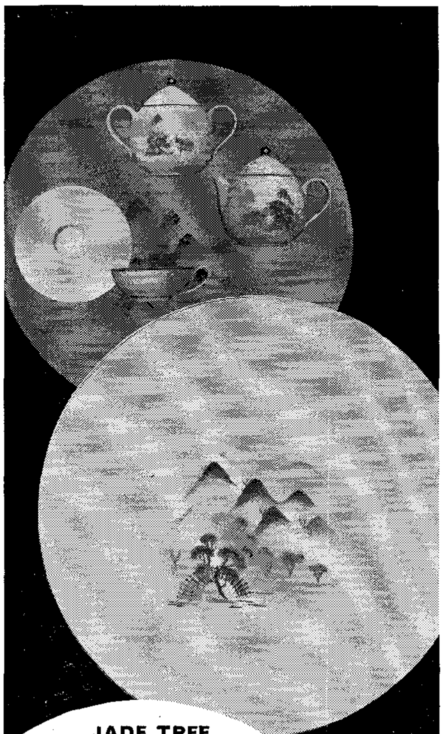
The snow-cool fragrance that lifts your sp
Try it in refreshing Cologne, 1.25, 2.00 • C
Purse Perfume, 2.50 • Dusting Powder, 1.50 • S

THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD

MADRAS SHORTS. Our exclusive fly-front shorts tailored by Florence Walsh in wonderful India Madras. Muted shades of blue, green or gold predominating. Sizes 10-18 **$8.95**

545 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK

PLEASE STATE COLOR PREFERENCE WHEN ORDERING



JADE TREE

by Sascha Brastoff

Charming oriental scene in soft turquoise and smoky grey on white, silver rim...finest translucent china.

Contemporary Ceramic Accessories
Custom Made Lamps • Dinnerware
Send 25c for brochure . Dept. N.Y.

SASCHA BRASTOFF PRODUCTS, INC.
11520 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles 64

off with someone else's status and trying to be something other than what we are fated to be."

"Do you believe in fate, in that sense?" I asked.

"No, of course not," he said. "But some people are first-rate, some are second-rate, some are third-rate, and most are worse than that. Let people do what they are fit for, and don't tell them that they're all capable of ruling the country."

We turned our backs on the shrine and walked toward the noisy street, with its trolleys and racing cabs. The reflection of the night glow from the town's entertainment quarter, beyond the dark mass of the Imperial Park, faintly lit the cherry trees in the shrine's enclosure, and made their branches look as if they were smothered in weightless snow. A damp wind, promising rain, stirred among them, and brought down a shower of petals. "Tokyo is Japan now," Masuda said. "Everything can go right for us or wrong for us here and, practically speaking, now—in the next few years. The race is between Westernization, which is the corruption that will spread and destroy us, and modernization, which is the business of learning how to do the new things in a Japanese way, a way that will save us. We will be destroyed if we begin to think that we can get together and vote ourselves happiness; we will survive if we go on recognizing that life is cruel and short, that we are poor, and that our chances of happiness are small. If we begin to lie to ourselves, the Western misery that makes you so destructive, and your cities so ugly, will engulf us, too."

I LEFT Masuda near the place where he had parked his car, and while I was driving on to my hotel in a little Renault taxi, I wondered what was gnawing at him, and whether Kosato would be able to tell me more about him in the morning. I was still wondering as I went in through the sliding wooden doors of the hotel's front yard, through the inner doors of the hotel entrance, through the sliding doors to its hallway, down the twisting passage, and through the three sets of sliding doors of the lobby, the dressing room, and the room itself. When they had all been pushed shut behind me, I felt very much inside my own private world, now protected even from the dangers of the tiny garden by the heavy wooden night shutters. Yuki, whose hours of duty began at seven in the morning and ended half an hour after midnight, brought me hot towels and tea, and took my linen to be washed.

Bargain Air Fares
to Latin America
MIAMI TO
RIO

30-DAY EXCURSION RATE
$392.70 ROUND TRIP

Fly REAL to Gay, Romantic Brazil! You'll travel first-class in a Douglas four-motor Skymaster (four flights weekly), with complimentary hot meals served aloft, attentive bi-lingual stewardesses, 66 lb. baggage allowance.
You'll have fun on Copacabana Beach... dance to exciting rhythms in fabulous nightclubs...see Sao Paulo, and other cities and sights that make Brazil your most thrilling travel adventure. Send for free illustrated brochure No. NY-700.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

FLY REAL

(BRAZILIAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES)
545 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.
LATIN AMERICA'S LARGEST AIRLINE

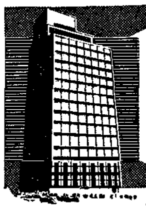
COUNTRY DRESS....$19.95

So wonderful for informal parties and dances. 3 tiered broomstick pleated skirt with either sleeveless or ¾ sleeved blouse. Finest cotton, classic bandanna type small white and black print on Red or Royal Blue background. All completely washable and color-fast. Sizes 8 to 20. Skirt with either blouse.............. $19.95

The Extra Blouse only $7.50

Order by mail to-day, No COD's. Satisf. guar. Specify size, color and which blouse.

WESTERN CLASSICS, Box 4035, Dept. CDY Tucson, Arizona



HOTEL BAMER
Mexico City
THE MOST
DISTINGUISHED HOTEL
AV. JUAREZ 52 MEXICO, CITY

When I was finally settled into my nest of comforters, feeling like some animal in a Beatrix Potter children's book, I tried to think of any other place where the people went in for wrapping themselves up and enclosing themselves to this extent. I couldn't, and only Tibet and Nepal came to mind as countries that had also tried Japan's device of withdrawing completely from human society by closing their frontiers to outsiders. I wondered if the two million Japanese service men who died during the war had really died to avenge Commodore Perry's invasion of their country's privacy. I wondered how many Japanese thought as passionately on this subject as Masuda, and I suddenly felt in Asia, and very much alone, and very glad to be protected and cherished inside the Yu Mei-kan. What was outside seemed cruel and strange, and I seemed to have no connection with it. It occurred to me that this was an idea that one could easily come to have about life itself, and that having such an idea would account for much of the business of living outward from a secure central point and of making the web of connections and obligations that are such a feature of Japanese life. I grew sleepy and turned out my light—a little wood-and-paper affair that had the peculiar ugliness of almost all Japanese electrical equipment. As the dark swept in on me, I saw the drifting petals at the Yasukuni Shrine again, and I realized that Masuda had, after all, taken me cherry-blossom viewing, just as I had wanted him to. —ANTHONY WEST

•

Q. How many more women than men are there in the United States at this time?
A. Approximately 1,500,000,000.
—*Ithaca Journal.*

You've just come from Macy's, that's what's the matter with you.

•

Gil Smith, football coach and science teacher of the Van Wert School, told of the G. O. Physical Year which will start in July and run for 18 months . . . —*Delphos (Ohio) Herald.*

As distinct from the G. I. Physical Year, which starts any time and runs for 24 months.

•

UP LIFE'S LADDER

[*From the Madelia (Minn.) Times-Messenger*]

WANTED—A job for the summer. I am 14 years old and will try anything. Franklin Klinkner, telephone MI 2-8234.

WANTED—Boy to take over my paper route. Franklin Klinkner, phone MI 2-8234, Madelia.

Who will help Fani?

Fani is 2. For her the war is not yet over. Only one year ago, her father was killed by a mine which had been planted by the rebels during the war in Greece. Bereft and desperate, the mother tries to look after her young child. "Home" is one damp room with floor of beaten earth. There are no facilities. Water is carried from the public fountain. The poor old grandfather shares his daily bread with Fani and her mother. He can do no more. In this depressed mountain area, Fani and her mother are destitute. There is no pension for the father's death—there is nowhere for them to turn. A graceful, sweet child, Fani is too young to comprehend her mother's grief, her tear-stained face—her anguish for her child whom she cannot even adequately feed, clothe or shelter. Your help to Fani will give her her daily bread, her clothes—and more, it will give this young mother a reason to live—to watch her child grow up. Won't you help a distressed child like Fani—for your help today means hope for tomorrow.

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will be sent the case history and photographs of "your child" upon receipt of application with initial payment. "Your child" is told that you are his or her Foster Parent. At once the child is touched by love and a sense of belonging. All correspondence is through our office, and is translated and encouraged. We do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives a monthly cash grant of nine dollars plus food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care to his or her needs.

Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, helping children, wherever the need—in France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, Western Germany, Korea and Viet Nam—and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the National Information Bureau. Your help is vital to a child struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?

© 1957 FPP, Inc.

Foster Parents' Plan, Inc.
352 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.
1937-1957 Our Twentieth Year

PARTIAL LIST OF SPONSORS AND FOSTER PARENTS
Mary Pickford
Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff
Dr. John Haynes Holmes
Jean Tennyson
Helen Hayes
Dr. Howard A. Rusk
Edward R. Murrow
Bing Crosby
K. C. Gifford
Gov. & Mrs. Walter Kohler
Charles R. Hook
Mr. and Mrs. John Cameron Swayze
Garry Moore

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN, INC.
352 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
In Canada: P. O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Que. NY6-22-57
A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year. If possible, sex........., age........., nationality....................
I will pay $15 a month for one year ($180). Payment will be monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), semi-annually ( ), yearly ( ).
I enclose herewith my first payment $..............................
B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing $..............................
Name..............................
Address..............................
City..............................Zone..........State..............................
Date..............................Contributions are deductible from Income Tax

TWO WEEKS WITH PLAY?

RENT A CAR FROM COUTURE IN

- CUBA
- PUERTO RICO
- FLORIDA
- COLORADO
- NEW YORK

TAKE A PLANE OR TRAIN, pick up car on arrival, drive off to vacation fun! Charge it with Diners', airline, or Couture card—ask for application!

PHONE RESERVATION OFFICES:
N. Y. CI 7-4886 • Chicago WE 9-2380
Denver FL 5-1691

Write for free folders:

Couture
RENT A CAR
825 Fifth Street, Miami Beach, Florida
See your travel agent, airline, railroad

JUSTERINI & BROOKS

Charles Dickens was an eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks who then as now provide the choicest in wines and spirits. Try the famous Rare J. & B. Scotch, of flavour unsurpassed.

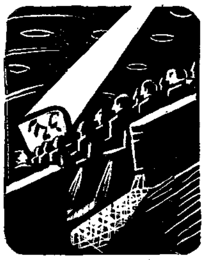
Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality

J&B
JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B

J&B SCOTCH WHISKY
86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky
Imported by THE PADDINGTON CORP.,
630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Sir Laurence and Marilyn



THE principal feature of the comedy called "The Prince and the Showgirl" is its juxtaposition of Sir Laurence Olivier and Marilyn Monroe as the hero and the heroine. Apart from the whimsicality of teaming up England's leading actor with a young lady whose dramatic experience has been largely confined to wriggling about in Technicolor pastries cooked up in Hollywood, it offers little in the way of diversion. Based on a play called "The Sleeping Prince," written by Terence Rattigan and adapted by him to the screen, the film deals with the adventures of an American chorine who attracts the attention of a stiff-necked, lecherous nobleman—the Regent of Carpathia, no less—while doing a turn in a London theatre in 1911. As interpreted by Sir Laurence, the Carpathian, who is in London for the coronation of George V, speaks with an almost impenetrable German accent, but he manages somehow to sweet-talk the showgirl into a midnight supper at his apartment in the Carpathian Embassy, and that leads to the old routine about the awkward roué and the reluctant lady. Sir Laurence and Miss Monroe do their damnedest to warm up this ancient chestnut, but their efforts are to no avail, and the show starts petering out almost immediately. The rules of Graustarkian comedy being what they are, it is to be expected that after the showgirl has rebuffed the Prince he should realize that she is a fine type and well worth his love, and that the showgirl, having squirmed out of his arms, should decide that, deep down, he is the sort of man she could go mad about. As the romance proceeds, the showgirl proves that she is a very bright operator politically, and presently she's strutting around Westminster Abbey as a lady-in-waiting to the Dowager Queen of Carpathia. She also lends a hand in frustrating a plot to relieve the Prince of his regency. But none of her activities are particularly funny, or even interesting, and Sir Laurence (who, by the way, produced and directed the picture) never succeeds in making his Carpathian very fascinating. A couple of amusing interludes are furnished by Sybil Thorndike and Richard Wattis, who portray the addled Dowager Queen and a stuffy English diplomat, and some films of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth are woven into the picture to lend it an air of authenticity.

"ISLAND IN THE SUN," an adaptation by Alfred Hayes of Alec Waugh's novel about the British West Indies, sprawls all over the place as it tries to get an enormously involved plot into some kind of focus. The film, which was made in Barbados and seeks to explain some of the racial problems of that part of the world, dashes here and there among the established British, the Johnny-come-lately colonials, and the Negroes, but never draws any logical conclusions. A couple of cases of miscegenation are described, the seduction of a local belle by the governor's son is introduced, and the whole affair winds up with the murder of an amiable bachelor by a jealous husband. Since nothing much is resolved by all this, "Island in the Sun," which was directed by Robert Rossen, seems a rather footless endeavor. However, the scenery is splendid, and there are expert performances by James Mason, who plays the jealous husband; John Williams, who plays a policeman; and Ronald Squire, who plays the governor.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

ERRATA

DEAR EDITOR:

Since mailing to you the texts of papers to be read at the Plant Maintenance & Engineering Conference, we have been asked by two speakers to pass on to you some changes in their texts.

#18. Maintenance in Chemical Plants—G. Standish Beebe.

Please make the following word changes:

Page 1, paragraph 2, line 11, change "help" to "the new employees."

Page 1, paragraph 5, line 3, change "help" to "manpower."

Page 1, paragraph 7, title, line 1, change "help" to "employees."

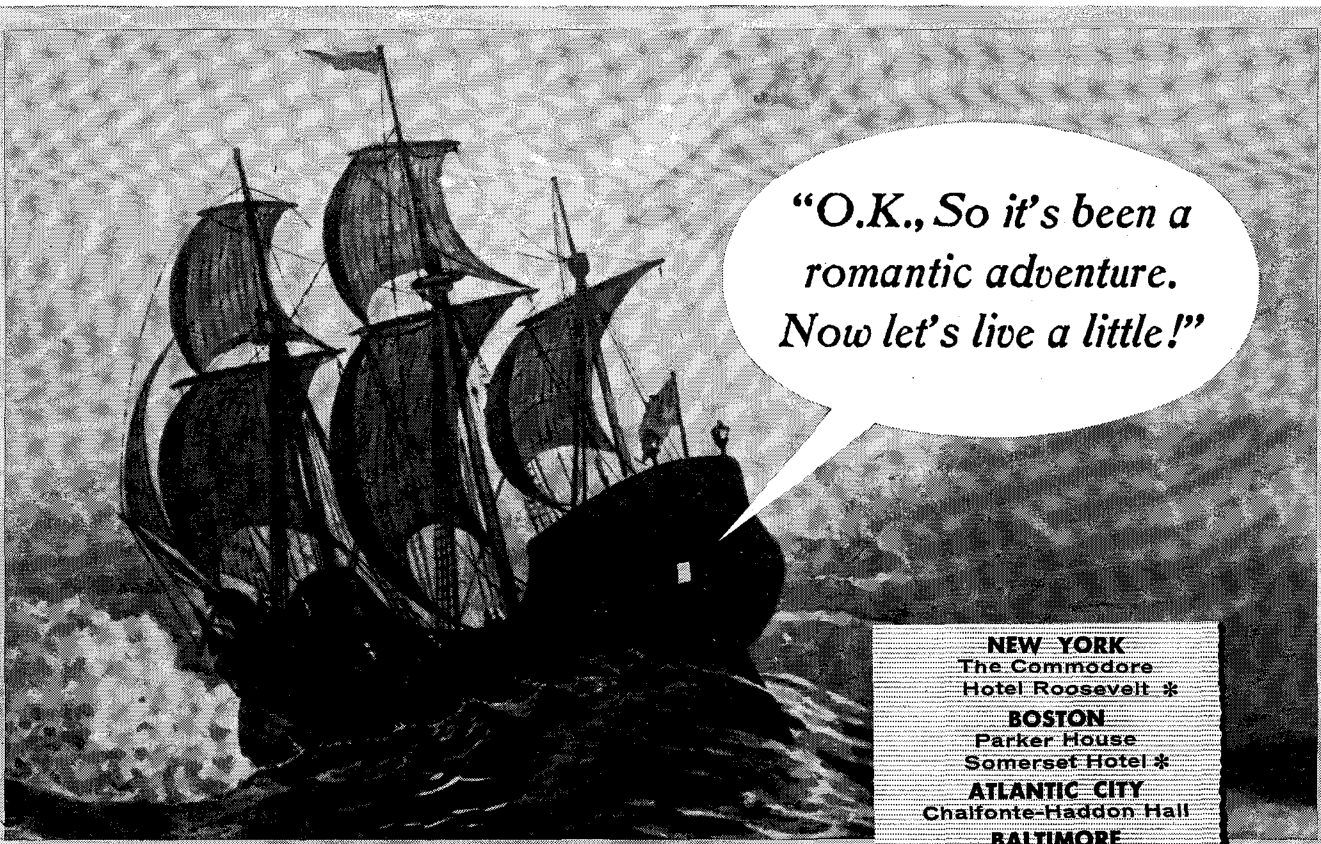
Page 1, paragraph 8, line 6, change the word "help" to "mechanic helpers."—*Communication from Banner & Grief, a public-relations firm.*

We will if we can get some help.

•

Mrs. Rudyard M. Hofmann of 5 Long Meadow Road was honored at a smorgasbord party for 30 guests, given in honor of her 50th birthday by her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Mark S. Gross. The party was given in their home in New Rochelle. Among those attending was Mr. Hofmann.—*Yonkers Herald Statesman.*

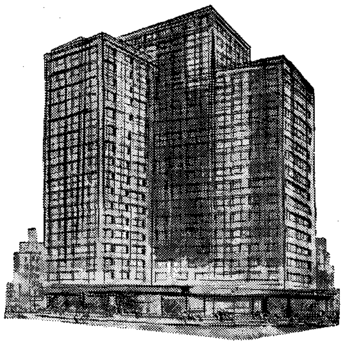
Kind of rounded the thing out.



"O.K., So it's been a romantic adventure. Now let's live a little!"

NEW YORK
The Commodore
Hotel Roosevelt ✻
BOSTON
Parker House
Somerset Hotel ✻
ATLANTIC CITY
Chalfonte-Haddon Hall
BALTIMORE
Lord Baltimore
WASHINGTON
The Mayflower ✻
PITTSBURGH
Carlton House
CLEVELAND
Hotel Cleveland ✻
CHICAGO
The Drake
Edgewater Beach Hotel ✻
ST. LOUIS
Chase & Park Plaza
DALLAS
The Adolphus
OKLAHOMA CITY
The Skirvin
SALT LAKE CITY
Hotel Utah
SAN FRANCISCO
The Mark Hopkins
LOS ANGELES
The Ambassador
MEXICO CITY
Hotel Del Prado

Want to hop out of that wet tub and into a dry martini? Want to be pampered with service? Want to enjoy superb accommodations and luxurious dining? Then set sail for your nearest Distinguished Hotel where individual attention and personalized hospitality are the proud tradition of independent innkeeping. Each of these hotels is a leader in its community, dispensing its own distinctive brand of gracious service. Among knowing travelers, they are the First Family of Hotels.



The Distinguished Hotel
in PITTSBURGH
The
CARLTON HOUSE

The Carlton House keeps pace with the dynamic growth of Pittsburgh, providing visitors with the most modern hotel facilities to be found anywhere.

dh
Distinguished
HOTELS
WARNER REPRESENTED

Instant Reservation Service *FREE RESERVATION SERVICE THROUGH ANY OF THESE HOTELS OR:* ROBERT F. WARNER, INC. Service Offices in New York, Boston, Chicago, Washington, Miami, Toronto and London, England, or GLEN W. FAWCETT, INC. Offices in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle.

✻—Hotel Corporation of America Cooperating With Distinguished Hotels

WRITE FOR FOLDER: EXECUTIVE OFFICES, DISTINGUISHED HOTELS • 17 E. 45th ST., N. Y. 17, N. Y. • MURRAY HILL 2-4300

Henri Fayette
CHRISTMAS CARDS

NEW 1957
COLLECTION

Personal representatives in most important social centers.

HENRI FAYETTE Inc.
2735 Armitage Avenue
Chicago 47, U. S. A.

New...the exclusive sound track album from Otto Preminger's great motion picture

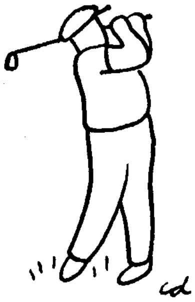
Mischa Spoliansky's brilliant and unusual score for Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*—in glorious high fidelity.

Another motion picture sound track album from

Capitol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
RECORDS

TEE AND GREEN

The Open



THE Fifty-seventh United States Open Championship, played last week over the long, compact Inverness Club course in Toledo, and won by Dick Mayer, a thirty-four-year-old professional from St. Petersburg, Florida, was an in-and-out affair as far as excitement went, but with considerably more ins than outs. Thursday, the opening day, produced, among other things, eleven scores of par or better from the starting field of a hundred and sixty-two, and what I am sure was the most spectacular electrical storm ever to deluge an Open. Accompanied by rain that cut visibility to twenty feet and winds that whipped up to better than sixty miles an hour, the storm lasted only twenty-five minutes or so, but it was more than an hour before some of the worst puddles drained off and play could be resumed.

The less said about Friday's play the better. Connoisseurs of Opens agreed that they had never seen a less distinguished second round. There was plenty of competent golf, of course, but no drama, no astonishing shots—no nothing. Saturday, however, was an entirely different story. A crowd of 15,800 spectators turned out—the largest in the history of the tournament—and there was easily enough going on to stimulate everybody, especially around the eighteenth hole, a three-hundred-and-thirty-yard, par-four affair, in the final round. First, Mayer, landing about ten feet from the hole and needing a 4 to tie Jimmy Demaret, the golfing grandfather from Kiamesha Lake, New York, who at the time was out in front with a 283, sank his third for a birdie-3, putting him in the lead. And an hour later, Dr. Cary Middlecoff, of Memphis, the defending champion, showed up needing a birdie to tie Mayer, and he got it in precisely the same way—right down to the ten-foot putt.

The playoff on Sunday was—as playoffs, for some reason, generally are—on the anticlimactic side. For one thing, the crowd was considerably less than a third of what it had been the day before, and large crowds seem to breed their own excitement. Also, while both Middlecoff and Mayer are personable fellows and splendid golfers, they just don't have the popular appeal of, say, Ben Hogan or Sam Snead. A playoff between those two would have brought people flying in from all over the country. But Hogan, as you doubtless know, never lifted a club, having come down with pleurisy Wednesday night, and Snead's game was such that he was never a real threat, and finished with a 290. As you also doubtless know, Mayer took Middlecoff's title away from him in the eighteen-hole playoff by scoring a 72, giving him a comfortable margin of seven strokes.

THE Inverness course measures nearly seven thousand yards, and right after Thursday's cloudburst it played at least as long as that, but the hot sun of the two following days baked it so hard that by Saturday afternoon it was playing more like the average, shorter layout, and the power hitters were trying to reach the twelfth hole, which, at five hundred and twenty-seven yards, is the longest on the course, with their second shots. Quite a few succeeded. This hole held no terrors at all for George Bayer, of San Gabriel, California, who unquestionably gets more distance than anybody else in the game. On Thursday, after the fairways had become drenched, he reached the green with a drive and a five-iron. The next day, by the way, he bounced his tee shot three hundred and thirty yards into the trap guarding the eighteenth, even though he had used a two-wood to guard against such an eventuality.

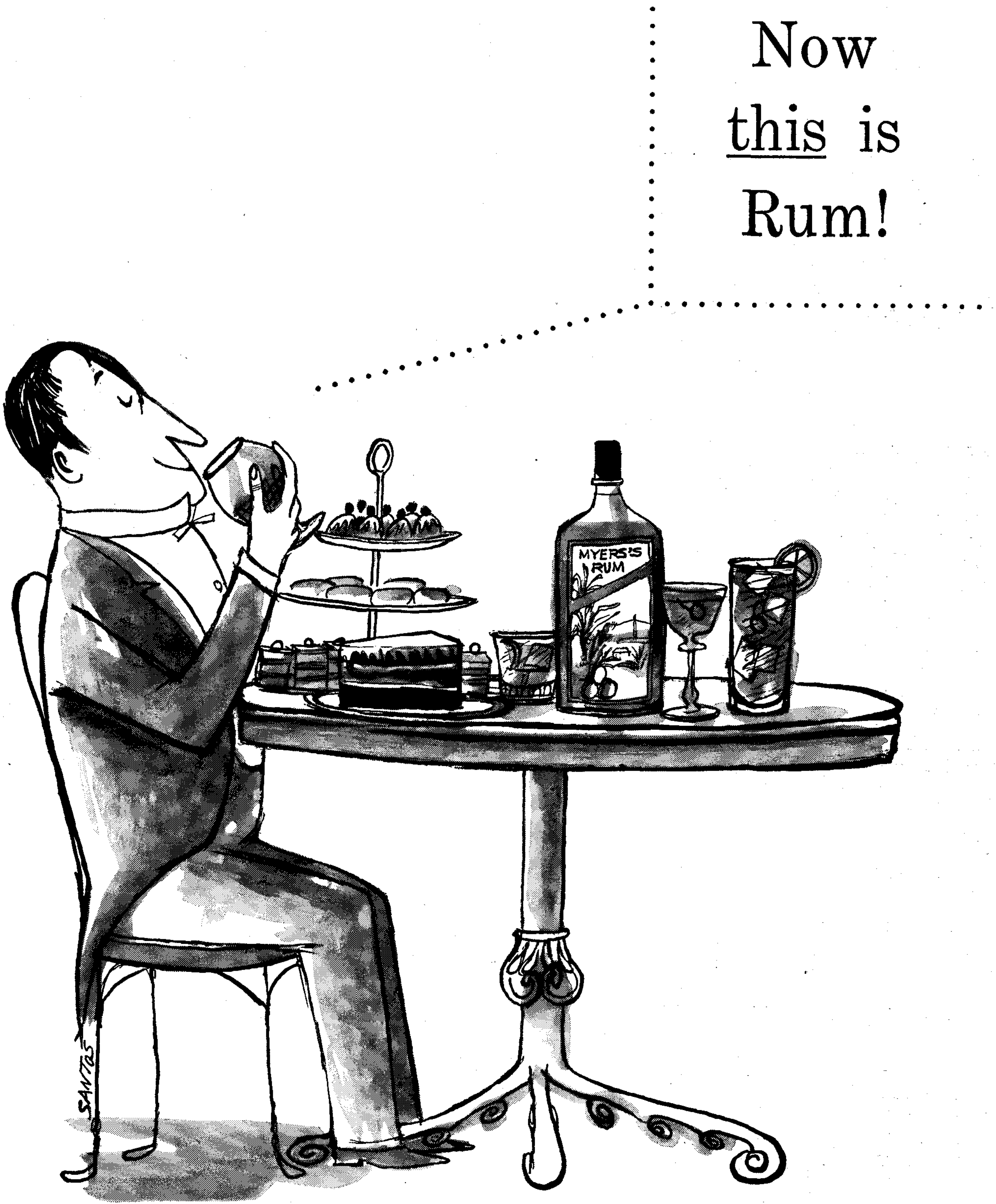
The greens, cut to an eighth of an inch instead of the customary three-sixteenths, were correspondingly faster than most, and by Saturday the seventh was enough to make a golfer give up the game. It has a pronounced downslope from its center to its front edge, and the pin had been placed pretty well over on its far side. Consequently, those who approached cautiously and landed near the top of the slope more often than not watched their balls trickle twenty to thirty feet back toward them.

—P. W. W.

•

HOLLYWOOD—Elvis Presley's personal representative denied there was anything to reports that the rock 'n' roll Israel army patrol killed four Arab infiltrators from the Gaza strip.—*Toronto Sunday Telegram.*

Dulles better nip over and make sure, just the same.


Now
this is
Rum!
MYERS'S RUM
SANTOS

From sun-drenched Jamaica comes rum both flavorful and versatile-**myers rum!** Serve it in tasty drinks tall or short, hot or cold. Use it in a multitude of delicious dishes. Any way you choose to enjoy it, you can't beat it! For the newest in rum cookery write for our free booklet on **myers jamaica rum.**

IMPORTED
MYERS'S RUM
Planters' Punch

for *flavor,*
and drinkery

MYERS RUM 97 PROOF

GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO. • 405 LEXINGTON AVE. • NEW YORK 17, N.Y. DEPT. Y-1C

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

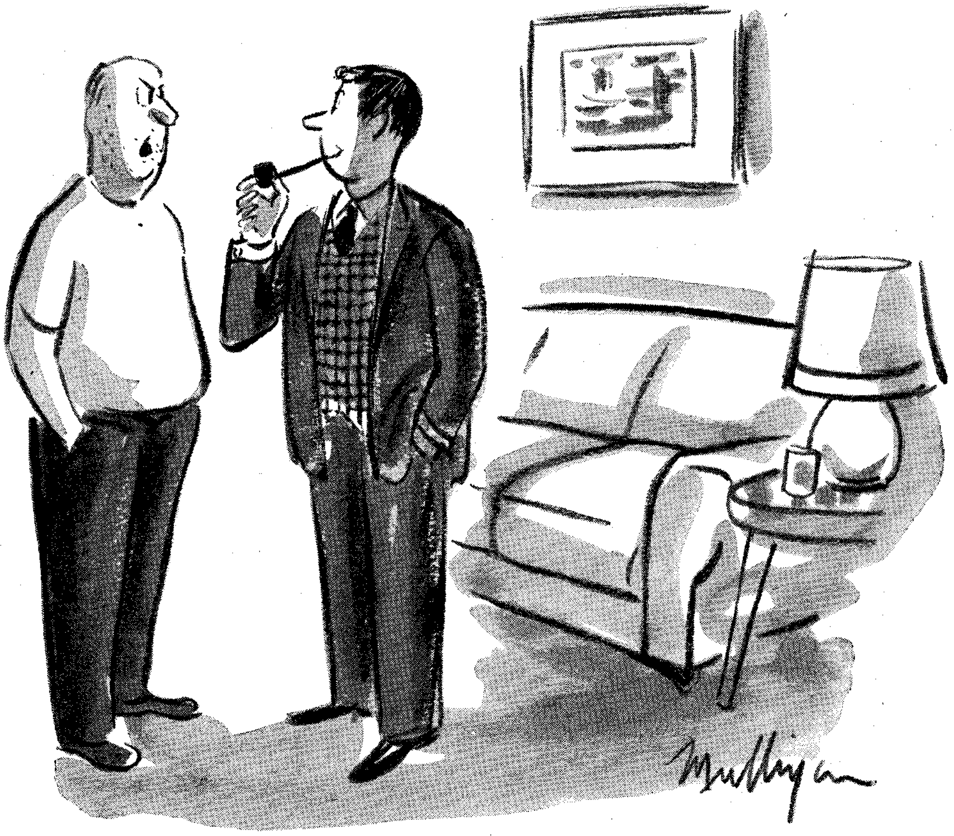
THAT old problem—the one that involves attempting to look beautiful, citified, and cool all together—is rampageously out in the open again, just as it is every year, no matter how dilatory summer is about arriving at its domicile. But there is still hope for women who have put off facing the problem until it came knocking at the door. All that is needed is enough energy to reach midtown. And nothing is more midtown than 42 East 50th Street, which is where Marion Wright has set up her new headquarters and manufactory, now engaged in turning out (among other things) summery yet urbane wardrobes of nothing more elaborate than cotton. Some of her dresses have shallow V necks, are nipped in at the waist by a double row of stitching, and flare a trifle at the hem. Their set-in elbow sleeves are slit at the sides, so that they can be turned back to make cuffs. The cotton is black, with a patchwork pattern of subdued violet, green, and blue overlying it; tan, with a pattern of brown-and-blue tiles (this one is from Switzerland); white, splattered with stylized red and black snowflakes; and so on. Scoop-neck sleeveless dresses that are sufficiently mannered for dinner in town or straw-hat theatregoing in the country appear in glazed white upholstery chintz that's as floral as it can be—lavender petunias and pinks, pink dahlias and tiger lilies, and blue morning glories in one group; green petunias and yellow zinnias in another; bachelor's-buttons and pansies, all blue, in another. With all these dresses go matching stoles into which four deep pockets are built at the ends to do away with purses. The highest price is $55. There are coats, too—reversible caftans that are cocoa cotton on one side and cocoa, charcoal, and white striped denim on the other, or else black slubbed cotton and polished champagne cotton dotted with orange discs.

Robert Leader, who is over at 146 East 54th Street, owns a small but cheery collection of linen and shantung sheaths in a dazzling array of colors; $23.95 and $25. The cotton or silk boleros that are designed to go over them knot at the waist. These are in solid colors or stripes, but the prints are the most fun—fuchsia and blue doves and butterflies, charcoal and white chrysanthemums and black leaves, beige onions and emerald pears, grapes, and plums.

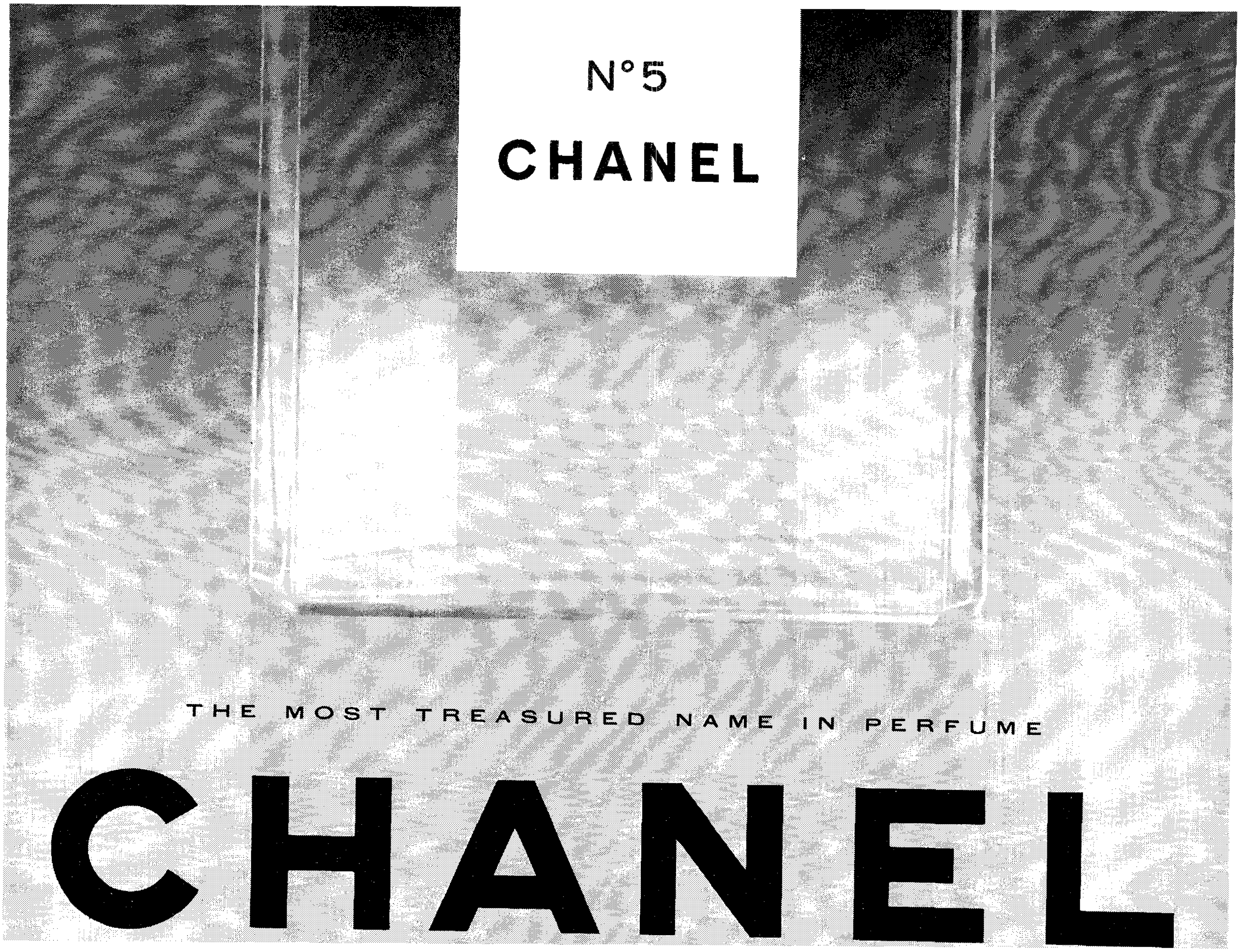
Jax, at 146 East 57th Street, is a shop that does basic dresses in a lot of materials. Good-looking sack sheaths with round, collarless necks and elbow kimono sleeves are there in lawn, Pima cotton, checked gingham, or wool jersey. Others, with turnover collars and a fairly bare chest, are there in plain or pin-dotted tie silk. They run in size from 8 to 14, in price from $25 to $45. Bulky cardigan sweaters, knit by Mexican Indians who obviously are charter subscribers to the fashion magazines, fasten down the front with bone barrel buttons; in natural or orange hand-spun wool, and $39.95 in American money.

De Pinna's Young Moderns Department is loaded with party dresses named after Little Bopeep. They're really quite nice for the very young. The décolleté overdress of one is of powder-blue polished cotton; the flounced underskirt of white cotton has dots of the blue. A dress of purple cotton is split from waist to hem in front to show off its blue-and-white striped cotton petticoat. White Valenciennes-type lace edges a third, of blue-and-white checked gingham. Each of these is $35. Enough of Little Bopeep. More worldly afternoon or dinner dresses are of black sheer cotton that is given a touch of color by red strawberries; $59.95. For mothers and/or daughters, white cotton printed with alternating vertical and horizontal black stripes that suggest shutters makes a dress with a deep square neck, infanta sleeves, and an ankle-length skirt. Young Moderns sizes are 5 to 16.

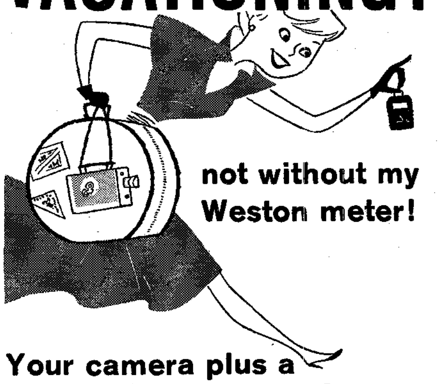
MANY of Bergdorf Goodman's delightful and inexpensive hostess gowns would do just as well on the town in the evening. The plunging neck of a white piqué printed with red polka dots stops at the wide, tucked midriff. White lawn striped with garlands of what are probably pink wild roses winds up as a sleeveless gown; long folds, attached at the shoulders, end in a bow and streamers down the back of it. A truly pretty creature, of white eyelet-embroidered cotton over white batiste, has a waist sash of crimson grosgrain. Slim and very slight silk-and-linen coveralls, for doing nothing at all



"Ten thousand dollars a year
at du Pont or not, I'm still your old man!"


N°5
CHANEL
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME
CHANEL

VACATIONING?



not without my Weston meter!

Your camera plus a WESTON means perfect pictures all summer!

Vacation pictures are precious . . . if they are all sharp, brilliant and color true! You can *be sure* of every still or movie picture you take, if you always use a compact Weston exposure meter. It instantly tells how to set your lens and shutter for perfect results in any location . . . in brilliant sun or deep shade, water shots, or even pictures indoors. Take one with you.

At all camera stores.

WESTON DR
only $16.95

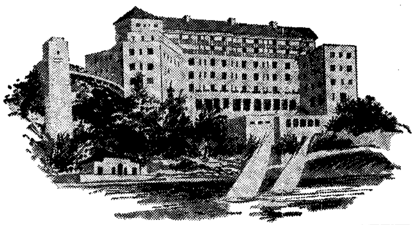
WESTON
EXPOSURE METERS
—the meters most photographers use

Beautiful Bermuda's

Castle Harbour

Dancing to a famous band, cuisine by a master chef. Breeze-cooled days for golf, riding, tennis, fishing, sailing. Bermuda's most extensive private beach . . . all yours at the Island's largest seaside resort.

Howard F. Hohl, General Manager
For Color Folders and reservations, see your Travel Agent or
BERMUDA HOTELS INC., Wm. P. Wolfe, Rep.
500 5th Ave., New York 36 LO 5-1114
Boston • Chicago • Cleveland • Miami
Philadelphia • Toronto



in a cabaña, turn up in colors that should enhance tanned skins. Camisoles of white or beige hand-run Alençon-type lace to wear under sheer blouses are nearby. These are $25; the other stuff is $23 to $40.

Saks Fifth Avenue is importing lively separates from Italy. Enormous blue and green blocks and rectangles and a windowpane overcheck of white cotton cord perk up some voluminous cotton skirts to be worn with pullover blouses of mint-green sheer cotton; green and white stripes cover the hips of bouffant skirts of coral silk, and more of the stripes cover the accompanying silk shirts; print starfish, conch shells, and pearls enrich the silk of mutation shirts, shading from pale blue to peacock, that go with tapered slacks of sky-blue shantung. A set of any of these things amounts to between $80 and $100.

Someone or other named Angelo Torricini not only has opened a boutique at 172 East 61st Street but has designed some rather special tops to go over bathing suits—choirboys' surplices, all alternating inserts of black and white Italian piqué and decorated with ovals of white and black braid that pretend to be rope necklaces; white piqué chasubles, banded at the chest and knees with white saw-tooth braid and lace in a heart pattern, and ornamented with flat bows of black piqué between the shoulder blades; and a sleeveless middy arrangement of white piqué with black soutache braid on the sailor collar and the hip band. This one is very street-urchin. Any of these may be ordered in red, navy, yellow, pink, and black piqué, or combinations thereof, and three or four days is the usual time lapse. The telephone number, not yet in the book, is Templeton 8-4951.

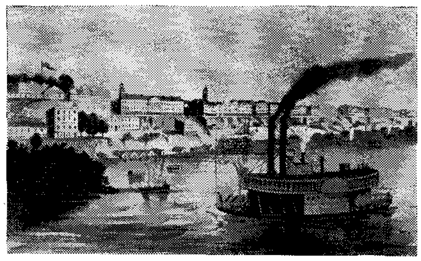
Mark Cross has brought over from Germany some terry-cloth separates that are as absorbent as sponges. Above-ankle skirts striped with tangerine or blue ferns tie around the waist. Jackets with an allover design in chartreuse and black have standing collars, triangular pockets, and flaring cuffs. There are other dabblings in foreign affairs. From Bombay come three-quarter travelling robes of natural silk adorned with gold and red stylized elephants and birds (Bombay duck, no doubt). The silk is so sheer that the robes weigh only three ounces and can fit, rolled up, into a pocket; $45, to give you an idea. Gaucho shirts of natural or white Belgian linen, lined with Pima

MARK, FORE & STRIKE

SIMPLE PSYCHOLOGY . . .
A Rorschach interpretation for clever coolness: a purposeful abstract in navy, avocado, orange or cinnamon on fine white pima cotton. Sizes 8-18. $7.95. The matching belt $2.50.

Write for FREE CATALOG
CHATHAM 2, MASS.
BRANCHES AT: EASTHAMPTON • LONG ISLAND — DELRAY BEACH AND NAPLES • FLORIDA

OLD PRINTS U.S.A.



Old American Town Views are our specialty. Send 25¢ for June-July *PORTFOLIO* picturing 17 Mississippi River towns of 1857 plus 23 other illustrations of marine interest.

The OLD PRINT SHOP
Harry Shaw Newman
150 Lexington Ave. *at 30th* St., *New York*
Tel. MUrray Hill 3-3950 ~ Established 1898

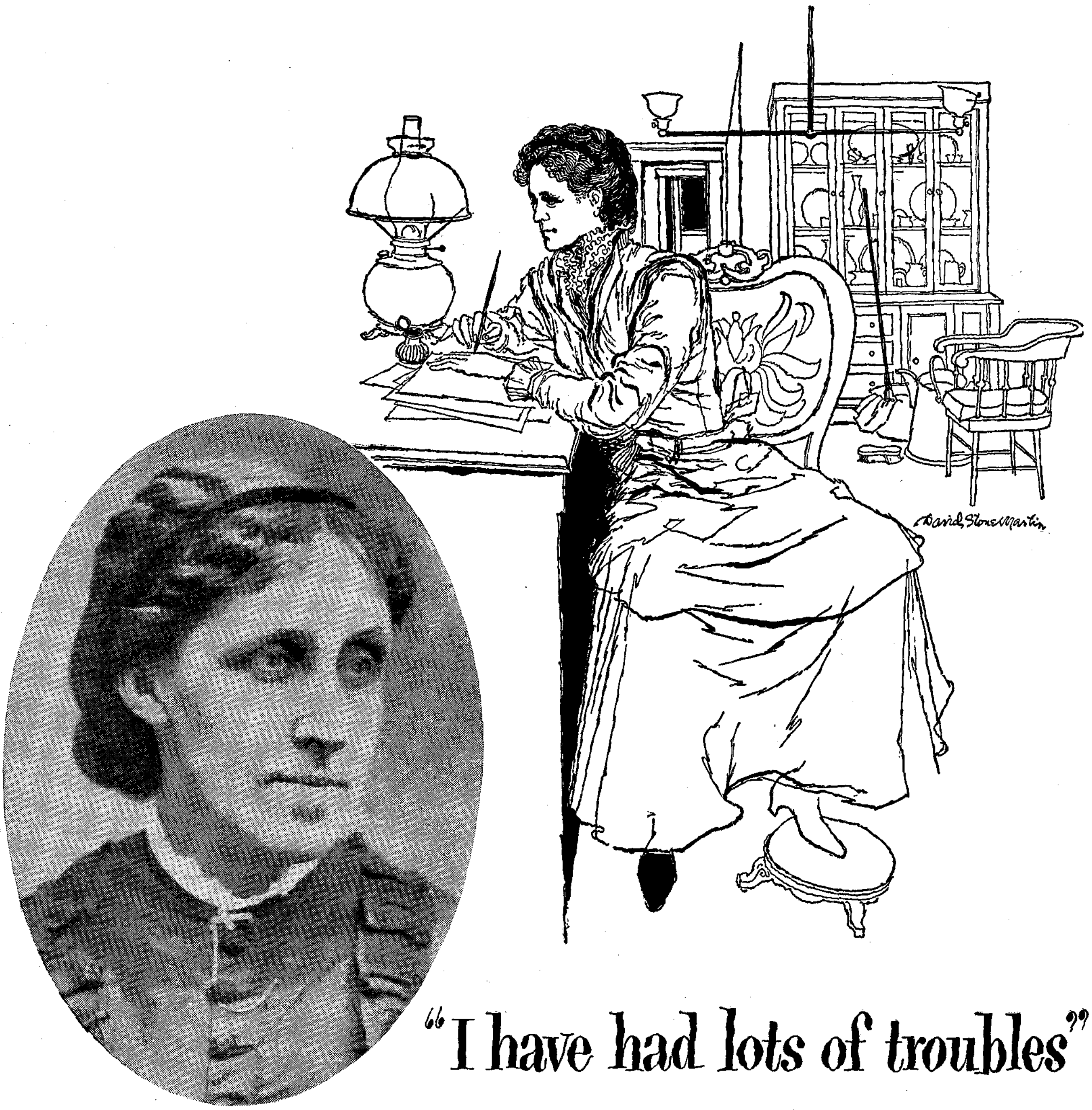
a new record by new york's great song stylist

MIDNIGHT AT MABEL MERCER'S

Atlantic **1244**
12" LONG PLAY
Atlantic RECORDING CORP.
157 W. 57 ST., NEW YORK 19, N. Y

Lively, friendly, inexpensive!
JUG END BARN
In the Berkshires
Entertainment, sports. Everything for gay, informal fun. Fine Food. Attractive weekly rates.

Booklet N. Box NE
GT. BARRINGTON 3,
MASS. Phone 434



"I have had lots of troubles"

After years of work, the doorway to literary success finally opened. She managed to get her novel, *Moods*, published.

It promptly flopped.

Undaunted, she wrote a second novel, which instantly turned out to be the rage of 1869. Businessmen, lawyers, housewives, everybody read and talked about *Little Women.*

Fortune had finally smiled on Louisa May Alcott. Twenty years had passed between her first writings and *Little Women*—years of privation, struggle, pain. She had worked as a maid, as a paid companion, had nearly lost her life as a Civil War nurse, had once come close to suicide.

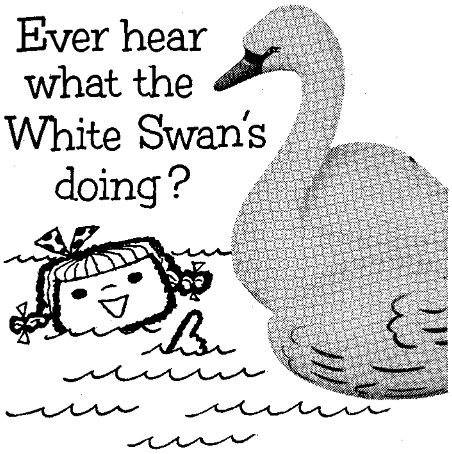
Now world-famous, her family secure, she would write many more books. And people would love them. For, as she said, "I have had lots of troubles; so I write jolly tales."

In those words, spoke the kind of unvarnished courage without which this country would be a far poorer place. Poorer not only by Louisa May Alcott's stories, but by the accomplishments of millions. For it is human courage and character that have made America wealthy and strong. And have made America's Savings Bonds one of the world's finest investments.

170 million Americans back U.S. Savings Bonds—back them with a guarantee unmatched by any other form of saving. Your principal guaranteed safe to any amount—your interest guaranteed sure—by the greatest nation on earth. If you want *real* security, buy Bonds. Get them at your bank or through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work. And hold on to them.

PART OF EVERY AMERICAN'S SAVINGS BELONGS IN U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆


Ever hear what the White Swan's doing?

He's carrying kids, happy kids, maybe *your* kids, who are having more fun in the water than any other water toy ever gave them before.

The imported White Swan's very tall, very graceful, made of heavy plastic, with real white Swan markings and orange Swan bill. Two feet tall, to ride high in the water. Wings and body are air-filled—good, big back is broad enough to carry healthy Swan riders anywhere that anybody is likely to ride a White Swan. $4.50. Order C 5-99.

Send for free Toy Catalogue R-1

F. A. O. SCHWARZ

World's Greatest Toy Store
745 Fifth Ave., at 58th St., New York
Telephone MUrray Hill 8-2200
Boston, Mass. • Ardmore, Pa.

Ribbed, striped polo shirts. Two-ply mercerized lisle, kimono short sleeves.
In Brown combination,
Blue combination.
Red combination,

at most quality stores.

◆

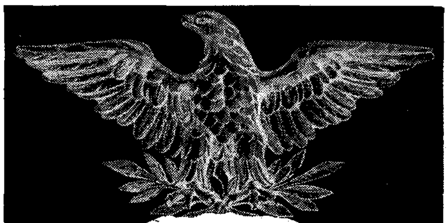
A. Kuehnert
& CO., INC.
150 Madison Avenue, New York

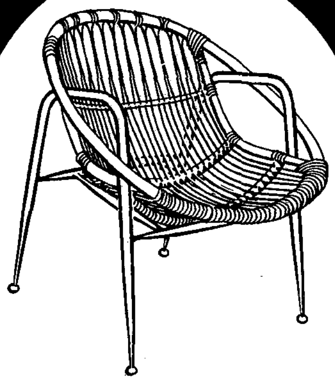
cotton on which houses or party favors flourish, are pretty enough to wear inside out. Copies of Victorian lithographs of the beach at Brighton (England, not Brooklyn) illustrate some middy blouses of white batiste. There is even luggage from overseas. The Seatcase, from Japan, is a bag of coffee cowhide, eight and a half inches high, thirteen inches long, five and a half inches wide. An outside zippered compartment holds four telescoping legs that plug in at the corners to make an emergency seat; $31.85, including the federal tax.

BONWIT TELLER's summer polo coat is a real prize. It's a double-breasted venture, of two layers of white organdie, and there's a belt low in back; $27.95. A couple of other ideas might as well be mentioned—day or evening boleros of black rayon jersey that will, when packed, take up no more space than a pair of stockings; waist-length bloused capes of rayon satin in several colors and resembling the lower half of a harem skirt; veils for travelling, riding in the open, or just walking on a breezy day, long as widow's weeds and made of black or beige nylon net with a chiffon border. These veils can be anchored by tying the ends into an ascot or a pouf at the throat.

BEACH hats, I very much fear, have gone to everyone's head. Edith Hewins is dealing them out to anybody who can find her bird's nest, on the second floor of 16 East 55th Street. (You ignore the fact that there is scarcely a signpost to guide you, enter through the shop of Hatton-Case, climb the stairs, and mumble an incantation.) Hewins has some of natural panama straw—wide-brimmed ones, either dotted with strawberries and presided over by a ladybug or else rimmed with Italian sea shells (real) and further trimmed with periwinkle grosgrain streamers in which baby fish and sea horses are playing, and roughrider ones, swamped under a bushel basket of fruit but providing a foothold at the top for two tiny brown birds. These are all $14. Most fragile of the lot are the hats that are simply hand-rolled kerchiefs of pale Egyptian cotton, with a border of embroidered rosebuds, that become coifs when they're knotted at the nape of the neck; $9.50, including a matching stole.

BRETT, at 10 East 53rd Street, is still on her merry way, as mad as hatters are supposed to be but often aren't. Fat, multicolored straw tassels tumble from the high crowns and the broad, curled-up brims of her Hawaiian som-





award winner

CA-8 CHAIR: voted "outstanding design" by Nat. Ass'n. of Summer Furniture Mfrs. Imported rattan basket cradled within gold anodized aluminum frame. About $45. at furniture and department stores, or through decorators. Send 25¢ in coin only to Troy, Ohio for new booklet on casual decorating.

THE TROY SUNSHADE COMPANY
ONE PARK AVENUE, N. Y. • TROY 5, OHIO

"Just watch me bounce-now that I get Vionate"
only 79¢ for 8-oz. pkg.

Does your dog lack pep? Does he hate to wag his tail? Give him Vionate containing 20 essential vitamins and minerals—add to food once daily for good bones, stamina, "bounce," healthy skin free from summer "itch."

VIONATE®

VIONATE is a registered Squibb trademark.

SQUIBB QUALITY—THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT

VIRGIN ISLANDS

Unusual gifts for traveling bargain-hunters in the "Free Port Buying Paradise" of the beautiful Caribbean. Two stores on Main St., with exclusive gifts for everyone.

LITTLE SWITZERLAND in ST. THOMAS

Before you visit St. Thomas, write direct for folder or Room 710, 608 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 20.

Established 1864

Keeler's

STATE STREET
The Restaurant Landmark of
ALBANY, NEW YORK

breros of natural straw, and there are more tassels on the flap closings of the matching pouch bags. Porkpie hats of navy, red, or orange Milan with tie-silk bands are $7.95, the top price. Her gob caps are of lightweight red, white, or blue cotton poplin, and she likes the brims turned down. Last of all, white jeans (jeans couldn't be blue forever), stitched with orange thread, and Bermuda shorts to match.

BITS AND PIECES: Martha West, at 444 Madison Avenue (49th), has added to her family of porous linen knits for cocktails and later—slender, scoop-neck dresses with a vertical scallop stitch and a rhinestone or two, and Peter Pan boleros with the same stitch; $79.95 and $29.95, respectively, in sizes 10 to 20. In sizes 38 to 42, they're a bit more. The colors are aquamarine, bois de rose, and natural. . . . The Pan American Shop, at 822 Lexington Avenue (63rd), has discovered, in Mexico, a wedding shirt hitherto unknown. Like others of its clan, it's made of natural manta cloth (unbleached muslin is our equivalent), but this one is embroidered with Shocking-pink lovebirds on a bougainvillaea vine; $7.50. . . . A banker's coat, from Japan, is done in natural, citron, or black cotton, and it could double as a negligee or an evening cloak. It's $7.50 at Chequer, 816 Third Avenue (50th). . . . Bernardo's most recent sandals are a combination of leather soles, gold-metal chain thongs, and narrow black or tan leather ankle straps; $8.95, and Lord & Taylor has them. —M. M.

•

ABLUTIONS

Sweet influences keep the planet sweet
That men and beasts make bitter:
Shores by the tides, the fields by rain
delete
Our bodies and bodies' litter,

While the heavy exhalation that the
flesh
Gives off in burning
Is laved in a thinner effluence kept fresh
By the planet's always turning.

—WILLIAM MEREDITH

•

ABC-Paramount Records polled approximate 2,500 pregnant women, asking them to list their all-time favorite songs. The twelve tunes that received the most votes are now available in an LP album titled, "MUSIC FOR EXPECTANT MOTHERS."—*Press release from Arthur Pine Associates.*

By Johann Sebastian Spock?

OUTLOOK:
Fair and Cooler
There's a refreshing view
of beautiful Central Park
from our windows.
Exquisite air-conditioned rooms.
ST. MORITZ
ON-THE-PARK
New York's only truly continental hotel
50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
Charles G. Taylor, President
Teletype NY1—3646
RESERVATION OFFICES
Boston • Chicago • Philadelphia
Pittsburgh • Washington
Montreal

LEJON Extra-dry VERMOUTH

EXTRA DRY
GRANDIOSA CORRIDA

Aficionado Barnaby Conrad keeps his martinis dry with Lejon Extra-dry Vermouth.

LEJON VERMOUTH • SWEET OR DRY • PRODUCT OF U.S.A. • SHEWAN JONES • ASTI, CALIFORNIA

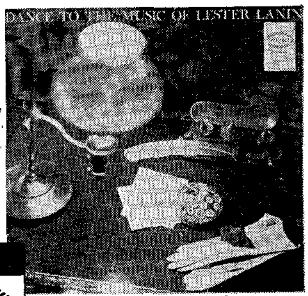
THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD

NAVY TOPS EVERYTHING
Sleeveless blouse
in fine cotton broadcloth.
Maize, pink, blue,
apple green or navy.
Sizes 10-18 **$7.95**

545 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK

LIBERTY

Liberty invites you to . . .
"DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF LESTER LANIN"



A High-Fidelity 12" Long Play Record LN 3340 only **$3.98**

EPIC

A new recording
by Society's internationally famous Lester Lanin and his Orchestra.

featuring: I COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT; WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK; GET ME TO THE CHURCH ON TIME; ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE . . . and 29 other great selections played in the delightful dance tempos that have made the music of Lester Lanin and his Orchestra renowned at home and abroad.

"LIBERTY", 450 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22
Please send LESTER LANIN record to:
Name..............................
Address..............................
FREE DELIVERY ANYWHERE IN U. S.
(Add 3% tax if in N. Y. City area)
☐ Charge my account. ☐ Payment encl.

450 MADISON AVENUE AT 50TH STREET, N.Y.
975 MADISON AVE. AT 76TH ST. (Hotel Carlyle), N. Y.
795 MADISON AVENUE AT 67TH STREET, N. Y.
PLAZA 3-0180
228 EAST POST ROAD, WHITE PLAINS • WHITE PLAINS 8-5050

LIBERTY *Music Shops*

WALK FROM THE NEAREST POLICEMAN

A FEW days ago, I got a postcard from sixteen-year-old Michael Barnett, of Oil City, Pennsylvania, that read, "Saving my allowance to get back to New York this summer. Warn the cops I'm coming—not on the run."

My acquaintance with Michael began last August, after a phone call from his mother, Josephine, whom I hadn't seen since we lived in the same dormitory of a small college in western Pennsylvania. She said she and Michael had been in New York for nearly a week, seeing some shows, while her husband was away in Canada on a fishing trip. I invited them to go out to dinner with me the following evening.

When they arrived at my small apartment, in Greenwich Village, there was almost none of that awkwardness of twenty-years-later reunions, because Michael, a tall, cheerful boy, with his mother's curly dark hair, at once began telling me joyously how he felt about New York. He had lived in several towns, but he had been in only one other city, he said—Cleveland. "But now that I've seen New York, there's just no comparison. Why, I saw all of Cleveland in just a couple of days, but I've been here a week and I haven't even *begun* to see all I wanted." The day after tomorrow, he added ruefully, he'd have to leave. Josephine then explained that she was taking him up to Stonington, Connecticut, to spend the second week of their vacation with Margaret Seeley, an old school friend.

"But it's a *town*," Michael said. "And I already live in a town. Why can't we stay in New York a week longer?"

"Now, dear," his mother said. "You know I've been planning on this visit for ages. And a week in New York is plenty. Now I'm ready to settle down at Margaret's and enjoy some home-cooked meals and family life."

"Well, I'm not," Michael said. "Why can't I stay here by myself and then you come back and get me at the end of a week?"

Josephine looked worried and thoughtful. When she glanced at me, I thought she wanted support. "You're still a bit young for that, Michael," I said. "And you don't know anyone here your age, so it wouldn't be much fun for you."

"He's very self-reliant," Josephine said. "He'd never be a bother to anyone."

I was bewildered. Whose side was she on? I said I was sure Michael was the sort who would get along beauti-

B&G
Sparkling Burgundy

The wine that rises to the occasion.

A fragrant, bubbly red wine, genuine Sparkling Burgundy...from Burgundy!

By BARTON & GUESTIER, *Established 1725*
Browne Vintners Co., Inc., New York City.
Sole Distributors for U.S.A.

Heading for New York?

Towering high above exclusive Beekman Hill, our rooms command superb views of the East River, U.N. and the New York skyline. Your dollar still buys a lot of good living here! Singles from $6.50. Special rates for extended visits.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET N.

TOP O' THE TOWER COCKTAIL LOUNGE

Beekman Tower
HOTEL
49TH ST AT EAST RIVER, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

HOPKINS INN,
of Lake Waramaug, New Preston, Conn.
A distinctive New England inn surrounded by unusual mountain scenery overlooking a natural lake. Famous for outstanding food and beautiful outdoor dining terrace. *Write for brochure.*

THOSE SHOES ARE MADE BY BALLY OF SWITZERLAND

fully wherever he was, and that I could sympathize with his hating to leave New York. I added that I'd invite him to stay with me, but I didn't have a guest room.

"I'd stay at a hotel," Michael said quickly. "After all, I've been in the Statler all week."

"I think he'd be better off in a small hotel down here in the Village," his mother said. "Some quiet, family sort of place where they'd keep an eye on him. How about the little hotel right across the street from you? It looks very nice, and I saw a family coming out of there as we came by tonight. They were obviously nice people."

Michael looked at me anxiously. "I'd be careful not to impose. You wouldn't even have to see me at all."

I said of course I'd want to see him.

"You do think it's safe, don't you?" Josephine asked me. "I've read terrible stories about muggings and switch knives and drug addicts. What if you were held up, Michael? Promise me you'd hand over your money and not argue."

"Well, it would depend on how big the guy was and whether he had a gun," Michael began.

But at this Josephine became very agitated, and Michael at once promised her he'd hand over his wallet without any fuss.

"Of course, you could always keep some of it tucked away," Josephine said, "and if they didn't know you had any more, they wouldn't ask for it."

"I know! In my shoe! Under my sock!" He turned to me, beaming. "A holdup man wouldn't ask me to take off my shoes and socks, would he?"

I agreed it wasn't likely.

Josephine said he must cash only one small traveller's check at a time. "And you won't walk in any dark alleys alone, will you, dear?"

"I hate dark alleys," Michael said. "I'd much rather spend all my time on Eighth Street, and it's *crowded.*"

"And, of course," I said, "he's much too smart to accept invitations from strangers to go home with them."

"Michael, if anyone bothers you, just go straight to the nearest policeman," Josephine said. She was already biting off her lipstick. I think that by then she regretted the whole impulsive arrangement, but she'd gone too far too fast to back out now.

Presently, with the matter settled, we went out to dinner, at an Italian restaurant on Eighth Street.

JOSEPHINE called me the next day, a Thursday, to say she was leaving Friday morning. "We reserved a room

The Sun—

FRIEND OR FOE?

Pour le Soleil—a new sun jelly for a quick suntan. Tube, 2.00

Super-Sol—a subtly scented greaseless cream, for a more gradual tanning. Tube, 2.00

Suntan Oil—to lubricate your skin while tanning. 1.25–3.50

Liqui-Tan—a greaseless film for quick tanning. 1.50–2.50

Germaine Monteil
663 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

TO Europe

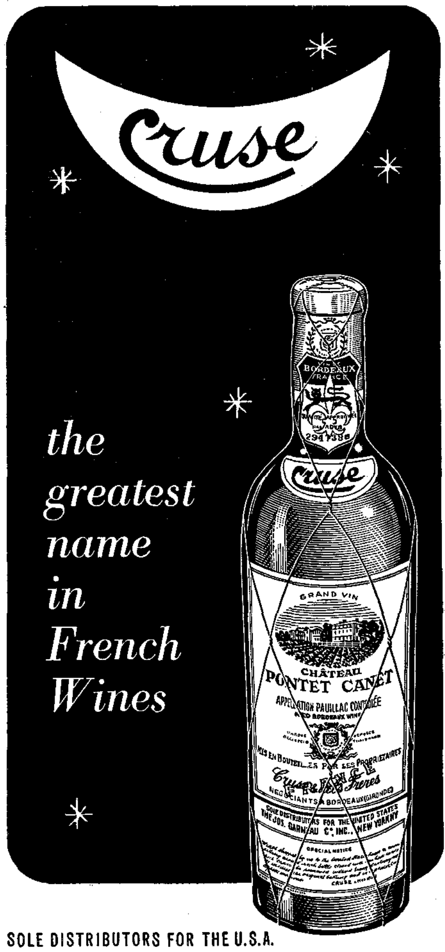
ON THE FASTEST SHIP AFLOAT

S.S. UNITED STATES
less than 5 days on the world's fastest ship

S.S. AMERICA
popular luxury liner. For extra hours of leisure at sea

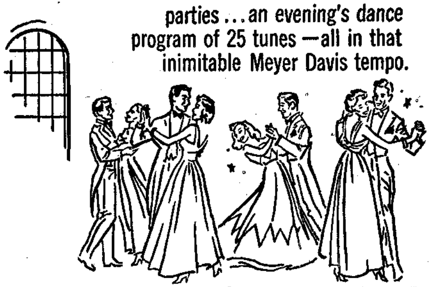
CONSULT OUR AUTHORIZED TRAVEL AGENTS OR

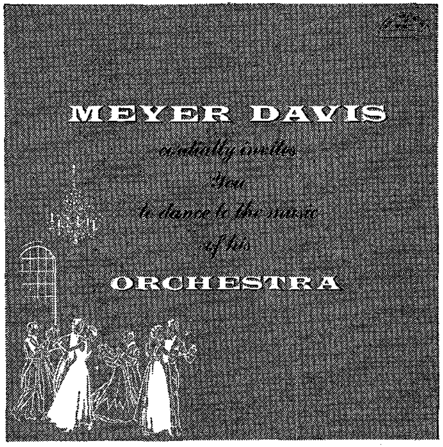
UNITED STATES LINES
ONE BROADWAY, NEW YORK • OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES


Cruse
the greatest name in French Wines
Château Pontet Canet

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.
THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., INC., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Society's favorite maestro presents a high-fidelity, long-playing recording of the lilting music that has enlivened thousands of parties...an evening's dance program of 25 tunes—all in that inimitable Meyer Davis tempo.





MEYER DAVIS CORDIALLY INVITES YOU TO DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF HIS ORCHESTRA
ABC-176

ABC-PARAMOUNT
FULL COLOR FIDELITY

at that little hotel for Michael, and I'm going down with him tonight, after we get out of the show, to see him settled in. That way, he can try it out for one night while I'm still here in town, and then, if he should change his mind, he can still come with me to Stonington." We arranged that if Michael stayed, he should call me after she left.

He phoned around noon Friday, sounding oddly subdued, and when I asked if he'd like to meet me that night for a movie, he agreed so eagerly that I wondered whether he was already homesick.

I was having dinner with a friend in the neighborhood, and came home about nine o'clock, shortly before the time Michael was to pick me up. I found him in the lobby, sticking a note into my mailbox. "I wanted to let you know I'm leaving," he said very rapidly. "I'm taking a train at ten-fifteen, and Margaret and Mother will meet me."

He had his bag with him, so I asked if he wouldn't come upstairs with me for a while, and then I'd take him up to Grand Central in plenty of time for his train. "Or would you rather we'd go up to Broadway and look around?"

"My feet hurt," he said. "I wore my best shoes all day and I guess they aren't so good for walking in. I've got blisters on both heels."

As soon as we got inside my apartment, he asked in a gentlemanly tone if he might take his shoes off. When we were companionably settled on the couch, with two Cokes, he said, "I could have taken you to a night club or something, if there was more time. I still have all my traveller's checks. They made me pay for another night at the hotel because I hadn't checked out by three o'clock, but I had enough cash. I have seven dollars and thirty cents left. I guess that'll cover the train fare."

I said it would. "And I really think you'll have a better time in Stonington," I added.

"I'm only going there to keep Mother from worrying."

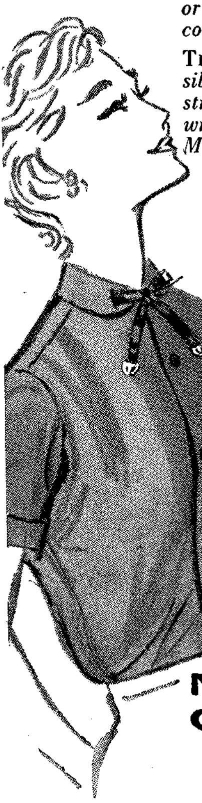
I kept a straight face, but some ray of disbelief, or amusement, must have showed, because he said, "She called twice today after she got to Margaret's, to make sure I was all right. The second time she called, I was out, and I didn't get the message till I went back to the hotel about an hour ago. And by the time I got her, she was so nervous I figured it wouldn't be fair to ruin her whole visit, so I said I'd leave tonight. She's usually an awfully good sport, but after the cops scared her, naturally she felt kind of nervous."

"What cops?"

PONGEE
CLASSIC
—IN COLOR

Our perennial pure silk pongee—here short-sleeved, in summery shades of silver gray, pale topaz, rose or natural. Washable, of course. 30-38. **$10.50**

THE TIE—*handwoven India silk in complementary stripes, tipped with hand-wrought bells.* **$1.50**
Mail, phone SU 7-4000



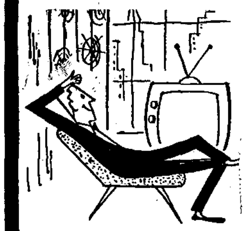
MARK CROSS
5th ave. at 55th, n. y. 22

but, darling, you don't call the zoo for tiger lilies

See Max Schling. Flowers for all occasions. For your true love, the boss's wife, or Whistler's mother. If it grows it's our business! Enjoy the casual atmosphere of our famous shop, where, if you wish, friendly experts will help you make the perfect choice. Call or come in. Prices are right! Deliveries anywhere. We've customers from coast to coast. We hope you'll join them!

MAX SCHLING INC.
765 FIFTH AVE. New York 22, N.Y.
Plaza 3-1500

KEEP
COOL
IN NEW YORK



AT THE
SAVOY
PLAZA
A HILTON HOTEL
AIR-CONDITIONED ROOMS WITH TV
AT NO EXTRA CHARGE
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

Michael looked surprised. "Didn't Mother tell you? I thought she'd call you this morning and throw a fit over what happened to me."

"But what *did* happen?"

"It really wasn't much of anything," he said nonchalantly. "And I wasn't scared at all, but it was a shame the cops had to wake Mother out of a sound sleep."

MICHAEL said that the night before, when he and his mother left the theatre, they picked up his bag at the Statler and came down to the hotel near me, where Josephine saw him registered and settled in his room. Michael walked back with her to the corner of Fifth Avenue and Eleventh Street, and put her in a cab. He was to meet her at the Statler the next morning for breakfast, before she took the train.

When he came back into the lobby of his hotel, he told me, it was just after midnight, and a new desk clerk was on duty—"an old man with kind of a humped back." Michael had left his key on the counter only a few minutes before, but now, when he gave his room number—409—the clerk put down the paperbacked book he'd been reading, reached into the box, and said irritably, "Not here. You must have it yourself." To convince the clerk, and himself, that he didn't have the key, he turned out his pockets, and showed the clerk exactly where he'd laid it on the counter before he went out. The old man grumbled, "Only one key here."

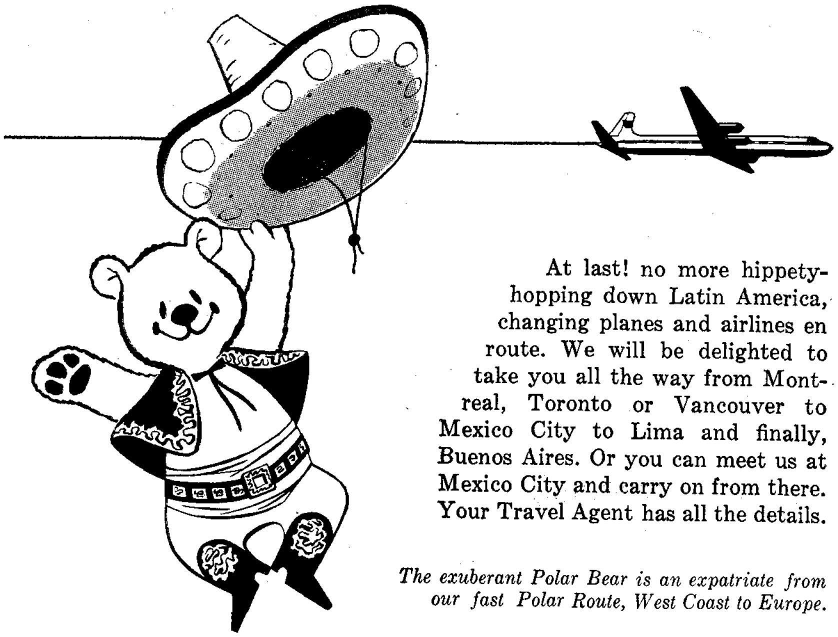
This remark made sense to me, if not to Michael. I had stayed in that hotel while my apartment was being painted, and a chatty clerk had explained to me that the management always kept a duplicate key in each cubbyhole, "because we have a lot of old ladies who are always lockin' themselves out or losin' their key."

Michael, not knowing any of this, then told the clerk reasonably that he was alone, in a single room, so he needed only one key. The old man, probably impatient to return to his paperback, handed the duplicate over, saying, "Mind you don't lose *this*."

Michael grabbed the key before the clerk could change his mind, and went upstairs in the self-service elevator. "But I suddenly realized it was my first night alone in New York, and I was so excited I couldn't just go to bed. Anyway, I was hungry. So instead of going to my room, I turned around and went back to the elevator. By then it was gone, and I rang and rang, but it didn't come, so I ran down the stairs."

I could picture him bounding across

Olé for our way!



At last! no more hippety-hopping down Latin America, changing planes and airlines en route. We will be delighted to take you all the way from Montreal, Toronto or Vancouver to Mexico City to Lima and finally, Buenos Aires. Or you can meet us at Mexico City and carry on from there. Your Travel Agent has all the details.

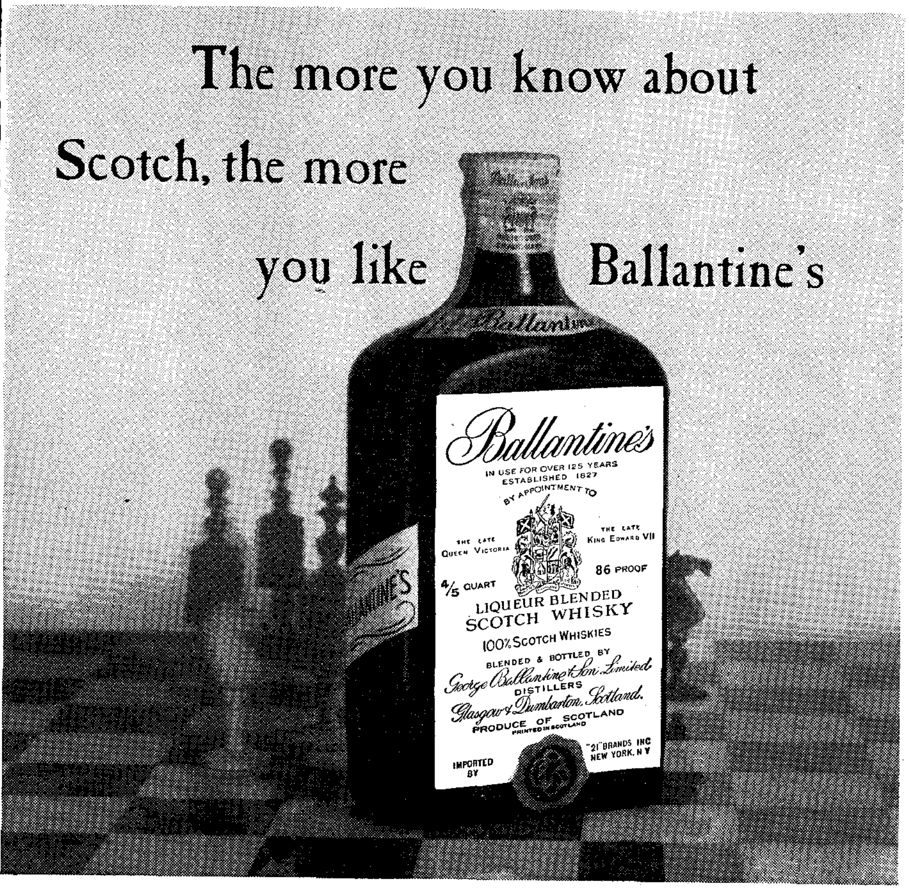
The exuberant Polar Bear is an expatriate from our fast Polar Route, West Coast to Europe.

Canadian Pacific AIRLINES

Offices in major U.S. cities

to: Europe, Hawaii, Australia, New Zealand, Mexico, South America, The Orient

WINGS OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM


The more you know about Scotch, the more you like Ballantine's
Ballantine's
IN USE FOR OVER 125 YEARS ESTABLISHED 1827
BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA
THE LATE KING EDWARD VII
86 PROOF
4/5 QUART
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY George Ballantine & Son Limited DISTILLERS Glasgow & Dumbarton, Scotland.
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
IMPORTED BY
"21" BRANDS INC NEW YORK, N.Y.

"21" Brands, Inc. N.Y.C. 86 PROOF

ALSO IMPORTERS OF 94.4 PROOF **BALLANTINE'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN** DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

"...A BROADWAY MUSICAL JAMBOREE!"—ATKINSON, N. Y. TIMES
Gwen Verdon
Thelma Ritter
in the New Musical
New Girl in Town
WITH
GEORGE WALLACE CAMERON PRUD'HOMME
PRICES: Evgs.: Mon. thru Thurs.: Orch. Divans (First 9 Rows) $8.60; Orch. $8.05; Mezz. $6.90, 6.00; Balc. $5.00, 4.60, 3.50, 3.00. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. Divans (First 9 Rows) $9.20; Orch. $8.60; Mezz. $6.90, 6.00; Balc. $5.00, 4.60, 3.50, 3.00. Wed. Mat.: Orch. Divans (First 9 Rows) $4.80; Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.00, 3.50. Balc. $3.00, 2.50. Sat. Mat.: Orch. Divans (First 9 Rows) $5.00; Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.00, 3.50; Balc. $3.00, 2.50 (Tax Included). Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.
AIR CON. 46th Street THEATRE 226 West 46th Str.
Circle 6-4271 • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

CLOSES AUG. 17 for NATIONAL TOUR
"THE FUNNIEST SHOW IN TOWN"—Walter Winchell
no time for sergeants
AIR-COND.
ALVIN THEATRE
250 W. 52 St., N.Y.C.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.
NATIONAL COMPANY
GEARY THEATRE—SAN FRANCISCO
Opens July 1

"ELECTRIFYING THE TOWN!"—Atkinson, N. Y. Times
Ethel Merman
in
Happy Hunting
Fernando Lamas
Prices: EVES: Orch. $8.05; Mezz. $6.90; Balc. $5.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.50. MATS. WED. & SAT.: Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.30; Balc. $3.60, 3.00, 2.50.
Air-Cond. MAJESTIC THEA. 245 W. 44th St.

"HOWLING MUSICAL HIT!"
—Coleman, Mirror
"LI'L ABNER"
with EDITH ADAMS PETER PALMER
HOWARD ST. JOHN STUBBY KAYE CHARLOTTE RAE
Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Air-Cond. ST. JAMES Thea., 246 W. 44 St.

the lobby. "I was just going out the front door," he said, "when somebody yelled, 'Hey, you. Stop! Come back here.' I looked around and saw two men standing at the desk. One of them—he was fatter and older than the other one—started walking toward me, so of course I waited to see what he wanted. He shoved something at me, and at first I thought maybe he was drunk, and trying to show me the badge from some convention he'd been to. But then he said, 'Police—Eighth Precinct,' so I realized it must be a police badge and he and the other fellow were detectives. I'd never seen a police badge except on television, but the man didn't give me a chance to take a good look. He said, 'What were you doing upstairs?' "

Michael explained to the detective that he had started up to his room and then decided he wanted a hamburger. This simple explanation was apparently too simple for the detective. He marched Michael back to the desk and there asked him to repeat, in the clerk's hearing, his name and room number. When Michael gave his name and said "409," the clerk squawked furiously, "He made me give him the duplicate to 405."

Michael then pulled the key out of his pocket, to prove that the clerk was wrong, and the older plainclothesman snatched it from him. "So you're in 409," he said. "Then how come you got the key to 405? What are you trying to pull?"

Michael, recounting this to me, said, "By then, I was so confused I thought I must have *two* keys, so I started to reach in my pocket again, but one of the men jumped at me and knocked my hand down, and then he frisked me. Have you ever been frisked? They're terribly thorough."

He began to describe the process in detail, and finally I asked desperately, "Is *that* when they called your mother?"

"Oh, that was ages later. First, they said they were going to take me into Room 405 and see what I'd done there. I kept telling them I hadn't even seen that room, and I told them to look on the register and see that I was in 409, but they didn't even listen to me. They hustled me into the elevator."

When they got to Room 405, the younger man held Michael's arm while the older one knocked at the door. He got no answer, so he opened the door with the key he had taken from Michael. He went in, snapped on the light, and took a look around, opening a couple of bureau drawers and the closet door. Then he shrugged, and said, "It's not occupied."

"Another Seven Year Hitch for Tom Ewell"—NEWSWEEK
TOM EWELL in "TUNNEL of LOVE"
with NANCY OLSON • DARREN McGAVIN
"There is charm and pathos in Tom Ewell's performance — it is filled with the frolics of surburbia and a laughter which comes from the heart."
AIR COND.—ROYALE THEATRE
242 W. 45th St.
GOOD SEATS NOW AT BOX-OFFICE

"ONE OF THE MOST ENDEARING AND DELIGHTFUL COMEDIES IN RECENT YEARS!"—ATKINSON, Times
PAUL DOUGLAS
IN
A HOLE IN THE HEAD
A New Play by ARNOLD SCHULMAN
Directed by GARSON KANIN
with David Burns Kay Medford
Joyce Van Patten Tommy White
and LEE GRANT
PLYMOUTH, West 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Air-cond.

"ONE OF THE BEST MUSICALS OF THE CENTURY!"—ATKINSON, Times
REX HARRISON · JULIE ANDREWS
IN THE CRITICS' PRIZE MUSICAL
My Fair Lady
with
STANLEY HOLLOWAY
ROBERT COOTE
Air-Cond. MARK HELLINGER, 51 St. W. of B'y
Eves. at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30

"GLORIOUSLY FUNNY"—KERR, Her. Trib.
GEORGE AXELROD and CLINTON WILDER present
CYRIL RITCHARD
A NEW COMEDY BY GORE VIDAL
VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET
WITH EDDIE MAYEHOFF
Air-Cond. BOOTH, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Next, the detectives took Michael to 409, which he'd been claiming all along as his room, and opened the door with a pass key. Once inside, Michael pointed triumphantly to his still unpacked suitcase. "But the trouble was it had the initials R.W. on it, for Robert Watts, my cousin. I don't have any luggage of my own, because I haven't really travelled much, and Dad had to take his two bags on his trip, so I'd borrowed my cousin Bob's. I'd never even thought about the initials being different. But, boy, the detectives sure noticed it right away. They started questioning me all over again, asking me why I had somebody else's suitcase if I was Michael Barnett. Finally, I told them that if they'd call my mother at the Statler, she'd identify me, but they laughed and said, 'That's some story—you in one hotel and your mother in the Statler.' They asked me where I'd stolen the bag, and they made a mess when they searched it."

"They searched your bag? But what were they looking for?" I asked.

Michael said thoughtfully, "I'm not sure. They didn't find anything. One of them kept rummaging around, and the other one kept on asking, 'Who's R.W.? Come on, now, tell us your right name. What are you hiding?' "

I said to Michael, "But why didn't you phone me? I could have come right over and identified you."

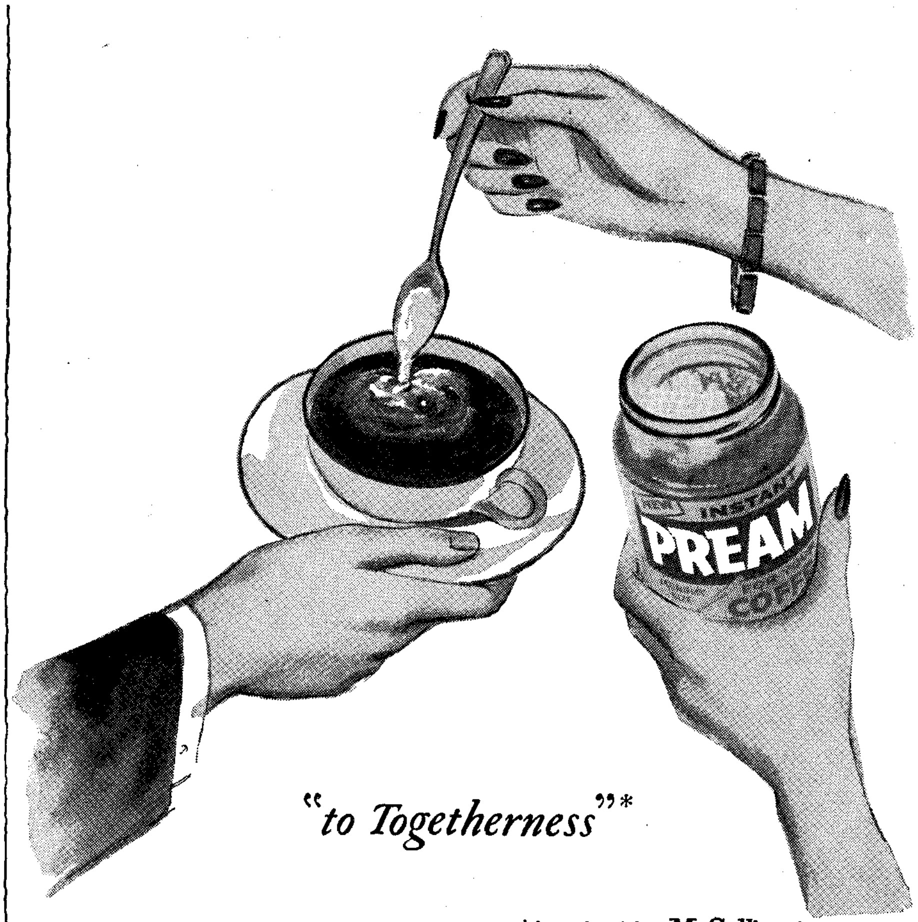
"Well, by then it was almost one o'clock. And anyway Mother had told me I shouldn't impose on you. Besides, I knew I *was* Michael Barnett. Oh, I forgot to tell you about my identification. You know that card that comes in wallets, with places for your name and address?"

I nodded.

"I'd tried to remember to change mine whenever we moved, but I'd only crossed out the old addresses and written in the new ones. When the detectives looked at it, they said, 'How come you kept movin' around? Did you hafta get out of town? Were you ever picked up?' Then they went through the papers in my wallet and found the court summons. The younger detective had been getting nicer, but when he saw that summons he got really mad at me. He waved it under my nose and said, 'You claim you've never been picked up. But you can't deny this is a court summons, can you?' And I'd never *tried* to deny it. I said I was a witness, but he wouldn't even believe that."

For a moment, I had a swift twinge of sympathy for the detective.

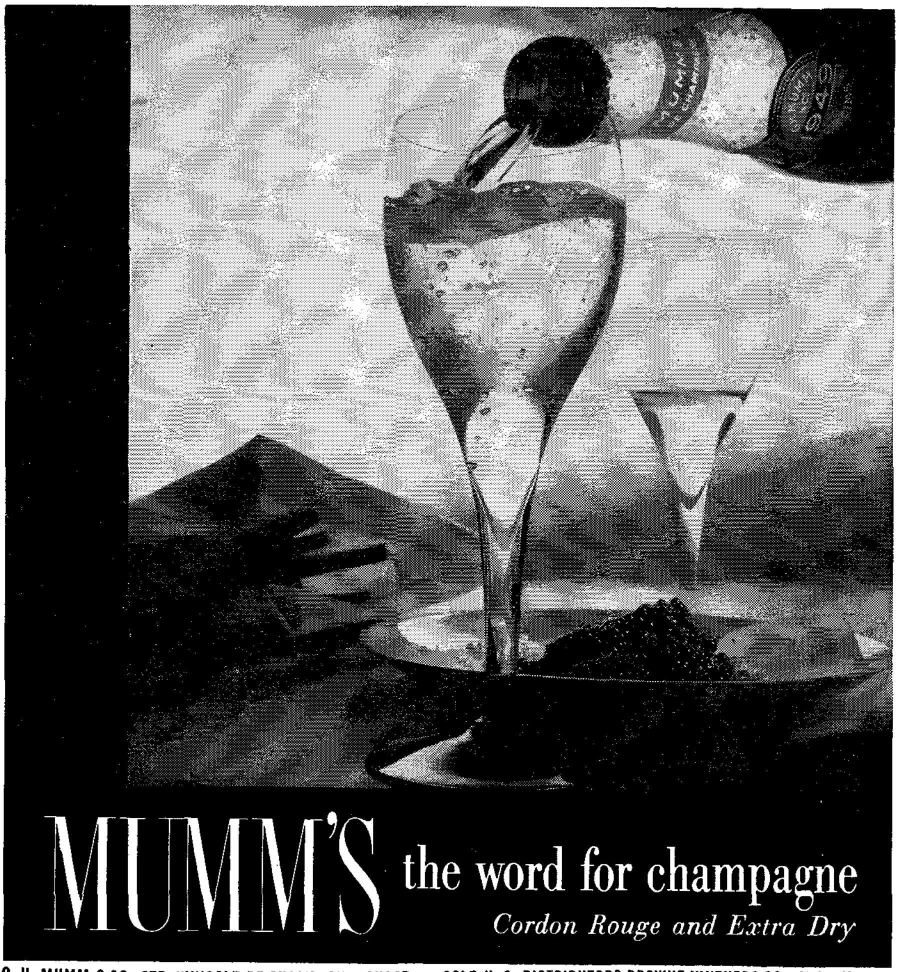
"It was the old lady who got thrown off the bus in Oil City," Michael told


(*Advertisement*)

"*to Togetherness*"*

© MC CALL CORP.

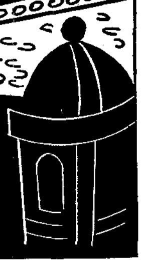
inspired by* **McCall's *of course*


MUMM'S the word for champagne
Cordon Rouge and Extra Dry

G. H. MUMM & CO. STE. VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE, SUCCR. • SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N. Y. C.

STRATFORD
SHAKESPEAREAN
FESTIVAL
CANADA
July 1st - September 7th
Christopher Plummer,
Siobhan McKenna, Douglas
Campbell *and* Frances Hyland *in*
HAMLET
TWELFTH
NIGHT
directed by Michael Langham
and Tyrone Guthrie
also
ENGLISH OPERA
GROUP
ORCHESTRAL *and* JAZZ
CONCERTS
INTERNATIONAL FILM
FESTIVAL
For complete brochure write
to Festival Publicity Office,
109 Erie Street,
Stratford, Ontario

IN THE HEART OF THE THEATRE DISTRICT
The LOBSTER
NOW IN ITS 37th YEAR
CLOSED SUNDAYS
The Lobster
"In Season" Seafood,
Steaks & Chops
145 West 45 St. New York 36
Stan Fuchs Mike Linz



JOIN THIS ARISTOCRACY
OF FINE TEA CONNOISSEURS

From Taiwan comes this rare and unusual Hu-Kwa tea, rated by tasters as the acme in delicious, satisfying smoky flavor—a tea well worthy to be named for the famous 19th century Chinese potentate who *first opened the Orient* to the clipper ships of the Wendell family. Still grown in limited quantities with tender care, Hu-Kwa has the rich full-bodied flavor and aroma of the finest obtainable smoky tea. Cup for cup it is actually less expensive than other beverages . . . yet more satisfying to the discriminating taste, a discovery you will make with your first order. One lb. canister $3.50. Add 25c beyond city delivery limits.

Order from the importer
MARK T. WENDELL
156 State St., Boston, Mass.

Please send .... lbs. of Hu-Kwa tea to:
Name..
Street...
Town...Zone.........
☐Check ☐Money order PLEASE NO C.O.D.s

me. "I mean, nobody threw her off on purpose, but the driver started up so fast she didn't get clear down the steps, so she fell off and broke her arm. Or maybe she just sprained it, but anyway the driver said it wasn't his fault, and a lot of the other passengers said they hadn't seen a thing and wouldn't be witnesses, but I told the lady I'd testify for her, because it really was the driver's fault, and I wrote out my name and address for her. That's why I got a summons to appear in court next month." He looked modestly gratified. "It's at 10 A.M. on a school day, but Mother said she was sure the principal would excuse me, because it's a civic duty to testify. And I told the detectives all that, but the older one said, 'A witness! Oh, yeah? Just payin' a nice little social call on the judge.' And he started questioning me all over again. I said, 'If you'd just call my mother—Mrs. Henry Barnett—at the Statler, she'd tell you it's all true. Every word.' At last, the younger man said to the other detective, 'The kid might just possibly be telling the truth, at that. It might just be he's got a mother uptown like he says. Sure it's crazy, but why would he make up a thing like that? He knows we can check it in two minutes.' "

His colleague argued that it was a waste of time, but the younger detective insisted on phoning downstairs and telling the clerk to put in a call to Mrs. Henry Barnett at the Statler. "Then he handed the phone to the other man, and when Mother answered, he said he was a detective from the Eighth Precinct, and then he asked her, 'Do you have a son named Michael Barnett?'

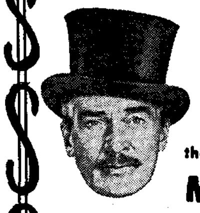
"I guess Mother thought I'd been killed or something. The detective was telling her, 'No, no, he's not hurt. He's all right. But I want to make sure this is your son. Will you describe him?' Mother still thought I must be in the morgue, or at least in a hospital, but the detective made her tell him the color of my eyes and hair, and how tall I was, and how much I weighed—all that stuff. But what really scared her most was that all of a sudden they were cut off."

I was feeling rather anxious myself, because it was time for us to make a dash for the train and I was afraid that once Michael got his shoes on and started out the door, I'd never yank him back to his story. When we'd left the apartment and he'd set R.W.'s suitcase carefully at our feet in a cab, I prompted him quickly, "Your mother and the detective were cut off."

"It took Mother at least ten minutes to get another call through,"

THE THEATRE GUILD presents
JUDY HOLLIDAY
in
Bells are Ringing
with SYDNEY CHAPLIN
Book and Lyrics by
BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN
Music by JULE STYNE
Entire Production
Directed by JEROME ROBBINS
Dances and Musical Numbers Staged by
JEROME ROBBINS and BOB FOSSE
Prices: Evgs. $8.05, 6.90, 5.75, 4.95, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75 (Tax Included.)
Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
Specify several alternate dates.
Air-Cond.
SHUBERT THEA., 225 W. 44 St. CI 6-5990

"RIOTOUSLY FUNNY!" Coleman, Mirror



WALTER
PIDGEON
in
the HAPPIEST
MILLIONAIRE
Prices: Eves., Orch. $5.75; Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Mats. Wed. and Sat. Orch. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30; 2nd Balc. $1.75. Tax Incl. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
Air-Cond. LYCEUM Thea., 149 W. 45 St., N. Y. C.

"TREMENDOUS MUSICAL!"—McClain, Jrl.-Amer.
"damn yankees"
THE SMASH HIT MUSICAL
starring
STEPHEN DOUGLASS
with DEVRA KORWIN • SHANNON BOLIN
and HOWARD CAINE
Air-cond. ADELPHI Thea., 152 W. 54 St.
JU 6-3787. Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

VACATION BEG. JULY 1—REOPENS AUG. 19
PULITZER PRIZE & DRAMA CRITICS AWARD
Fredric MARCH · Florence ELDRIDGE
in
EUGENE O'NEILL'S
Long Day's Journey Into Night
$6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90—Eves. Only, 7:30
HELEN HAYES THEATRE, 46th St. West of B'way

PRE-THEATRE DINNER
Gaston
an intimate restaurant
with a
discriminating continental
cuisine and matching wine cellar . . .
Air Cond.
48 East 49th Street PLaza 5-4285

AUTHENTIC
RUSSIAN CUISINE
Russian
Tea Room
150 W. 57TH ST.
Open Sundays

Michael said. "And by that time she was nearly out of her mind. The detectives were still in my room, because they'd told the clerk to get the Statler again, and while we were waiting, they were telling me about all the juvenile sneak thieves who've been around here lately, and how the police have to make the rounds of the Village hotels every night to watch for suspicious characters. When Mother finally got her call and talked to the detective again, he just told her there'd been a mixup about my room key and that's why they were checking up. Then he let me talk to her, and I told her I was fine. I think the detectives were sorry, because they both shook hands with me when they left, and the younger one told me, 'You were running across the lobby, and that's why we noticed you in the first place. The minute a cop sees someone running, he's apt to get suspicious. From now on, just walk. Remember that, kid. Walk—don't run.' "

Michael said to me, "I've been trying all day to remember to walk slowly." He took a last, loving look at New York from the cab window as we turned off Fifth Avenue to Grand Central. "Oh, I hate to leave. I really love this city. I can hardly wait to come back."

I wanted to offer him some great, glittering piece of New York on a platter, to make up for his having been given the wrong key to the city, but all I could do just then was to make sure he got on the train. Now that I knew what Josephine had been through, I marvelled that she hadn't bundled him off with her that morning, and I told Michael he had a remarkably nice mother.

"I know it," Michael said. "That's one of the reasons I'm going up there tonight—because she said she trusted me to use my own judgment."

As we said goodbye at the train gate, I told Michael we'd certainly make up for things the next time he came. "But there's nothing to make up for," he said radiantly. "I've had a wonderful time."

I watched him after he went through the gate. He started racing down the stairs, with R. W.'s suitcase banging against his legs, but halfway down he suddenly checked himself, and walked on down sedately.

—Hildegarde Dolson

•

It's been nearly 10 years since Isadora Duncan was in town and nearly 30 since she died, but her name still is a household word—at least among senior San Francisco citizens.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

And well it might be.

Samovar
GENUINE DRY VODKA

For breath sublime
Samovar truly fine!

Product of U.S.A. Boaka Kompaniya, Schenley, Pa. and Fresno, Calif. Made from Grain. 80 and 100 proof.
DRY
Samovar
VODKA

Crabmeat-Avocado & Fruit Salad

Tempting pink-white chunks of
CANNED JAPANESE KING CRABMEAT
"make" your summer salad!

SUMMER DISHES take on new glamour, new elegance, when you prepare them with Canned Japanese King Crabmeat. That's because all the fresh-from-the-ocean flavor of this giant king crab is intact. Japanese King Crabmeat is so heavenly to taste. So refreshingly different. Japanese King Crabmeat is healthful and versatile . . . full of health-building minerals and proteins. Serve it in salads, sandwiches, casseroles, appetizers. It makes so many wonderful dishes!

FREE! Send for your free copy of our recipe book, Menu Magic. Write Dept. M, Rm. 1814, 342 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

She deserves to eat out

—at least once a week!

Whether it be dinner, breakfast, brunch or lunch . . . the pleasure's made greater by America's best-loved beverage—coffee! And Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand!

PRESSURE PACKED
Chase & Sanborn
COFFEE

1951
CHIANTI SUPERIORE
CONSORZIO PER LA DIFESA DEL VINO TIPICO DEL CHIANTI
CHIANTI
MARCA DEPOSITATA
BROLIO

THE MARK OF CLASSIC CHIANTI

have you ever tasted real Chianti?

THINK before you answer. Only Chianti imported from Italy's famed Chianti region bears the proud symbol of the black rooster. Ask for Brolio . . . the perfect accompaniment to fine food.

be cocksure . . . ask for **BROLIO**

ITALY'S *Chianti* SUPERIORE

FONTANA-HOLLYWOOD CORP., N.Y. Sole U.S. Agent

THE RACE TRACK

Proof Positive

Gallant Man's victory in the Belmont Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday proved what a good colt he really is. In the run down the backstretch, he was more than half a dozen lengths in the wake of the swift, pace-setting Bold Ruler, and somehow looked twice as far behind as that, but he came on in the final six furlongs of the mile and a half to win by eight lengths from Inside Tract. Four lengths farther back, Bold Ruler was third, practically staggering with exhaustion. The other starters—Pop Corn, Lucky Dip, and Bold Nero—were down the course. It was the fastest Belmont ever. Gallant Man was clocked in 2:26⅗, which not only broke the track and the American mark for the distance by a full second but bettered the times of Citation and Count Fleet, who jointly held the record for the Belmont, by a second and three-fifths.

As soon as the race preceding the Belmont was over, the spectators began streaming toward the paddock to see the saddling for the eighty-ninth running of the fixture, and so many people crowded into the walking ring, especially within range of the television camera, that it wasn't easy to get a peek at the runners. Gallant Man—slight, cool, sleek, and unconcerned—has never looked in better condition. Inside Tract, a burly fellow, was the biggest colt in the parade, but it was Bold Ruler who caught everyone's eye, and Arcaro, who rode him, guided him to the post with the skill and assurance of an expert showing off a fine horse. Bold Ruler was the quickest out of the starting gate, as he had been in the Preakness, and Gallant Man's running mate, Bold Nero, tried to keep pace with him. That lasted only about five furlongs, whereupon Bold Ruler went zooming along alone, passing the six-furlong pole in 1:10⅖ and going on to the mile in 1:35⅗, which was entirely too fast for a horse who still had half a mile to go. By then, Gallant Man, who started slowly and had many lengths to make up, was beginning his run. Halfway around the turn for home, he caught up with Bold Ruler, and for the next fifty or sixty yards they went head and head. Then Gallant Man drew away easily, and the race was over. All that remained was for Inside Tract to take second money. The last half mile, by the way, was run four and a fifth seconds slower than the first, but that was only to be expected after an early pace like that. The betting on the Belmont was interesting. Most of the time, both Gallant Man and Bold Ruler were 4–5 on the odds board—the sort of prices those Wall Street commissioners offer on football games—but in the end the winner paid $3.90, which wasn't so bad.

Gallant Man, a bay three-year-old by Migoli out of Majideh (someone told me he was named for a horse in a picture show), is one of a draft of six colts and three fillies that Ralph Lowe, a Texas oil man, bought as yearlings from the Aga Khan, for $220,000. Three of the other colts were rated better than he was, but he is the only one of the lot who has earned more than his oats. Last year, he won three out of seven races, and this season he has won four out of eight, most of them stakes. His share of the Belmont purse was $77,300, which is slightly more than he had earned in all his other trips to the post this year. He likes plenty of rest between races, so I couldn't guess when or where his next start will be. I thought his trainer, Johnny Nerud, a wiry little horseman with a fancy for those close-fitting caps that sports-car drivers affect, did a splendid job in bringing Gallant Man up to the Belmont in faultless condition, and that Shoemaker rode him with confidence and judgment.

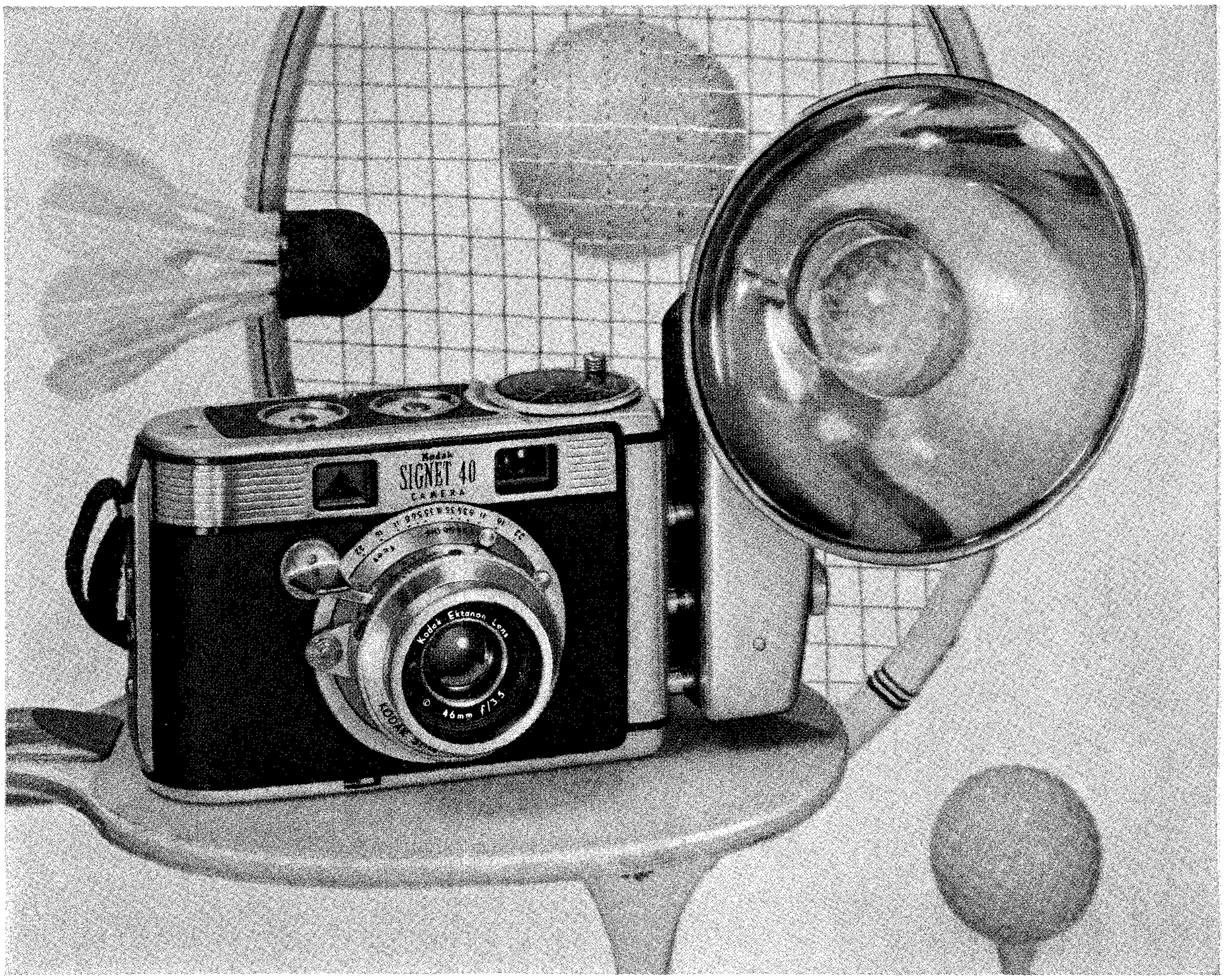
As for Bold Ruler, it seemed to me that the Belmont clearly established him as no stayer. Even so, I venture to say that he could beat anything in training at any distance up to and including a mile and a furlong. I'd like to make another prediction: If he runs for the Classic Stakes in Chicago next month, he should have no difficulty in winning it. The distance is a mile, and the purse runs into six figures.

Monmouth Park, my favorite Jersey track, opened last week, and seems to be faster than ever. At any rate, Decathlon ran six furlongs there in 1:08⅖, which would be stepping even in California, where all those records come from. —Audax Minor

•

AIRLINE SHIFTS OFFICIALS
Trans World Promotes Some,
Moves Others to New York
—*Headlines in the Times.*

That'll jog 'em.



New Kodak Signet 40 Camera makes magnificent color slides easy to get!

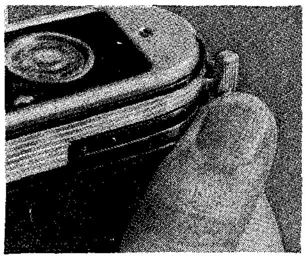
Love-40 . . . that just about sums up every man's impression of this new Kodak Signet 40 Camera.

Here is a camera that serves up glorious color slides—with glorious new ease.

Its sharp, fast *f*/3.5 lens sets and focuses *fast* . . . 1/400 flash shutter stops sports action. You can even keep it *pre*-set for most shots, because average exposure settings are "color marked."

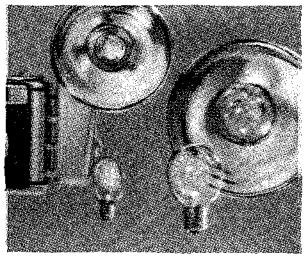
The Signet 40 looks and performs like the fine camera that it is. You'll be proud to have it with you wherever you go. And it's made by Kodak—so you know it's good.

Ask your photo dealer for a demonstration. With flasholder and two reflectors, it's only $69, or as little as $7 down. *Prices are list, include Federal Tax and are subject to change without notice.*



Rapid-action thumb lever advances film, then stops automatically. Fast, easy loading. Double-exposure prevention.

Bring together the two images in the rangefinder-viewfinder window, and you're in focus! Shoot as close as 2 feet away.



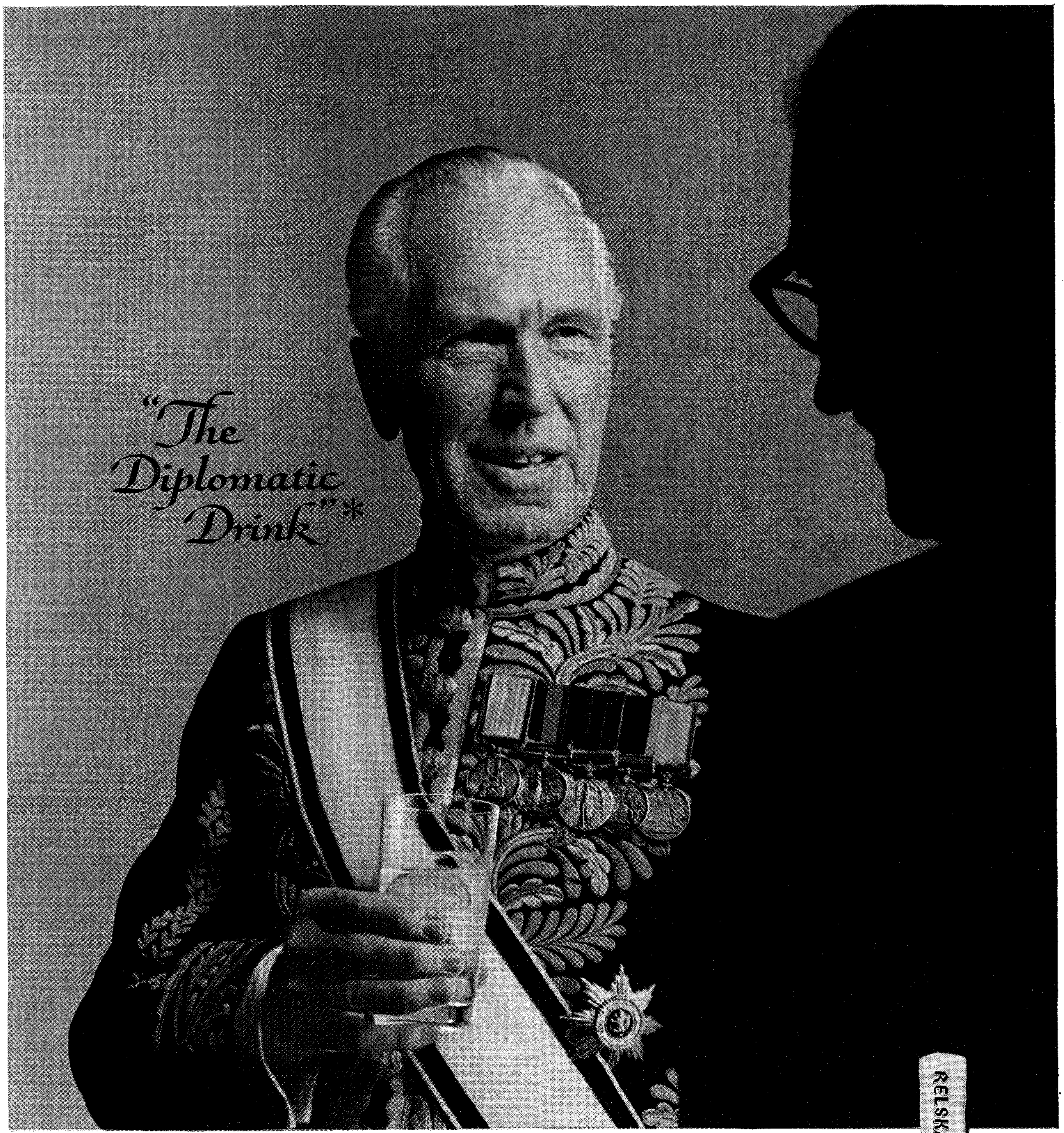
Three- and four-inch reflectors give maximum brilliance with both sizes of the new compact and low-cost midget flashbulbs.

Kodak Signet 40 Color Slide Outfit

Camera-projector outfit with new Kodak 300 Projector, $128.50, or $12.85 down.

Kodak
TRADE-MARK

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY . . . Rochester 4, N. Y.



The Ambassador could spare me only a few moments. Very gracious, though. We toasted the occasion in Relska Vodka.

"I've noticed," he said, "that your high-level Americans invariably find Relska a delightful surprise—there's no liquor taste. Over here, Relska's been the reigning favorite for many years—centuries, I'd say."

I couldn't help thinking—once again—that Relska Vodka surely is *the diplomatic drink.*

* **DIPLOMATIC IS THE WORD!** (in England—and all Europe). In a martini, collins, rickey, with juices . . . Relska is reassuringly discreet—there is *no liquor taste.*

Since 1721

RELSKA®

The World's Most Honored Vodka

RELSKA
RELSKA
VODKA

CONSISTENT WINNER OF THE HIGHEST INTERNATIONAL AWARDS
80 and 100 Proof. Made from Grain by L.Relsky & Cie, Cockeysville, Md., U.S.A.

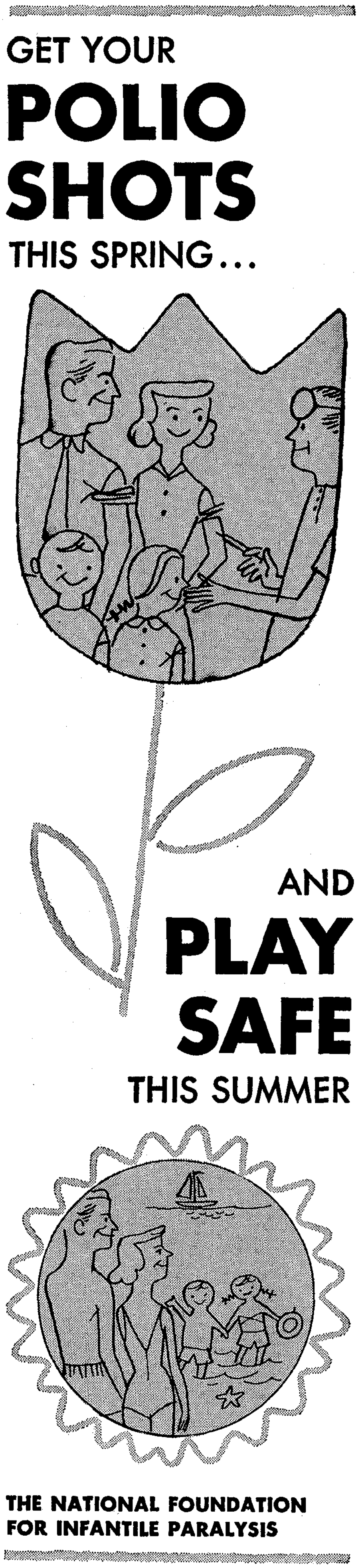
LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 12

DURING the long Whitsun bank-holiday weekend that is just over, throngs of motorists jammed the main routes to the sea and to the popular beauty spots in the first great national spree of petrol-burning since rationing came off. It was estimated in advance that some three million drivers would be happily careering along England's winding roads over the holiday, and they were solemnly implored in the press and on the air, by everybody from the Minister of Transport downward, to go carefully, especially if theirs was an elderly car tasting its first snort of gas and liberty after being laid up all these months. Another freedom that the Treasury benevolently bestowed just before the exodus started was the long-awaited lifting of currency restrictions on travel in the dollar area, maybe to counterbalance the benevolence shown toward British tourists by Moscow recently with the announcement that motor tours in the ruble area (accompanied, of course, by a Russian interpreter-guide in the back seat) would now be welcomed. Though it is somewhat doubtful how far and handsomely a hundred pounds' worth of dollars—even now, a hundred pounds is the maximum amount of foreign currency that the British can spend on jaunts abroad in a year—will take anyone in the United States, the news seemed more cheering for the future of those much battered Anglo-American relations than any number of politicians' speeches. It is to be hoped that airlines will cash in on the vast passenger potential of eager young men and women who want to see whether America is really like the movies or possibly (and blessedly) different, by setting up some off-peak student tours at strictly off-peak student prices. Right now, lots of people are beginning to plan visits to relatives and friends across the Atlantic whose invitations they felt unable to accept before, because of the prospect of having to rely on their hosts for taxi fare.

AS its bit of holiday cheer, the Government might have studied the latest Gallup Poll figures, published the other day by the *News Chronicle*, which showed the faintest tremor of a public half turn—though most certainly nothing so athletic as a swing—toward the Conservatives. The Labourites are still well out in front, as all the recent by-elections have pointedly demonstrated, but for the first time in the post-Suez period, the figures have given them a slightly reduced lead. Many people think that Suez is less responsible for the monotonous Conservative drops in by-election majorities—even in places that have always been regarded as staunch Tory strongholds—than is the highly unpopular bill ending rent controls, and the public's fear of how it is going to affect their lives and pockets. The bill became law last week, and was virtuously cut dead by the Labour Party leaders, who, in an apparently unprecedented display of parliamentary huff, refused to join the traditional procession of Government and Opposition members summoned from the Commons to the Lords by the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod (a high officer of the upper house) to hear the reading of the Queen's formal assent to its being entered in the statute book. The boycott was, of course, intended to impress on any citizens who might be watching that Labour is unbudgingly opposed to this latest Tory scheme to aid the rapacious top dog—in this case, landlords, although, as a matter of fact, there are thousands of small property owners who bought a house or two with their savings and despairingly saw their investment disappear in the inequalities of the old rent-restriction act. By putting an end to artificially pegged rents, most of which were still standing at the low 1939 level, the violently criticized new measure will also put an end to tenants' subletting for more than the owner was getting, and to landlords' excuses for allowing their uneconomic property to totter slowly into squalor or total collapse. Every year, more houses were being taken off the rental market in that way. The only thing that most alarmed citizens can see, naturally, is that their rent is likely to go up in the near future. The Conservatives, who have their eyes fixed anxiously on the next general election, too, can only hope that the rancorous fight that has gone on in all the stages of the rent bill's getting itself through the legislative machinery will be forgotten by the time the electorate is next asked to choose a government.

According to the same poll, the Prime Minister's personal popularity has gone up slightly in the country, along with that of his party. To date, while his success in Parliament as the Party leader has been extraordinary, the rank and file have remained, on the whole, apathetic. Maybe they are a bit dazed by the



nice girls don't %#(!

they staple neatly, efficiently, electrically with the "Swingline 66"

No more teeth clenching, fist pounding or delays for the office with a SWINGLINE 66. This amazing new electric stapling machine staples up to 40 sheets at a time with a *Feather Touch*... speeds office work, cuts office costs. Ask your stationery supplier for a free 10-day trial!

only $29^75* (Foot pedal model available at $35.75*)

Swingline® INC. World's Largest Manufacturers of Staplers for Home and Office, Long Island City 1, N.Y. *Slightly higher in the West

Facing Lake Michigan on the Gold Coast

Enjoy incomparable luxury only five minutes from downtown ... steps from famous restaurants and exclusive North Michigan Avenue stores. Superb appointments and friendly service Rooms, suites and apartments.

Lake Shore Drive HOTEL SUperior 7-8500
181 East Lake Shore Drive
CHICAGO

Dorset Room is open daily and Sunday for BREAKFAST LUNCHEON and DINNER

THE POPULAR DORSET BAR-CAFE is recommended by knowing New Yorkers for COCKTAILS and late SUPPER SNACKS

HOTEL DORSET
30 West 54th Street, Just off Fifth Ave.
Member of Diner's Club Bing & Bing, Inc., Mgt.

Cherio RESTAURANT
LUNCHEON-DINNER TILL 11 P. M.
OPEN SUNDAYS 6 P. M.
46 E. 50TH ST. • MU 8-1190

speed and dazzle of Mr. Macmillan's remarkable performance in smoothing things down (including most of the dissenting members of his back-bench support) while somehow contriving to give the bland impression that nothing has changed in the best of all possible Eden worlds. As a sign for all to see, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is still Foreign Secretary, in spite of rumors speeding him from office, and in spite of the fact that the policy to which he so often publicly declared himself unalterably wedded has, in brutal truth, been so much altered that he has been left in the awkward position of a figurehead stranded without a ship. The millions of Britons who were cheerfully tootling about England in their cars last weekend were not, to be sure, so bemused with joy over their full petrol tanks that they did not note the inevitable climb-down that accompanied the new freedom, in the shape of the decision that English ships would use the Canal and pay dues to Egypt along with everybody else. But the situation was so dexterously handled that, apart from a slight dustup in the Commons among Mr. Macmillan's Right Wing supporters and the dignified but misfiring manifesto of Lord Salisbury in the Lords, the only rumbles of discontent have proceeded from the man in the street, who apparently thinks less fast than the politicians and has a better memory than they think he has.

It is possible that the current enormously growing public uneasiness and controversy over the hydrogen-bomb tests may not be so simple for the Prime Minister to smooth down. National anxiety has mushroomed with the Christmas Island explosions, and the *Times'* grim leading article of last Friday, cabled from its special correspondent in Twin Springs, Nevada, was widely read and discussed. Without any doubt at all, this is the huge, black, unsummery question at the back of everyone's mind this summer, to which everyone wants a straight answer soon—and louder than any that has so far been given. As Labour shows every sign of recognizing, the way it is answered might easily settle a lot of future political question marks, too.

BACK in April, the Director-General of the B.B.C., Sir Ian Jacob, called a press conference to announce that, as had long been expected, the B.B.C.'s radio-programming policy is to be given a thorough doing over, partly to save money and partly to hold the possibly wavering interest of radio listeners who also have television sets. At the moment, about half the population

Summer Soup Supreme

THE CHOICE FOR COOL SUMMER DINING
Bon Vivant VICHYSSOISE CREAM SOUP
* * * * * *
Write for booklet of "23 Unusual Soups"
MOORE & CO. SOUPS, INC.,
Dept. Y, 166 Abington Ave., Newark, N. J.

900 NORTH MICHIGAN
Jacques FRENCH RESTAURANT CHICAGO
Enjoy food of superb quality served in a distinctive continental atmosphere.
Reservations Suggested
OPEN DAILY... 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.

EXOTIC DELICACY you simply *can't* buy elsewhere...
HAWAIIAN BANANA LOAF
Cake of the Gods!

Everyone who's tasted our unique Loaf calls it an adventure in regal eating. Deliciously light, full-textured, *3 huge, ripe bananas, 2 eggs, 7 secret ingredients plus* a master's skill with a slow-bake oven . . . make this golden brown masterpiece naturally rich and flavorful. Superb eating, plain, toasted, a la mode. Delicious with beverages or dessert. Magnificent gift! Custom baked to your order. Mailed prepaid in its own deep tin pan. 2 pound loaf each $2.98
Please send check or MO, no COD's.
MARVIRA SHOPPE dept. N-1, 1276 Clay Avenue New York 56, N. Y.

IN PHILADELPHIA, IT'S
Helen Sigel's
1523 WALNUT ST.
RESTAURANT BAR

has radio-set licenses and a quarter has TV-set licenses, but the TVs are expected to catch up with and pass the radio listeners at a brisk trot before very long. The Corporation has apparently figured out that what the TV customers want when they give their radio knobs a twirl for old-times' sake is mostly easy entertainment in painless form. Of the three daily programs now existing, it seems that the Light is to become lighter and that the Home Service will need rather more attention from the listener, but not much. It was the plans announced for the Third Programme, which is the one dedicated to intelligent audiences, that caused the big commotion, and this is still reverberating. Loud cries of pain and anger greeted the news that the Third is to be cut down to four meagre hours a night in October, starting at eight o'clock, instead of at six, as at present. Though "a Third Programme sort of chap" has crept into the language—meaning a Bloomsbury intellectual, possibly clad in fuzzy tweeds and certainly avid for harpsichord concerts, Kafka, early Elizabethan tragedy, and so on—a large section of the indignant letters that promptly pelted in on the B.B.C. were evidently from professional men and women, housewives, and other workers who have come to feel that the Third is a sort of free postgraduate patching of the holes in their education. There is also consternation among musicians, to whom the Third, throughout the ten years of its existence, has been a doughty commissioner of new works and a steady platform for their performance. As a result of all this, an organization called the Third Programme Defence Society has started up, under the chairmanship of Mr. Peter Laslett, a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. It has already held a public meeting at the Charing Cross Hotel, formed a committee, collected funds, and rolled up some formidable heavy guns in support, including T. S. Eliot, Sir Laurence Olivier, Leonard Woolf, Sir Maurice Bowra, and E. M. Forster. So far, the B.B.C. governors have only made polite listening noises, but the Society hopes that they will give proof of having heard and noted this vocal burst of public feeling before the October deadline comes along.

The current agitation to keep the Third intact has its comic side for those who recall the skepticism and the jeers mingled with cheers that greeted the opening of the experiment, on September 29, 1946, when Joyce Grenfell and Stephen Potter spoke its first words, in a dialogue entitled "How to Listen,"

CARIOCA RUM

makes a Summer drink SING!

Serenade your thirst with a refreshing Carioca 'n Tonic... a cooling Carioca Collins... or a frosty Carioca Highball. Any drink made with smoother, finer Carioca Rum is music to your taste. Carioca "makes a drink SING"!

Rum
CARIOCA
Ron Carioca
Puerto Rican Rum

For Prize Carioca Recipes to "make your drinks sing", write: SCHENLEY IMPORT CO., 122 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK • PUERTO RICAN RUM, WHITE OR GOLD LABEL, 86 PROOF

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for ☐1 YEAR; ☐2 YEARS. My remittance is enclosed.

U. S. and Possessions	1 year—$7.00; 2 years—$12.00
Canada, Latin America and Spain	1 year— 8.00; 2 years— 14.00
Other Foreign	1 year—10.00; 2 years— 18.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least four weeks in advance and to give us their old address as well as the new. Please include postal zone numbers for both addresses.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

(Please include postal zone number)

The man who reads dictionaries

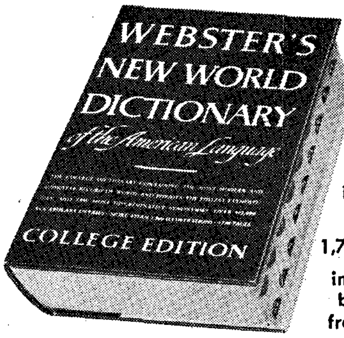
©*Gordon Parks Photo*

STUART CHASE, economist, social scientist, semanticist, whose most recent book is *Guides to Straight Thinking*, says:

"A DICTIONARY should be read with a certain detachment, and I have often quarreled with scholars who use it as a bible. They fall into what I call the One Proper Meaning superstition, and forget that language is a living thing, constantly changing and growing. The makers of *Webster's New World Dictionary*, College Edition, are well aware of this point. That is one reason why I keep it on my reference shelf, six feet from my desk, and reach for it several times a day."

The name Webster alone on a dictionary is not enough to guarantee excellence of this kind. Visit your bookseller; ask to see—

WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY



142,000 entries

1,760 pages

in various bindings, from $5.75

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY

and Max Beerbohm's incomparable frail voice signed off for the evening with an elegant flourish in a talk on "London Revisited." Since then, it has been copied in Italy, which started an experimental Terzo Programma in 1950, and in Spain, Greece, Germany, and France. Lots of British think that it would be singularly unintelligent of the B.B.C. to choose such a civilized pioneer to economize on.

LONDON has at last seen Berlioz' mammoth epic opera "The Trojans," which had never been performed here uncut and in public before and which was given—in full and overflowing measure indeed—at Covent Garden last Thursday, the first of eight eagerly awaited, much heralded performances. The opera runs for four and a half hours—including three intermissions of twenty minutes each, when the audience can surface for a sandwich—which is "Götterdämmerung" going. Into that time Berlioz pressed Vergil's heroic story of the fall of Troy, the fugitive Trojan Aeneas's love for the Carthaginian Queen Dido, and his final, wrenching departure from her arms and domain to his destiny as the legendary founder of Rome, and mounted it on a prodigious, craggy pile of musical invention to noble scale. The performance of this remarkable work was conducted by Rafael Kubelik, Covent Garden's musical director, and produced by Sir John Gielgud, who—for the most part, brilliantly—tackled the frequent elaborate scene shifts, the enormous crowd movements, and the rest of the problems that helped keep Berlioz' difficult masterpiece on the shelf for so long. The Trojan Horse is a whopper. You see only the bottom half of its great legs as it is lugged slowly across the stage in a thrilling moment, musically and visually. The American Blanche Thebom, in wonderful Carthaginian headdresses of gold wire, sang Dido, and the young Canadian tenor Jon Vickers, whose fine singing is agreeably free of tricks, gave the performance of the evening as a manly Aeneas. By risking the production, Covent Garden has certainly furnished London music lovers with their big operatic excitement of the season. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Onancock (Va.) Eastern Shore News*]

Friends will regret to hear that Mr. Dick Jenkins is a patient at the N. A. Memorial hospital and is doing fine.

Robert Graves'

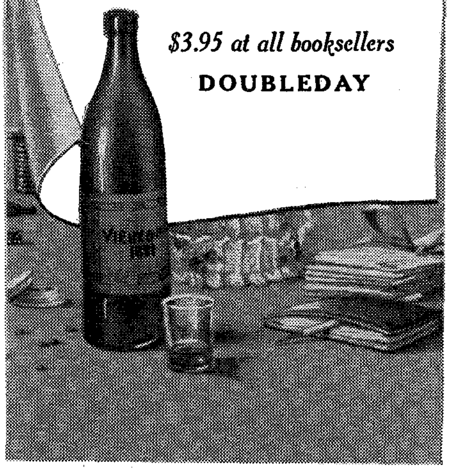
new novel is strewn with sex, drink, gambling, dope, incest, murder, scandalous legal proceedings, and a good old fashioned hanging—**"one of the most fascinating historical chronicles I have read."**

—ERLE STANLEY GARDNER*

They Hanged My Saintly Billy

A biographical novel about one of England's most infamous convicted poisoners and one of her most famous murder trials, by one of the world's finest writers.

"Highly entertaining, lusty narrative in which the characters come to life with all their passion, prejudice, shortcomings, timidities and affections."—ERLE STANLEY GARDNER, in the *N.Y. Times Book Review**

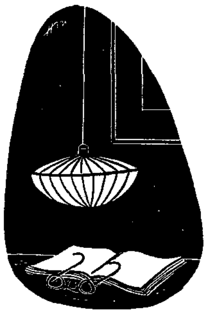


$3.95 at all booksellers

DOUBLEDAY

BOOKS

A Comedy and a Half



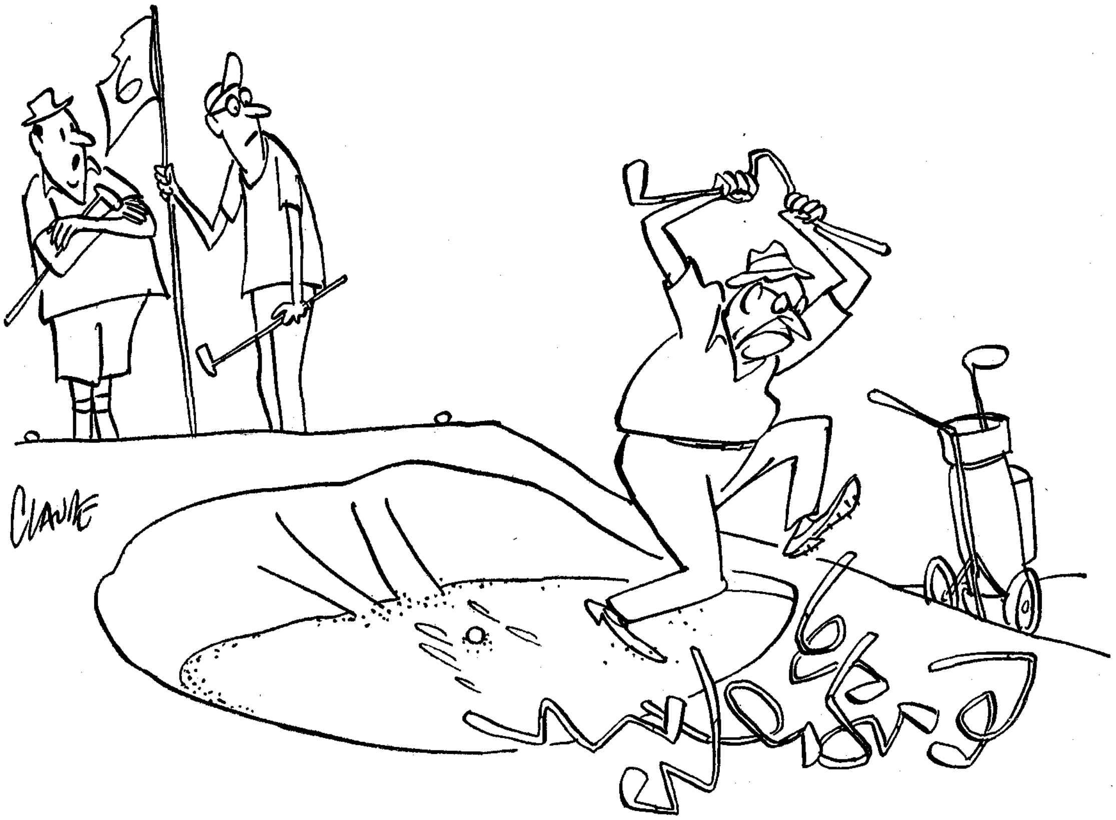
MRS. R. PRAWER JHABVALA'S second novel, "The Nature of Passion" (Norton), is an unpretentious delight done in the tradition of the nineteenth-century comic English novel, which got most of its material from the muscular setting-up exercises of the rising middle classes. Their behavior often resembled that of an amateur balloonist who, in attempting an ascent, either doesn't dump enough ballast or lets everything go at once, and shoots out of sight. Such errors were, of course, part of a slow, organic process that gave novelists like Dickens the time to get them into steady focus. Mrs. Jhabvala, however, is writing about the furious social scuffling in present-day India, which, though just ten years old, is already moving at a gallop. Bullocks and Cadillacs collide in the narrow, tortuous lanes of New Delhi, the city of which she writes, and although Lala Narayan Dass Verma, or Lalaji, the endearing hero of her novel, lives in a large, expensive house equipped with seven marble bathrooms, he still washes at "the garden tap and cleans his teeth with a twig from the margosa tree." But Mrs. Jhabvala doesn't handle her particular set of social conflicts—ancient Indian customs versus the new English ways, the settled Indian gentry versus the *nouveau riche*, the timeless Oriental business practices of bribery and gentle coercion versus the blunt Western methods—with the dark nervousness of Dickens. Instead, she writes with a plump-faced, matronly serenity that is nonetheless always on the brink of outright laughter:

> They stopped at a restaurant and the doorman swung the portals open for them. It was very full. Well-fed people were piled on gilt chairs and damascened sofas which looked too fragile to hold them. A few couples were dancing, but most people concentrated on eating. Bearers swayed under overladen trays and thrust vast steaming dishes between closely packed shoulders. Preoccupation with food and drink had swamped the dainty western-style elegance of the interior decoration, and even the dancers and the band, its jazzy little tunes so bravely played, could not hold out against the bulging bearded cheeks of chewing men.

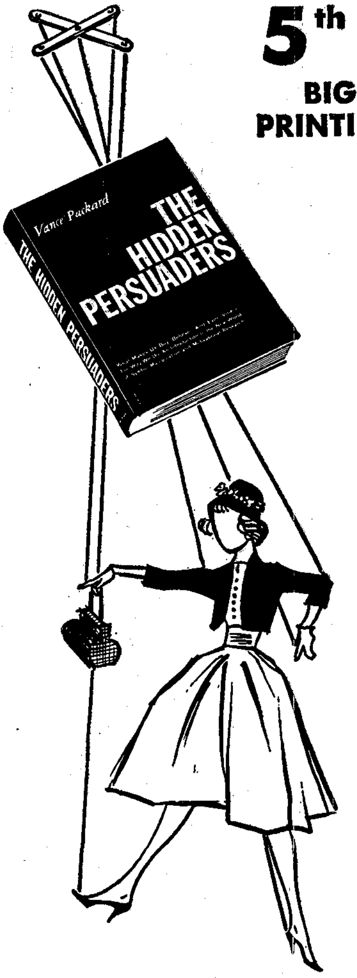
This flawless, almost twittingly bland prose rarely even bothers with such decorations as metaphors, and it never moves any faster. The result is a solid, funny novel that is, within its carefully chosen scope, nearly perfect.

Lalaji has been married thirty-seven years and has six children. Although ponderously fat, he moves with an agility that has transformed him from a poor man into the leading building contractor of New Delhi and one of its wealthiest men. But he is still a kind and memorable extrovert who pounds his fat thighs and roars with laughter when pleased and aimlessly picks at the dirt between his toes when concerned. Mrs. Jhabvala makes his life a fascinating miniature of modern India. At one pole is Lalaji, barely able to read and write, who accepts the old customs—the gossip-ridden women's quarter in his house, where his wife and sister have relentlessly trained his daughters as discreet servant-companions for the husbands who will be chosen for them; the discarding of shoes at the front door; the unbreakable, box-within-a-box continuity of family loyalties. At the opposite pole is his youngest child, Nimmi, a beautiful eighteen-year-old girl, who goes to college, where she has learned the desirability of perfect English, the smartness of short hair as opposed to the traditional heavy coils on top of the head, and the necessity of choosing one's husband oneself. Yet Lalaji and Nimmi are inextricably, if negatively, entwined; she is his most precious possession, while he represents to her fashionable eyes all that is vulgar among the uneducated *nouveau riche*. For the first time, Lalaji and Nimmi meet head on. He badly wants a highly profitable building contract from the Happy Hindustan Trading Company. The director of the company wishes to marry off an extremely eligible son. The price, to Lalaji's horror, is Nimmi:

> She is too young, he told himself; though he knew she was not. It is necessary for her to finish her education; though he knew it was not. The match is not suitable; though it would have been hard to think of one more so. She who is worthy



"For a man of his years, he's certainly kept in marvellous condition!"



5th BIG PRINTING

When "The Hidden Persuaders" pull the strings . . .

YOU DO AS YOU'RE TOLD!

"This brisk, authoritative book is a funny and frightening report," says *The New Yorker,* "on how such pressure groups as manufacturers, fund-raisers, and politicians are attempting, with the help of advertising agencies and publicists, to turn the American mind into a kind of catatonic dough that will buy, give, or vote at their command."

"Fascinating — frightening, entertaining and thought-stimulating to boot," says A. C. Spectorsky in the *New York Times.*

"Often appalling, often very funny, and continuously fascinating," concludes the *Atlantic Monthly.*

READ *Vance Packard's*

THE HIDDEN PERSUADERS

At bookstores • $4.

DAVID McKAY CO., Inc., N. Y. 3

of a King, he would tell himself, to be married only to the son of a Director of a Trading Company.

Lalaji, in between a series of senseless rages, starts picking at his toes and begins a painful and unaccustomed meditation. He discovers that he is upset not because of any harm the marriage might bring Nimmi but because he cannot bear having her beauty go out of his life. He also discovers that he has apparently worked hard not for his children, as he had always thought, or even for power or for money itself, but because, as his learned clerk has told him, a man must follow his true nature. His nature, it is clear, is to make a great deal of money. Lalaji arranges the marriage.

It is as if Mrs. Jhabvala had abruptly realized that Lalaji, whom she has not designed for the corrosiveness of introspection, might burst from so much inner strain. The tension suddenly wilts, and the book subsides on a cheerful, if rather soft, irony. The eligible son is none other than the fashionable boy whom Nimmi has been admiring from afar during her secretive rounds of the country club and the city's night spots. Both custom and progress have been shamelessly buttered up. Mrs. Jhabvala is finally laughing.

"TUNES OF GLORY" (Harper), the first novel of a young Scots writer named James Kennaway, is a buoyant study of a classic dramatic situation—a battle to the death between a crude, powerful, uneducated man and a small, genteel Oxford intellectual. It is the sort of struggle one finds so often in those expert English movies filled with mercurial faces and roguish eyes, in which conventional morality, no matter how valiant, or even triumphant, somehow seems to have been turned inside out by the appealingly handcuffed hero-villain. Colonel Jock Sinclair, beet-faced and hard-drinking, has led his Highland battalion magnificently through the Second World War and is now in command of it at Campbell Barracks, in Scotland. Without warning, he is demoted to second in command. His replacement, Colonel Basil Barrow, who drinks brandy rather than whiskey and is writing a history of the battalion, attempts to pump some of the militarism back into a post that has sagged into the flyspecked ways of peacetime Army life. Sinclair grows moody and ominous, drinks more than usual, and, after a battalion party at which he and Barrow clash, goes to a pub and unpardonably punches a corporal in the eye. Barrow, who admires

True tales of some wonderful rogues, scoundrels, and adventurers in the South Pacific

Rascals in Paradise

By **JAMES A. MICHENER** *and* **A. GROVE DAY**

$4.75, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE N. Y.

Life at HAPPY KNOLL

You don't have to belong to enjoy it

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

Illus. $3.75
LITTLE, BROWN

"A remarkable book."
—ANDRÉ MAUROIS

Jesting Apostle

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF BERNARD SHAW

By STEPHEN WINSTEN

Uninhibited, intimate biography by a close friend, with much hitherto unpublished material.
Illustrated $5.00

DUTTON

Sinclair enormously as a soldier, if not as a man, is stunned. Nonetheless, during a day filled with buts and ifs, he decides, for the good of the battalion, to report the matter, and that night implausibly shoots himself to death. Mr. Kennaway makes a wonderfully blowzy thing of Sinclair's victory. In command again, Sinclair stops the investigation of his misdemeanor and arranges a funeral for Barrow that would compliment a king. It will be a complex affair—a gaudy tribute to a man Sinclair knows had just as much courage as himself; an attempt by Sinclair to appease his remorse for an action that has cost a man's life; and, most important, a symbolic burial of Sinclair himself, who overnight has grown old and tired. Fortunately, Mr. Kennaway, who is a bright, clean writer, never makes Barrow—by either design or accident—more than a dim, rather furtive type beside the huge, steamy rock of Jock Sinclair. It wasn't really a fair match in the first place.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

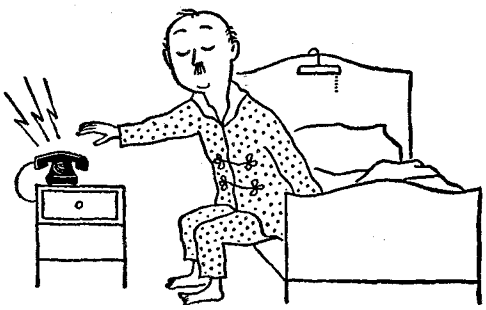
THE DURABLE FIRE, by Howard Swiggett (Houghton Mifflin). This novel revolves, with a kind of metallic doggedness, around Stephen Lowry, who leaves the Foreign Service in his forties to join a wealthy New York business firm as a vice-president. In the course of the next six months or so, he passes successfully through a variety of crises, including his exposure of a business associate and old friend as an embezzler. Mr. Swiggett occasionally writes as if he were using chopsticks: "Rutledge would not unless for reasons of which he did not know." A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

GENERAL

WILD OCEAN, by Alan Villiers (McGraw-Hill). The wild ocean is the North Atlantic, Mr. Villiers is Captain Villiers, of the Mayflower, and the appearance of this addition to the Oceans of the World series at just this moment is absolutely astonishing. Nevertheless, it is a work of real substance, for Mr. Villiers is possibly the most experienced sailor alive, whose previous transatlantic vessels have included his own square-rigged Joseph Conrad, as well as a fleet of landing craft that he ferried from Norfolk, Virginia, to Gibraltar during the war. He has the history of blue-water sea-

Telephone Diary

Housewife tells how family's telephones
save steps, time and worry—day and night



4 A. M.
Jack's a sound sleeper but he woke up fast when he heard the news. "It's a boy!" he shouted. "Nearly eight pounds. Mary's fine." Then I talked and Jack talked. Bless that bedroom telephone!

8 A. M. to 11 A. M.
Just couldn't wait to tell Betty and Peggy about the baby. Then I ordered Jack's favorite roast for dinner and was lucky to get a hairdresser appointment. A grandmother must keep young!

5 P. M.
Wouldn't you know! The very night I have something special for dinner Jack gets held up at the office. But it wasn't too bad. He telephoned he'd be an hour late. It's wonderful to have a telephone in the kitchen.

EVER READY...EVER HELPFUL. Day or night, rain or shine, the telephone stands ready to help you in the everyday affairs of life as well as emergencies.

In office and home, these oft-repeated words reveal its value—"I don't know what I'd do without the telephone."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

HAVING A ROMAN HOLIDAY?

All roads, they say, lead to Rome. We've been hearing it all our lives, and we've finally made it come true for Merrill Lynch.

Our newest office — No. 2 in Europe, No. 122 in the world — is in the Eternal City — a few steps from the Via Veneto and only a short stroll from the Borghese Gardens, the Spanish Steps, and the Trevi Fountain. The exact address is Via Bissolati 38A, and the telephone numbers are 470.667 and 487.350.

If you need investment help while you're visiting Rome, if you want to sell any of your holdings or buy others, check up on how your securities are doing, find out about a stock somebody mentioned to you on the ship — you are cordially invited to drop in and get acquainted with Manager C. Franklyn Lane and his account executives, who are there to serve you.

So add Merrill Lynch to your Italian vocabulary along with *quanto?*, *facchino*, and *vitello alla Marsala*. And put Via Bissolati 38A, Rome, in your European address book.

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

Members New York Stock Exchange and all other Principal Exchanges

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 112 Cities

faring at his fingertips, and he here tells the whole story of one of the world's smallest and most dreaded oceans, from pre-Columbian crossings (and there were many) to the latter-day voyages of lone men on rafts and in tiny sloops and amphibious jeeps. Mr. Villiers is a crackly and opinionated writer who can take what in many hands would be a hack job and make it truly vivid. Illustrations.

CASEBOOK OF THE CURIOUS AND TRUE, by Francis X. Busch (Bobbs-Merrill). Eight unusual legal cases, mostly from Mr. Busch's own experiences as a trial lawyer in Chicago. Seven of them are much less interesting than the author thinks, perhaps because Chicago criminals lack the aesthetic imagination of their fellows in London, Paris, and Fall River, but the eighth deserves to become a classic. It has to do with the incredibly coöperative death of Marie Defenbach, in 1900, after she had taken out a batch of fraudulent insurance policies naming her lover as beneficiary, and its ultimate question—whether her death was murder, suicide, or one of the truly staggering coincidences of history—is as unsettled and unsettling now as it was then.

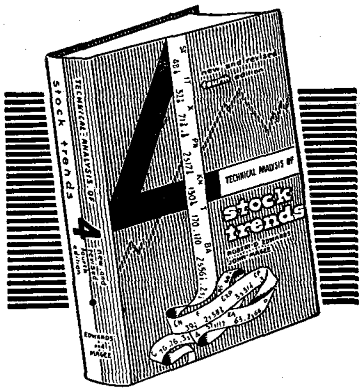
THE VIOLIN HUNTER, by William Alexander Silverman (John Day). A biography, very simply written, of Luigi Tarisio, who died in 1854 after a life spent rescuing the lost, misplaced, or neglected violins of Stradivari and the other great violinmakers of Cremona.

LASCAUX AND CARNAC, by Glyn Daniel (Macmillan). A guidebook to two of the centers of prehistoric remains in France, combining archeological background with advice on eating and drinking, in a synthesis that the author brazenly identifies as "gastro-archaeology." Near Lascaux, one can see the remarkable cave paintings and sculpture and lunch on the local foie gras and truffles, and around Carnac there are both the magnificent megalithic monuments and a first-rate *dégustation de fruits de mer* that goes with a fine Muscadet from nearby. Illustrations, some as mouth-watering as the prose.

•

Come Rejuvenate in these hot radioactive waters.... Arlington Hotel and Baths, Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas.—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

More fun than just standing around in the fallout.



A New and Revised Fourth Edition of

TECHNICAL ANALYSIS of STOCK TRENDS

(Robert D. Edwards and John Magee)

The first major revision of this great market classic since its original publication in 1948. The book which has helped thousands of investors to a better understanding of the market. New added chapters; new added illustrations; set in new type throughout. At your bookseller, or $12.00 postpaid.

JOHN MAGEE

SUITE 468, 360 WORTHINGTON ST.
SPRINGFIELD 3, MASS. TEL. RE 3-8010

That best-selling book about childhood which **The New Yorker** calls "A classic evocation . . ." **Newsweek** calls it "magic about boyhood:"

"Where Did You Go?" "Out." "What Did You Do?" "Nothing."

By ROBERT PAUL SMITH $2.95

NORTON

Weddings and Graduations call for THOUGHTFUL gifts . . .

THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA

With 96-page SUPPLEMENT OF ILLUSTRATIONS and Record of Events 1950-56 *bound-in*, 2307 pages, $35.00. Supplement alone, $5.00 *At all bookstores*

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

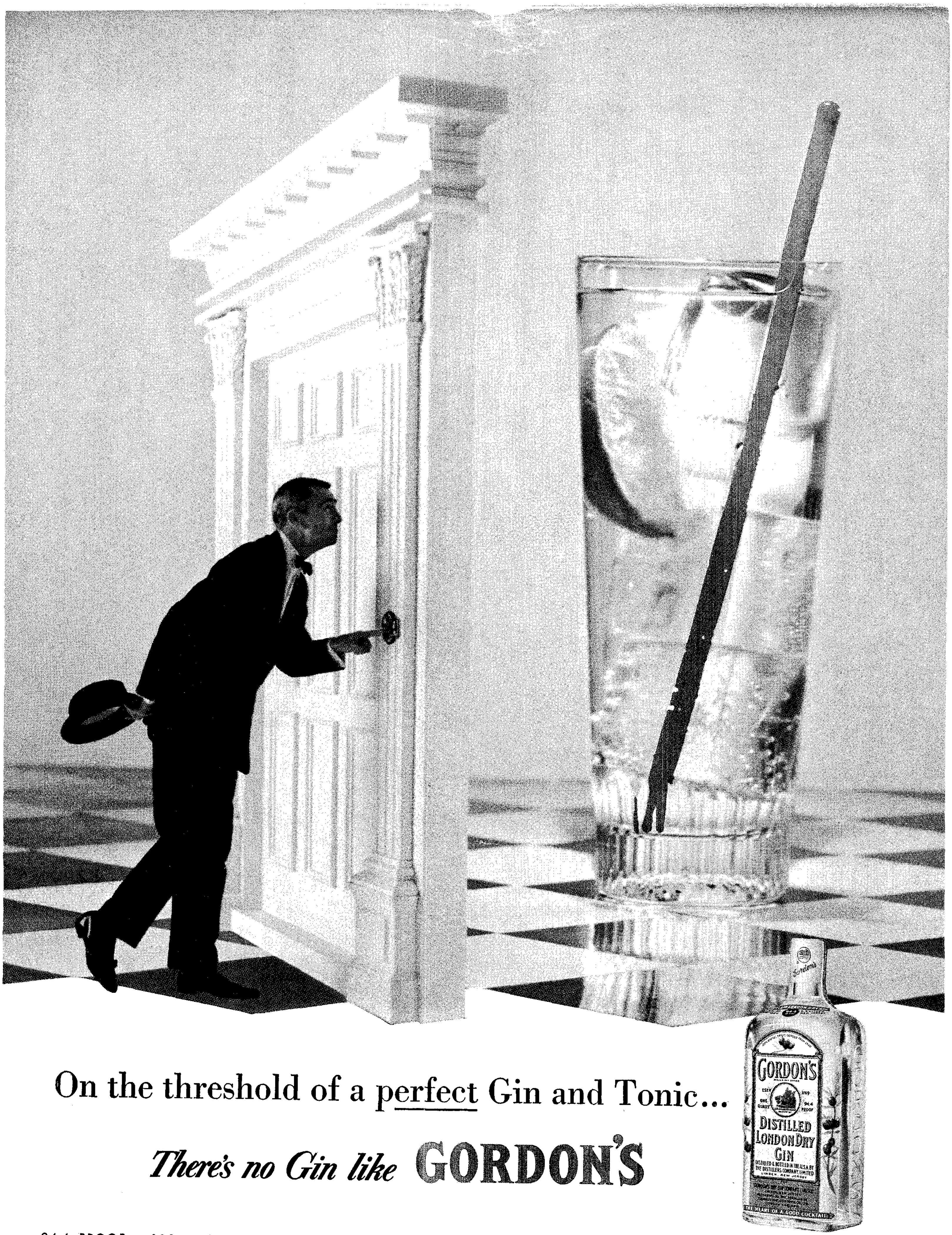
THE CLUB

by ANDREW GRAHAM

"British humor at its best."
—EDWARD STREETER

Illus. by Osbert Lancaster

REYNAL $3.50


GORDON'S
ESTD 1769
ONE QUART
94.4 PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE DISTILLERS COMPANY, LIMITED
LINDEN, NEW JERSEY
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

On the threshold of a perfect Gin and Tonic...

There's no Gin like **GORDON'S**

94.4 PROOF • 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

Strike up a friendship with new **PARLIAMENT**

SHE: *My! Trapped again! Have a Parliament, friend.*

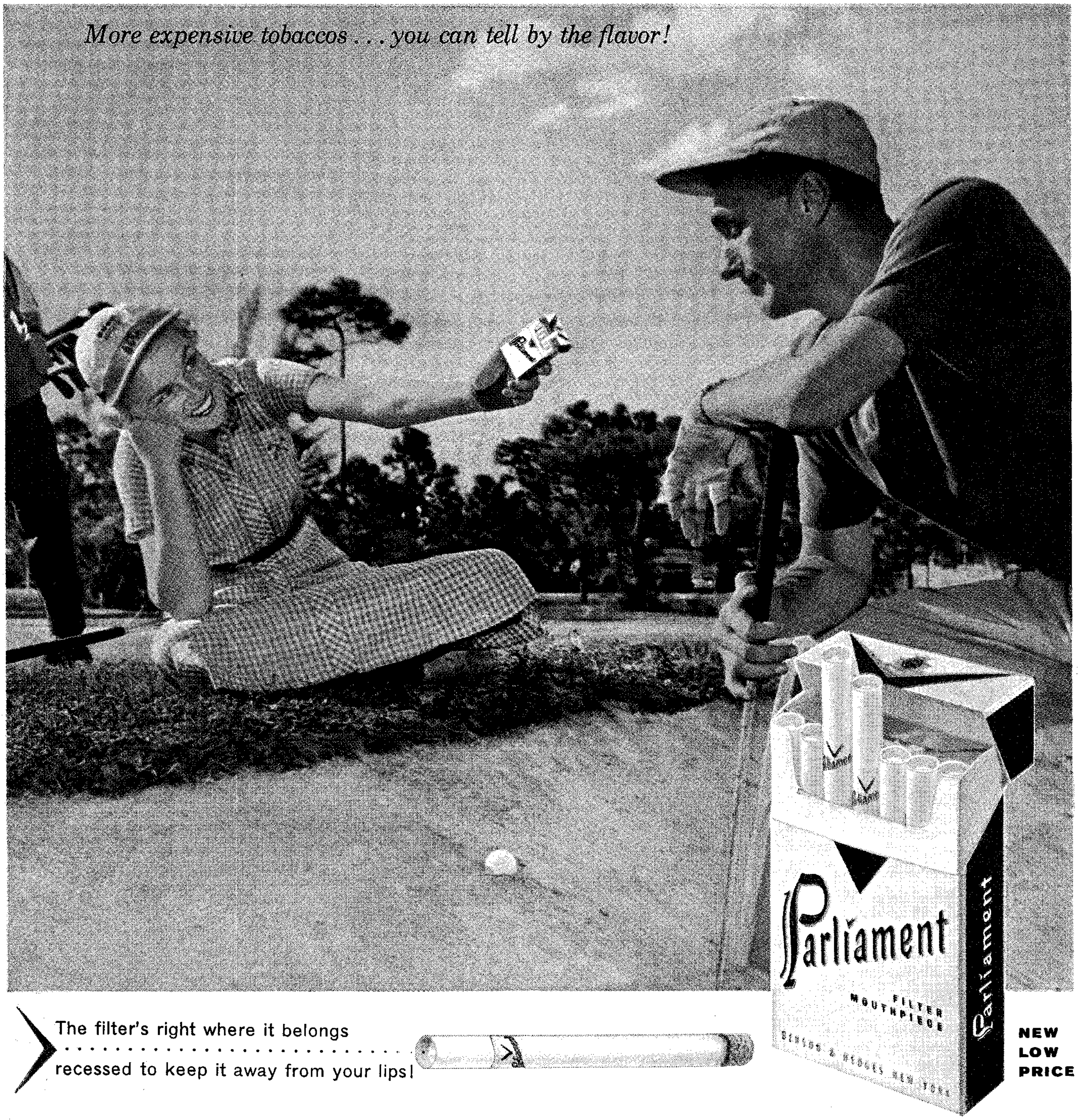
HE: *Hmm! Go on, gloat!*

SHE: *Don't be hasty. It's a very good smoke. Got a recessed filter, and . . .*

HE: *Let's see . . . the green's about ten yards . . .*

SHE: *More expensive tobaccos, too. You can tell by the flavor.*

HE: *Whoa! This isn't my ball—HAH! It's yours. Now about that Parliament?*


More expensive tobaccos . . . you can tell by the flavor!
Parliament
FILTER MOUTHPIECE
BENSON & HEDGES NEW YORK
Parliament

The filter's right where it belongs . . . recessed to keep it away from your lips!

NEW LOW PRICE